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WILD FLOWERS

From the Painting by
Paul Peel

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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THE LOST SUNSHINE

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

WILLIAM HENRY MONEYPENNY, a solid enough man among his own friends and in his own church, got the idea that if he could take with him, when he ran down to New York for the Easter week-end, a quart or two of pre-war whiskey he would be fairly popular for at least an hour or two. So, like Nicodemus, the Pharisee, he went by night to his old friend Col. Simpson, to ask what the Colonel thought about it and whether he had laid any plans.

"I think," said the Colonel, "that a South Sea savage would be welcome in any polite society these days if he carried a few doses of the real old medicine on his hip."

"But how are we going to get it over?" asked William Henry.

"No danger at all," said the Colonel, with the air of a veteran who scoffs at all danger. "You can bet," he went on, "they're getting it over somehow all along the line."

"It's not so easy," said William Henry. "You know, we're past the day of the hot-water bag and the hollow walking-stick. Bootlegging is among the relics of antiquity."

"I know it is," admitted the Colonel. "Nowadays you've got to use brains. Do you mean to tell me you can't outwit any of Uncle Sam's spotters?"

"Well," said William Henry rather dubiously, "I'm not running around yet offering odds on my chances."

"You don't need to take any chances. It's a dead cinch. All you've got to do is use brains. I'm going to get over a couple of crocks myself. I'm not just going to try to get 'em over—I'm *going* to get 'em over. If you haven't any brains yourself I'll give you a tip in two words. (Here his voice fell to a stage whisper)—small bottles."

"Small potatoes!" said William Henry in a tone of ridicule, and he reached for his hat.

The Colonel gave William Henry one of his worst cigars to smoke on the way homeward. And as soon as William Henry arrived home he went

right up to his own room and sat looking at his travelling bag lying open on the floor with his own two imperial quarts close beside it.

"I'd just about as soon go to jail," he thought, "as have them seize those two bottles. Danged if I don't think a man's two kinds of a fool to risk it."

These two bottles had been in the family for years—held against sickness. But William Henry was one of the boys, and he wouldn't let them get ahead of him if he knew it. And he knew well enough that the other four—the Colonel, Bob Wilson, Jack Forsyth, and T. Alexander More—were bent on getting across with booze of some kind or other. And a fellow, even apart from that, had to try for the off chance. He had heard that a holiday trip, even if mixed with business, without a little touch of something, was as tame as a putting green in the back yard. He met Wilson down town next day.

"What are you going to do about it?" he asked.

"Oh, I'm going to take a chance on it," said Wilson. "I'm taking three quarts."

"How are you taking it?"

Wilson winked and looked wise."

"Not in my bootleg," he answered.

"I believe the best way," said William Henry, a bit nettled, "would be to take it in a decanter on a tray."

Wilson laughed.

"I'll give you a pointer," he said.

William Henry looked dubious.

"Ever hear of the lunch basket," Wilson persisted, "and the string of sausages with booze stuck inside of 'em?"

"No," said William Henry, resurrecting sarcasm, "but I used to know a man who saw them growing in a swamp."

"I tell you what we'll do," said Wilson, ignoring the sarcasm; "I understand you and the Colonel have taken a drawing room. Frank and I have got a section in another car and More is by himself. We've all agreed to take something. I'm taking rye."

"So'm I," said William Henry; "mine's rye."

"So is the Colonel's," said Wilson.

"What's Frank taking?"

"Three crocks."

"What of?"

"Rye."

"Hell!" blurted out William Henry. "Is there no Scotch in the bunch?"

"That's what I'm coming to," Wilson replied impatiently.

"It takes you longer to come to it than most men."

Wilson grinned.

"What about More?" he asked.

"More!"

"Yes, what's *he* taking?"

"You mean T. Alexander? He's got two bottles of Scotch, and we've decided he's not a safe man to handle it."

"You mean you yourself have decided that?"

"No matter, he's too innocent to be trusted with anything so precious as Scotch. Why, he didn't even know there is a law against carrying liquor into the States. So I'm taking the Scotch and giving him the rye."

"You're a pretty smart fellow," said William Henry.

"Well," Wilson replied sharply, "I don't go about these days in a Prince Albert coat and black tie, like a parson."

"Then, if you don't like More's clothes, why are you taking him along with us?"

"My wife and his wife put the job on us, and we can't tell him not to come."

"He'll be mobbed, surer'n blazes."

"What do we care so long as he gets his share of the booze over?"

"I wish he'd change his pious looks. But never mind. Be on time for the train to-morrow night."

Next evening, just before the New York train pulled out from Toronto, Colonel Simpson, William Henry Moneypenny, Bob Wilson, Jack Forsyth and T. Alexander More all stood on the platform looking very grave and very, very innocent. Each had hidden somewhere about his person

two or three quarts of whiskey, and soon each would be face to face with the business of eluding Uncle Sam and getting the liquor across the line. All except T. Alexander knew well enough that Uncle Sam was on the lookout for them and that his officers were posted anywhere and everywhere, but mostly near the Suspension Bridge, where they would board the train, ask embarrassing questions, open travelling bags and perhaps feel the passengers all over. A shiver ran down William Henry's back as he previsualized the scene, but he was assured somewhat by the almost seraphic look on T. Alexander, whose face beamed above the black cravat and long Prince Albert. No one knew how the others had concealed their portions, and each was scanning his neighbour for suspicious bulges or any indication of abnormality. They got aboard the train, and Wilson, just to break the tension, asked the Colonel whether he had brought a pack of cards. Thereupon they all repaired to the drawing-room, all except T. Alexander, who stuck to his seat and to his charge, and the game almost caused them to forget the liquor—all except T. Alexander.

He sat by his.

It was in his bag, each quart wrapped separately and looking as much like a bottle as anything but a bottle could look. Poor innocent T. Alexander! He imagined it was the perfection of disguise, that the U. S. officer would think he had merely a pair of boots.

But as they drew near to the Falls, interest in the game began to lag, until the Colonel gathered up the cards and threw them into his bag. As he did so Wilson spied a Gideon Bible on the sofa.

"This is a new one on me," he said, "this putting Gideons in Pullmans."

"They must have intended it for More," said the Colonel.

"I'll slip it into his seat," said Wilson, "and then everybody'll be sure he's a preacher."

"Now, look here," said William Henry, "we'll soon be crossing the bridge, and the officers are apt to pounce down on us any minute. You fellows better percolate."

With that Wilson and Forsyth rose to leave.

"How do I look?" asked the Colonel, standing up with his hat on and his overcoat off.

"A bit bulgy in some places," said Wilson, rapping his knuckles on small bottles in two of the Colonel's inside pockets and two on his hips.

"Well, boys," said the Colonel, looking perhaps a little paler than when they started, "I've got mine pretty well spread out. There's one bottle in my hat as well and two in my overcoat."

He pointed to his overcoat hanging on the hook. He explained that the bottles were small, flat, and made of thin glass.

"You poor Simp!" said Forsyth. "They'll get you surer'n dynamite."

The Colonel turned a little paler and tried to smile.

"Oh, I guess not," he replied. "Do I look suspicious?" and he felt himself all over.

Where's yours, Moneypenny?" asked Wilson, and with that another shiver went up and down Henry's back.

"Oh, mine's all right," he answered: "I've got it cached," meaning that he had hidden it under the sofa.

Wilson nudged Forsyth and looked wise. These two then withdrew from the drawing-room, saying they would return as soon as the train crossed the border. In passing through the next car into their own Wilson slyly placed the Gideon Bible on the seat beside T. Alexander, who had fallen asleep and was not worrying in the least about the three bottles reposing in his bag and looking like nothing else in the world but just what they were.

"Now, look here," said Wilson to Forsyth, as soon as they sat in their own seats, "we may as well make up our minds that these spotters are on to

almost all combinations of schemes to get past them. What are you doing with yours?"

"I've got three bottles laid out pretty sunningly, I think, in my big bag. One is wrapped in a pair of pants, one in a coat sleeve, and the other in a boiled shirt. They'll never notice them."

"I'm not taking any chances," said Wilson; "the stuff's too precious. I handed mine over to the porter, slipped him a V, told him to hide the bottles somewhere until we get to New York, and so my worries are over. The Colonel will get caught surer'n raspberries, and then the jig'll be up. I wouldn't mind losing the stuff just to see the Colonel lose his temper. We must get back there again as soon's we cross over."

The immigration men had gone through, and now Wilson and Forsyth saw a man come into the car and begin to ask questions.

"Anything here to declare, gentlemen?" he asked as he stopped at their seat.

"Nothing," said Forsyth, and Wilson added that they were just going down to New York for Easter.

"What's in the bag?" demanded the officer.

"Wearing apparel," Forsyth answered.

With that the man opened the bag.

"Ahah!" he chuckled, as his hand encountered an unyielding mass inside the bosom of a shirt. "Here's something hard and heavy."

He produced a bottle of 1908 *Special* with as much evident surprise as a conjurer produces a rabbit.

"We'll take charge of this," he said, almost smacking his lips. "Another, too," he continued, as he produced a second bottle. "You won't need to worry any more about them. Or about this one either," he went on, as he brought the third bottle to light. "We'll relieve you of any further responsibility."

He passed on, taking the three bottles with him, and Wilson and Forsyth sat looking at the floor. At length Forsyth sprang to his feet as if something had struck him. And indeed something had struck him—the idea that, as they still were in Canada, the U.S. officer had no right to seize the bottles.

"By George!" he exclaimed. "I don't believe that fellow has any right to confiscate that liquor while we are still in Ontario. I'm going to get it back again."

"Oh, let him alone," said Wilson. "He'll get it anyway as soon as we pass over."

"No, he won't. I'll beat him to it yet."

They went into the next car and there they discovered the officer in the very act of feeling the Colonel's bulges. The Colonel was paler than India ale, and when the officer extracted one of the small flat bottles made of thin glass he almost fainted.

"That's a pretty neat little bottle," said the officer. "How many of these have you?"

"Only enough to keep me alive while I'm over there."

"Better put them all out here on the sofa. I'll take charge of them for you."

The Colonel laid out four bottles in a row.

All this time the shivers were running up and down William Henry's spine, even though he thought he had his own bottles pretty well hidden; and, anyway, he found some hope in the precaution he had taken of getting his family doctor to give him a certificate to the effect that he required to have liquor with him when travelling. But in moving about his toe struck the end of a bottle hidden under the sofa and made it clink against the metal coils. The officer heard the noise, and stooping down he pulled out two quart bottles in succession.

"Whose are these?" he asked.

"Mine," said William Henry.

"I'll have to take charge of these, two," said the officer.

"Just wait a second," said William Henry, for the moment of his *coup* had arrived. "I have here a doctor's

certificate that I need to have liquor with me when travelling," and he disclosed the document, which he knew was not worth a squirt of lime juice.

The officer read it and then remarked that it wasn't any good.

"Do you mean to tell me," said William Henry, assuming an injured tone and making his final bluff, "that you, a United States officer, do not know the Washington regulations covering cases of this kind?"

"This regulation was made," the officer replied, "by a Toronto doctor, not by the Executive at Washington. I'll take these bottles now, anyway, and if you think you can make out a case you may apply for redress."

"Just wait a moment," said Forsyth, who with Wilson had been standing in the doorway: "We're in Canada yet, and you, an American officer, have no power to seize this stuff until we get into your country."

Apparently this was an unexpected thrust. The officer hesitated a moment and then admitted that while he had no authority of the kind in Canada, the stuff would be seized anyway as soon as they crossed the border. They made their examinations in Canadian territory, he explained, merely to save time and so as not to have to waken passengers after they had gone to bed.

"In any case," Forsyth insisted, "I want my bottles back again."

"It won't do you any good to get them," said the officer, "because I'll seize them again as soon as we cross the line. You know you might as well make up your mind you can't take that stuff over with you."

"Well," said Forsyth, "if we can't take it over in bottles we'll take it over inside ourselves, and if we can't handle all of it ourselves, I have no doubt there are passengers on this train who would be glad to assist us."

"Well," said the officer good-naturedly, "if that's the way you intend to get it over I wouldn't mind helping you myself. But remember that in the morning before we reach New York I'll have to make another examination. I won't get you up in the middle of the night, though. But you better make hay before the sun shines."

All this while T. Alexander was dozing away, totally oblivious of any disturbance, with the whiskey in the bag at his feet and the Gideon Bible on the sofa beside him. The officer looked at him in passing and thought to himself that, like the King, this man could do no wrong.

Forsyth, still in the drawing-room, began to call for a corkscrew. Not getting one, he used a hook that the Colonel carried for buttoning his spats.

"Now, Colonel," he said, shaking the bottle he had uncorked and pouring a generous measure into a glass, "you're the first."

"Sorry, Forsyth," said the Colonel, "I guess I won't have any."

The look on Forsyth's face, the look of amazement, was really comical.

"You won't have any?" he said. "And you an army man!"

"I haven't taken a drink," said the Colonel, "since they started prohibition. I was just taking mine down for the boys."

"Well, Moneypenny," said Forsyth, turning to the little man, who was still shaking, "you'll have to be first."

"Not any for me," said William Henry. "Fact is I'm not feelin' any too good."

"A snort of this is just what you need," said Forsyth.

"I really don't take anything," said William Henry. "I thought you knew that."

"I always knew you were something of an ass."

"I was just takin' mine down as a treat for the boys. You know we always keep it in the house against a sudden case of sickness."

"Well, I'll be damned!" exclaimed Forsyth, holding up the glass. "Where's Wilson?"

"He went out a minute ago," said the Colonel. "I guess I'll look him up and have a smoke before going to bed."

The Colonel opened the door and passed out.

Forsyth still looked aghast, with the glass of whiskey in one hand and the bottle in the other.

"Well, of all the damn fool escapades," he said, "I ever heard of, this beats 'em. Hanged if I don't peddle this cursed firewater through the car."

He passed out, leaving Moneypenny staring at the bottles on the sofa.

Presently a man in plain clothes rapped on the door and walked in before Moneypenny had time to turn round. He placed a travelling bag on the sofa and began to put the bottles into it.

"What you doin'?" demanded Moneypenny.

"We've crossed the line," said the man, "We're on American soil now. I'm the officer who takes charge of this kind of stuff. The other fellow was merely the spotter."

"You're welcome to it," said the little man, breathing a sigh of relief. "I'm mighty glad to see the last of it."

About a minute after the man and the bag had passed out, Wilson passed in, carrying two glasses and several sanitary drinking-cups.

"I've been all over this infernal train," he said, almost out of breath, "hunting for glasses. If there's anything I can't go it's drinking whiskey out of these paper contrivances. Where's the boys?"

"The Colonel went out to look for you or anybody, and Forsyth went to look for everybody in general."

"Where's the booze?"

"Seized."

"Seized?"

"Confiscated."

"Who confiscated it?"

"One of them chaps came in and said as we'd crossed the line he guessed he'd take charge of the layout."

"Well, I'll be ——. Say, we ain't crossed the line yet. We've been standin' still over some accident, for the last half hour, only a mile or so from the border."

Meantime the porter had made T. Alexander's bed, and that complacent gentleman was fast asleep, with the whiskey safe in his bag beneath the berth and the Gideon Bible on the windowsill, close beside him.

Forsyth now returned to the drawing-room.

"Where you been?" asked Wilson, and just then the train began to move.

"Peddling this cursed whiskey all over the train," announced Forsyth, "and, by thunder! I couldn't get a single solitary person to have a drink with me. They all smelt a nigger in the fence somewhere. It makes me think of the chap who offered gold dollar pieces for fifty cents and couldn't sell 'em."

"By George!" said Wilson, "I'll have a drink with you, and, believe me, I need it. Give me a good hooker."

Forsyth half filled two glasses, and put the bottle on the floor. Moneypenny, who hadn't said a word, stood looking on.

"Well," said Forsyth, handing one of the glasses to Wilson and raising the other to his lips, "at last, by thunder! here's—"

But at that moment, by thunder, there was a terrific clap of real thunder accompanied by a brilliant flash of lightning. The train seemed to lurch, hesitate, tremble all over and then stand still. And immediately thereafter someone rapped on the door. William Henry stood back shivering. Forsyth brought the glass down from his lips, and Wilson opened the door.

The first officer, the one who had spotted the liquor, entered.

"What's all the row about?" asked Forsyth.

"No row at all, I assure you," said the officer. "Merely the elements proclaiming the phenomenon of crossing the border. We are now in the United States."

"And, by all that's holy," said Wilson, "this booze is yours!"

"Just so," said the officer," and all the other bottles as well."

"But you've got them," said Forsyth.

"Not yet," said the officer.

"Oh, yes, you have," interposed William Henry. "The other fellow took the whole lot."

The officer's under jaw fell.

"What other fellow?" he asked.

"The one in plain clothes that does the lifting."

The officer tried several different kinds of oaths and then settled down on one that seemed to suit the occasion best. It he pronounced repeatedly and with gusto.

"And to think," he added, "that I saw him leave the train with the goods on him! He's one of the slickest bootleggers in the country. I knew he was aboard, but I knew also that he was going through light. But those fellows are on to their job day and night."

A strong smell of liquor began to permeate the room. Forsyth looked down and discovered that the bottle he had placed uncorked on the floor had toppled over with the lurching of the car.

"It smells pretty strong in here," said the officer.

"And it's mostly smell," said Forsyth, picking up the empty bottle. "All we have now is these two glassfuls. What about them?"

"As soon as I got out," said the officer, "you may drink them to my health."

"He doesn't know," said Wilson, as soon as he had closed the door behind the officer, "that the porter is looking after my two bottles of Scotch."

"That's all we'll have," said Forsyth.

"Unless More gets through with his. We'll find out in the morning."

And in the morning they did find out. The porter whispered to Wilson that the Scotch had been spotted, and of course he couldn't admit anything. He had to say that he knew nothing about it. And of course Wilson couldn't say anything. All he could do was to think. And he was thinking hard and in an unclassical manner when the train stopped in the station at New York and they all began to move out. To add to his irritation, the weather had changed from chilly in Toronto to warm in New York, and the car seemed stuffy. The Colonel looked hot and uncomfortable and indeed perspiration was trickling down his forehead from under his hat. He kept wiping it off but it seemed to come faster than ever, running down behind his ears.

"You seem to be feeling the heat, Colonel," said Wilson.

"Confound you," snapped the Colonel, in a whisper, coming closer to Wilson, "can't you keep quiet. The cork must have come out of that bottle I fixed in my hat."

By this time they were almost out of the car and the whiskey was running down the back of the Colonel's neck and getting into his moustache in front. He daren't take his hat off for fear all that was left would splash over everybody.

"Whew!" exclaimed a man who was squeezed into a corner. "There's a strong smell of the real stuff here."

The Colonel was wiping his face and neck with a handkerchief.

"It's as bad as a barroom," remarked an old lady acidly.

"Worse," said another who wore a white ribbon on her coat lapel.

"Never been in a barroom," said a third, "but this is pretty bad."

"'Gainst the law, ain't it," said someone else, "to carry liquor?"

"Depends on where you carry it," remarked another.

Presently they were out on the platform, where the Colonel, after he had suffered his companions to laugh at his expense until their sides were sore, remarked that it was the first time he had had an alcohol bath since he was a baby.

But, even at that, it was a chastened group of border-runners that walked down the corridor. They all knew by the apparent weight of T. Alexander's bag and the way he clung to it that his portion was still intact.

The Colonel and Moneypenny walked together behind the others.

"They missed one of my small bottles with the thin glass," said the Colonel. "It was in my overcoat pocket. I told you I could fool 'em."

"Yes, you made a fine fool of them," said Moneypenny.

"But it isn't in the pocket now," said the Colonel.

"Where is it?"

"I slipped it into More's coat-tail pocket."

Then they both chuckled.

"Look here," said Wilson, leaving Forsyth and More and joining the other two. "We're going to put up a game to get that booze away from More. There's a policeman in the station here I know. I'm going to give him five dollars if he'll accost More, take him aside and lift the bottles. You cause some delay until I come back," and with that he disappeared.

A few minutes later a policeman walked up and asked whether they were from Canada. Then he fixed his gaze on T. Alexander.

"That's a pretty heavy looking grip you've got there," he said. "Anything of an illegal nature in it?"

"We're on American soil, ain't we?" asked T. Alexander.

"You sure are," said the policeman.

"All right, then, boys," said More, starting forward, "we must get a taxi and get up to the hotel."

"But just a moment," insisted the policeman, seizing More by the arm, "just a moment if you please. Before you go I'd just like to look at the lining of that there grip. We'll go over here in the corner."

So saying, he indicated the way, and T. Alexander followed, frock coat, black cravat, and ministerial look. The others saw them stop while the policeman removed some things from the bag, things that looked like nothing but bottles wrapped in paper. Then T. Alexander came back alone. A pleased smile suffused his countenance.

"I'm mighty glad to be rid of that stuff," he said. "I thought sure I was in for a jailing."

Three minutes later Wilson rejoined them. He smiled blandly and winked at all but T. Alexander. He had the Scotch safe in his own bag.

At the hotel the Colonel registered for the party. The others stood aside in the rotunda—all but T. Alexander. He sat down with a thud, and a keener ear than his might have heard thin glass breaking in the tail of his coat. But it did not require any keener nose than his to smell the strong odour of rye whiskey that immediately permeated the circumjacent air. The other members of the party stood close by, breathing deeply and wondering greatly. And passersby, perhaps fellow guests at the hotel, halted there, fixed for the moment by a sense of something elevating, something strange yet familiar, some presence that reminded them, as James Whitcomb Riley would say, of those days of the lost sunshine.

THE QUEEN MIAS

BY JAMES FRANCIS DWYER

WILL tell you the story of Peter Schultze, and you can think as you will. Perhaps you will believe, perhaps not."

Reinhardt, after making this comment, slipped back into the sagging canvas of the big deck chair which he had built out of unplaned pine boards. His long meerschaum came up out of the depths, and the glowing eye of the freshly filled pipe seemed to be the only thing alive in the silent night.

The hut, with its nipa-palm covering, was hemmed in by the jungle. Around it, aggressive and defiant, stood rows upon rows of masoi, ebony-wood, and pandanus, sentinels that appeared to resent the intrusion of man. The heavy-headed plume grass in the small cleared space was shaken curiously by wandering puffs of air that had roamed over the leagues of jungle that lay between the lonely outpost and the China Sea, and over all, tangible, fear-inspiring, and threatening, was the mystery peculiar to the places that man has not yet conquered.

"Yes, I will tell you of Peter Schultze," continued Reinhardt, his heavy bass booming out into the stillness of the tropical night. "It is only a little story, and you might like it. I have never told it before, never. But perhaps you are sleepy?"

"No, go ahead with the yarn," I cried. "The silence round here won't let me sleep."

The rough-fashioned chair creaked as the naturalist settled himself, there was an interval of silence in which the jungle appeared to me as a huge sprawling animal that waited weirdly expectant, then Reinhardt commenced.

"It is five years since Peter Schultze came out here," he said. "Mother o' me! How time flies! I just reckoned it up. He came with the mail that told me of the death of my boy Phillip, and Phillip is now dead five years and three months. It took three months for that letter to find its way from Rotterdam to this outlandish spot.

"Peter Schultze was a fine man. He was a naturalist to his finger tips, and the world was small to him. People thought they had travelled some till they heard Peter Schultze speak. He knew the rim of the earth better than I know the track to the Dyak village. He had camped with the Kuku-kukus in Papua, spoke the Yap dialect like a native, and had a nodding acquaintance with every little atoll between Penang and the outer Marquesas.

"Peter Schultze was some traveller. He did not hunt around for the common things that I chase. *Mein Gott!* No! He wanted things that no other man had ever got, and that is just why there is a story about Peter Schultze. If he was like me or like any one else that is satisfied, there would be nothing to tell, but—well, you will see.

"Peter Schultze lived with me right here in this bungalow. He sat with me out here on the verandah in the evenings and he told me of places where he had been and of things he

had seen. The Malay Archipelago was a mighty small place to him. He had seen wonderful things and had gone through much, but of all the wonderful things he had seen, he was to see something more wonderful right here. For this Borneo is a place of wonders. This—"

The German stopped abruptly. Out of the plume grass which surrounded the verandah, came a soft thudding noise as if a heavy animal were hopping along with difficulty. We listened intently. The sound moved across the grass into the jungle beyond, and then was lost to our ears.

"And there," said Reinhardt, "is a curious thing. I, who have been trapping in this spot for eight years, do not know what made that sound. It is an animal, but I have never seen it. *Nein!* I have heard it before, and I have puzzled my head over it. Now if Peter Schultze were here he would not stop till he had found out what kind of an animal it is. He would start out to-night, and everything else would be forgotten. That was the trouble with him. Curiosity? *Ach!* Yes! It was the worst kind of curiosity.

"He was here—let me see—three or four months when the Dyaks came to him with a story. They had begun to understand the failing of Peter Schultze, and they knew that he wanted unusual things. So they told him of something that is unusual. They told him of the Queen Mias that has been a legend in Borneo since the time when Lorenzo de Gomez discovered the island.

"She is supposed to be the mother of all the ourang outangs, and the Dyaks are more afraid of her than of anything I know. She is black, so they say, stands higher than the tallest Kyan, and is more fierce than a Bengal tigress. When she comes down out of the hills the Dyaks move in front of her like frightened cattle. She chases the hill men till they drop with fright, and the old people and the weaklings are not seen any more.

"Well, that is what they told Peter Schultze, and you can bet it interested him. He could not talk of anything else. All day long the Dyaks came to him with stories and they brought down the hill men who had seen the thing.

"'What do you think of it, Rheinhardt?' he asked me.

"'Tales,' I said. 'There is no such thing. The Dyaks are liars!'

"But Peter Schultze could not rest. The Queen Mias was something new to him, and the more stories he heard about her the more anxious he was to go up into the hills.

"'I am going, Adolph,' he said to me one day. 'I could not rest now without testing their stories.'

"'Go,' I snapped. 'You are a fool to listen to their yarns.'

"'But, Adolph, if she is such a size?' he said.

"'Bah!' I cried, 'there is no such thing.'

"But you could not advise Peter Schultze once he had made up his mind that there was something uncommon within reach of him, so he started to outfit himself for the trip. He was deaf to all my talk. Every day some of the niggers would come in with a new story about that thing in the hills, and Schultze was as excited as a ten-year-old boy.

"'Come with me, Reinhardt,' he said. 'Come on, man.'

"I think the stories must have affected me just then. You know what I did? Of course! I went with Schultze. Yes. Forty Dyaks and the two of us. *Mein Gott!* We marched out straight across there where you see that white star hanging low in the sky, and I don't know which was the sanest of us, Peter Schultze or I.

"Sometimes in my sleep I go over that trip again. It is so. I dream of it, and I wake up perspiring with terror. I will dream of it to-night just because I speak of it to you now. It is always like that.

"Well, we started out, the two of us white men and the forty Dyaks, and away in front of us over the hills, where no one had ever been, was the something that Peter Schultze wanted. It is the devil to want anything very badly.

"You do not know Borneo. I do not know it, and I have trapped here for eight years. But I began to feel it after we had passed over the hills. Yes, I began to feel it mighty hard. It is alive! Mother o' me! yes! It touches one with cold fingers! *Jah!*

"Schultze did not feel it—well, he did not feel it as I did. He was thinking of that Queen Mias, and he could not notice anything much. But I noticed, and the Dyaks noticed. We were going into a place that looked as if it would not let us go back out of it. It had a snaky feeling that made me almost sick. You have seen animals that are not what nature intended them to be? Well, that place was like that. It had been so long by itself that the trees and the creepers had become alive and formed an alliance against man.

"Do you know what it is to be in a place where you do not like to make a sound? You do? Then you understand what it is like behind those mountains. We were near a presence. I do not wonder any more about the Greeks who found gods and dryads in their groves. Only there are no dryads in Borneo. There are devils there.

"We were twelve days marching, and that feeling getting worse every day, when something happened. Two of the Dyaks disappeared in the night. Peter Schultze heard the news with a laugh.

" 'They've run,' he said.

" 'No,' said the chief, 'they have not run. One of them has a son with us, and he would not run away from his son.'

" 'Well, I don't care what has happened to him,' snapped Schultze. 'Let us go on. We're miles away from the Black Swamp.'

"It was in the Black Swamp that the hill tribes reckoned the Queen Mias always stayed, and Peter Schultze thought only of getting there. When I spoke to him about the disappearance of the Dyaks a little while after, he had forgotten all about it. You can understand the kind of man he was. The Dyaks were nothing to him, but the Queen Mias—Wait, and I will tell you.

"That night another man disappeared, and another on the following night. But Peter Schultze didn't mind a little bit then. We were now on the edge of the Black Swamp, and the tales which he had heard about that monster she ourang outang had nearly turned his brain. He would not listen when I tried to point out to him that the disappearance of the men was something that I could not explain. He did not care if the whole mob disappeared as long as he got what he wanted.

"And that Black Swamp was a thousand times worse than the country we had travelled over. *Gott!* Yes! It was the devil of a place. I dream of it always. When the trees rubbed together it was like the whisper of spirits. The big, thick, wet creepers that blocked out the light, plaited themselves over everything like snakes and besides all that, there was a smell. It was such a smell as I had never sniffed before and do not wish to sniff again. And it is peculiar that the smell of that place comes to me in my dreams. Did you never hear of any one dreaming a smell? Well, I do.

"I asked Balon—he is down at the village now, and he whispered his answer. 'The Queen Mias,' he said, and every time he mentioned the name after that, he made peculiar signs with his hands and feet. You can guess how cheerful it was in that swamp. The place was nearly dark. We talked in whispers. The creepers tore the clothes off our backs, and then there was that smell that I would give a hundred marks to know what caused it. And hardly a night passed by

without the disappearance of a Dyak. That was the most devilish thing. They went, and they never left any trace.

"We came to a place that was just a shivering morass where one had to grip the creepers on the trees to prevent his feet from disappearing in the green mud, and the Dyaks got mighty afraid there. I didn't wonder. The place had me frightened just as much as they were, but I would not admit it because of Peter Schultze. You cannot picture that place from what I tell you of it. It is impossible! It was hell! It gripped us with invisible fingers. It choked us, *Jah!* Something—something that we could feel, and see, and breathe, and hear, was freezing our marrow bones.

"That night every one of the Dyaks broke and ran. Something stampeded them. I do not know what it was. I have a memory of that night, but I am afraid to put that memory into words. Perhaps my eyes played tricks with me—I do not know. But they stampeded, screeching and yelling like madmen, and they left me with my teeth chattering, trying to make Peter Schultze run after them.

"I am not afraid to tell you that I was a coward then. My knees had no power in them. My jaws clicked together like the bones of a coloured minstrel. 'Come on!' I cried. 'Come on, or they will lose us.'

"'Like Hell!' snapped Peter Schultze. 'You're not a nigger, Reinhardt!' Then he blazed away with his Winchester at something that was running over the bed of creepers above our heads, and when he went crashing in the direction that the thing had gone, I followed like a madman. I know I will dream of it tonight. I am sure of it.

"I don't know how far I followed Peter Schultze or how many times he blazed away at the thing that was travelling over our heads on the network of snaky creepers. It is curious that I, of all men, should have lost my head like that. The jungle has no terrors for me. Night does not alarm me. You know that. I have lived and trapped up and down Borneo for many years, and most of the time I have lived alone. That is the reason I wonder much why I raced so madly after Peter Schultze through that morass, and why I was afraid of the place and terrified lest he might leave me by myself to face the thing. It puzzles me.

"There are animals, as you know, that feel danger in the air. The monkey feels the presence of the snake when she cannot see him, or smell him, or hear him. It was so with me then. All I heard was a noise that might have been made by a big mias swinging himself along through the branches, but a million little nerves in my body told me that it was not an ourang outang. And those little nerves know something. At times they tell us more than our eyes and ears together. They are just what is left to us of the animal instinct, and they possess the knowledge that was accumulated by ten thousand ancestors. *Jah!* It is so.

"That is why I ran after Peter Schultze who was blazing away at the noise that seemed to be always above our heads. Do you know what I felt then? It was a curious feeling. I felt as if I was near something that had lived years and years after the rest of his species had become extinct. It turned me sick. It was the little nerves that brought me that knowledge.

"As I ran, my mind was filled with thoughts of the glyptodon, and the plesiosaurus, and the dinotherium, and it was my instinct, not my knowledge, that brought those thoughts. I know that. My book knowledge was at sea. I could feel that through every little pore of my body, but my instinct—well, my instinct told me that I was not fitted to fight the thing that was crashing through the lianas overhead, and my legs wanted to go in the opposite direction to the one in which Peter Schultze was running.

"I screamed out to Schultze to tell him that I would go no farther, but he did not hear me. He could listen to nothng only the noise of the thing he was chasing. He was a madman just then. I could hear him in front of me, splashing through the slime-covered water and blazing away with his rifle, and just because I loved him I made my legs run in the same direction when they wanted to run away.

"We ran like that for hours. It seemed years, but I knew afterwards from what the Dyaks told me that it was only a matter of three or four hours. And all the time we were running, that noise was somewhere near us. Now it seemed close, and again it seemed far away, and there was the smell that I told you of. I never sniffed anything like that smell. It appeared to be an odour that belonged to the time when the earth was young. It was not of our time. No!

"Then, suddenly, the noise stopped. I could not hear Peter Schultze, nor could I hear the noise made by the thing crashing through the creepers. And the silence that followed the noises frightened me much worse than the sounds. It was devilish. It crept over the place like a blanket, and it made me sick.

"I called out to Schultze—I screamed out to him again and again, and when I got no answer I turned and ran as fast as I could in the opposite direction to which that infernal thing appeared to be going. Fear had me like a vise at that moment. I could not think.

"I was covered in green slime from the swamp; I was nearly naked because the thorny cheepers had torn all the clothes from my back, and I was insane with the horror caused by the disappearance of Peter Schultze, and the terror brought by the noises and the smell. Never have I been like that.

"Sometimes I sit here of an evening and wonder over it all, and I call myself a coward, then I laugh. *Gott!* Yes! I know that I am not a coward, and I know that if it happened again I would run just as I ran on that night. I feel that now, and some days have passed since the time I saw that swamp.

"I ran until I dropped. I could not stop running. And it was by good luck that Balon and a few other Dyaks who were fighting their way out of that hell-hole, found me when I dropped, and half carried me back to this place. I think that my senses did not return to me till I was inside this bungalow. I am quite sure they did not."

"And Schultze?" I stammered, as the German finished speaking. "What became of him? Did you see him again?"

The naturalist tapped the heavy bowl of his big meerschaum against the side of his chair and the taps went out into the night like pellets of sound. "I have not finished telling you of Peter," he said quietly. "He stays in the story."

"Then he came back?" I cried.

"*Jah!* He came back. But it was quite a time after that night in the Black Swamp. It was—how long do you think?"

"How can I tell?" I spluttered. "How long was it?" The recital of the story seemed to have brought a peculiar quality into the night. The silence, the sentinel trees, the furtive puffs of air, now carried a challenge —a menace, which I had not previously detected.

The German took up his story like a man pledged to perform a disagreeable task.

"It was seventeen months after that night," he continued. "Yes, seventeen months. I was standing there at the end of the bungalow, and a noise in that big ebonywood made me look up. I saw two eyes watching me from the branches, and I stared at them. I stared a long time, then I cried out: 'God in heaven! It is Peter Schultze!' And it was! Yes! Peter Schultze! But it was only by the colour of his eyes that I knew him. It is so.

"He climbed down out of the tree and came towards me, and then I knew that something was wrong. He looked at me like a man that is trying to remember, and the look made me cry. He had forgotten me. Yes! He was like a big child, and I led him in here by the hand. He sat down, and I tried to speak to him, and then I saw that a great fear was upon him. He was afraid of something. He clung onto me like a baby and followed me round from room to room, saying nothing, but looking behind him all the time as if he expected something to spring out of the jungle and rush the bungalow.

"And that was Peter Schultze who was not afraid of anything, and who asked me if I was a nigger when I wanted him to turn back on the night we raced across the Black Swamp!

"The Dyaks from the village came up and looked at him, too, but he did not know them. I don't know whether he saw them even. He seemed to be looking through them at the jungle when they stood in front of him, and they went away shaking their heads. They knew that something terrible had fallen upon Peter Schultze.

"All he could do was to follow me around and watch the trees. He made me creepy. Sometimes he would think that he saw something, and he would upset things in his hurry to get under cover. It was not nice for me. *Ach!* No! This place is lonely enough without any one playing stunts like that. But he would not speak. Not a word. He would eat and watch. Yes, he would watch plenty. Sometimes of a morning I would leave him here or the verandah of the hut watching the trees, and I would find him there in exactly the same place when I came back at night after I had spent the day in the jungle.

"That went on for ten days, and on the night of the tenth day something happened. Peter Schultze slept in the little room where I keep my specimens now. It was a sleeping-room then, but I have changed it for some reasons. It was about midnight when I heard one tremendous scream, and I sprang up from the bed and reached for my revolver. It was Peter Schultze that had screamed.

"A big moon was dodging in and out of some clouds over there to the east, and when I rushed through the little passageway between my room and the one in which Schultze was sleeping, I ran into him and knocked him backwards. While he was getting to his feet he roared out to me.

"'Quick!' he yelled. 'Give me my rifle, Reinhardt! Quick!'

"It was the first time he had spoken since the day he came back, and I knew by his voice that he had come to his senses.

"'Hurry!' he screamed, and then he made a grab at the revolver in my hands, wrenched it away from me and dashed back towards the little room.

"I stumbled after him, and as I ran, fear gripped me again by the throat. Do you know why? Because the smell that I sniffed in the Black Swamp was in this bungalow, and it made my knees shake and my teeth chatter when I smelt it.

"'Schultze!' I roared. 'Stop! Peter! Stop!"

"But Peter Schultze was himself again. He sprang through the little netting door and I stumbled after him. The big moon lurched behind a cloud at the minute that Schultze fired the revolver, and all I saw was something black at the window. Yes, that window that is just behind you. I could not tell what it was. I cannot tell you now. I only know that the thing was there, and I knew that the smell that was so strong in the room was turning me sick. *Ach!* Yes! It was the devil of a smell. It gripped my throat and it filled my mind with thoughts of the mastodon and the big creatures that were abroad when this old world was not as well known as it is to-day.

"Schultze fired again and again, and then the thing that was hanging to the outside of the window screamed

loudly and sprang back. I have never heard a scream like that. A mias? No! I have trapped threescore ourang outangs, and I never heard one scream like that.

"'The door!' yelled Peter Schultze, and I rushed after him through my bedroom to the door of the bungalow. The moon slipped out from a cloud-bank as if it wanted to look, and Schultze emptied the revolver at the black shape that was plunging through the plume grass. I pushed the rifle into his hands, and he ran to the edge of the jungle and blazed away, while I called to him to come inside.

"He did come in at last, and he barred the door after him. Then he stood looking at me for a moment as if he were trying to recall my face.

"'What is your name?' he said.

"'Adolph Reinhardt,' I answered.

"'And what is mine?' he asked.

"'Peter Schultze,' I replied.

"He said the name over to himself three or four times, and then he smiled like a boy who has found the missing piece of a picture puzzle.

"'And I came from Rotterdam?' he said.

"'That is so,' I murmured.

"'And I have a wife, I think?' he stammered. 'And I have a boy?' And he looked at me narrowly when he said it.

"'Of course you have,' I cried. 'Your wife's name is Katrine, and your boy is called Peter. He was named after you.'

"Then a miracle happened to Peter Schultze. Yes! A miracle. The mind that God had given him seemed to get its balance when I mentioned the name of his wife Katrine. It was so. He dropped the rifle on the floor, and gripped my hands.

"'How long was I away?' he screamed. 'How long? Tell me?'

"'Seventeen months, Peter,' I said.

"'Seventeen months!' he shrieked, then he started to pull on his boots and dress himself as if he were doing it for a wager.

"'Where are you going?' I asked him.

"'Home!' he shrieked. 'Rotterdam! Home to Katrine!'

"'But not to-night?' I said.

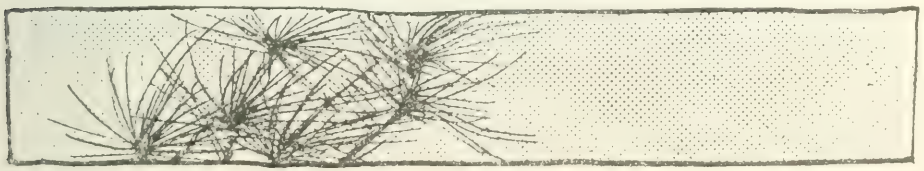
"'*Jah!* To-night!' roared Peter Schultze. 'I am going to the village to get Balon to row me down the river, and I will get down to Sarawak and get a passage to Singapore. Why shouldn't I start to-night? I have been long enough away.'"

Reinhardt stopped again. The peculiar thudding sound that he had commented upon earlier in the night passed again through the plume grass and died away in the packed tree masses on the other side of the tiny clearing.

"And what did he tell you?" I asked. "What did he tell you about the seventeen months that he was away?"

"He told me nothing," said Reinhardt quietly. "I put three or four questions to him as we walked down to the Dyak village, but he did not answer. He did not want to answer. I do not know why. How should I? He had some reason, that I know.

"Six months after, I got a letter from him from Rotterdam, and he told me that I should come home and live the rest of my days in peace. And his wife, Katrine, that I knew when she was a little girl, she sent me her regards. But I could not go back. I love the silence, and I love my work. Come, we will go to bed. The night is old."



TO BETTY, BORN IN WARTIME

By A. E. JOHNSON

WHAT time, sweetheart, thy soft, starkisséd eyes
England beheld in thy loved mother's face;
On foreign fields the flowers of our race
Beauteous were dying 'neath the unpitying skies.
That day thou croon'st and drew the lily breast,
Fair English forms that once were fondled so,
And toddled, ran, pulled oars the while ago—
Ah, spilling was their blood, and now they rest.

Oh if, dear love, in a later, lonelier day,
Thou sudden pause beside a Flanders cross,
Feeling the while a sharp, peculiar loss
In this one English tenement of clay—
Haply the lady of that hero slain
Grief-torn did travail for thy mate—in vain.

THE QUIET MIND

By BEATRICE REDPATH

THERE'S much that must go over,
Ah, much that shall go by:
Young love with its unreason,
Young hopes that climb the sky.
But best comes often after
And best is yet to find,
A heart grown calm with wisdom,
Peace..... and a quiet mind.

HO-HO BIRD, WITH PEONY AND MAGNOLIA FLOWERS

Chinese picture of the Kang Hsi period, painted on silk. In the Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto.

LUCK OF THE HOUSE

BY LAWRENCE NAISMITH PINK

WHEN J. Bentley Travis arrived with George Denston, real estate agent, to look over house No. 1313 13th Avenue West, a cartage van was backed against the curb in front.

The tenant, Mrs. William Corgan, was evidently moving out, bag and baggage, furniture, and the cat; not to mention the three Corgan children, who took a lively interest in every movement. That was quite natural.

"Why the early flitting, Mrs. Corgan?" inquired the agent in surprise. "Your rent is paid in full, to the first of next month."

"I've rented the house for you, Mr. Denston; to a friend of mine. I can get into the house I have bought, today; so she has paid me the balance of the rent, to the first, and bought my rugs and linoleums on the floors, as they would not fit my new bungalow. My friend, Mrs. Pence, is moving in this afternoon."

"But, my dear woman, this gentleman, Mr. Travis, is buying this house. He will want to use it himself."

"You told me I could rent the house to a suitable tenant," ejaculated Mrs. Corgan defiantly.

"That was some time ago!" Denston informed her, with equal defiance. His daily contact with similar situations had somewhat blunted the real estate man's sense of justice.

Mrs. Pence has paid me the rent, to the first; and will pay you the rent, in advance, from the first," persisted the lady. "She has also paid me for the rugs and linoleums."

"That matter can be easily arranged between yourselves, Madame," broke in J. Bentley Travis, with a reassuring smile. "You give her back the money, and the deal is off."

"But, Sir! Mrs. Pence has to move to-day. The house she was living in, has been sold; and her month is up to-day. Mrs. Pence has to move. Don't you understand?"

"Yes, we understand," answered the agent blandly. "You understood this house was for sale, did you not?" he asked.

"Yes. But isn't every rentable house in Boomburg for sale?"

"That I do not know. Most likely there are quite a few," asserted Denston. "That is quite aside from the question here. This house is practically sold."

"Ma! Ma! Here's a man!" broke in Mrs. Corgan's eldest daughter, running in, from the front door.

"Be quiet, Mildred! Don't you see I'm busy?" snapped the distressed woman. "Put matting on that tabletop," she continued, addressing the men who were carrying out the furniture.

"Yes, Mam!" answered one of the men, as the edge of the table scraped against the door-jamb.

"Oh, goodness! Be careful!" supplicated Mrs. Corgan, as she ran to ward off further damage.

"Yes, Mam!" again came the stoical reply.

The man announced by little Mildred came quietly forward when the passage was cleared, and without any comment, proceeded to disconnect the wires of the telephone, which was just inside the dining-room door.

"Hold on, Mister!" commanded J. Bentley Travis, placing a detaining hand on the man's arm.

"What for?" There was a smile of confidence on his face, as he continued his work.

"I'm buying this house, you understand; and I will be using that 'phone. You can leave it right there."

"My orders read different," asserted the telephone company employee quietly. He took from his pocket a form, filled in at different spaces, with typewritten words, and handed it to Mr. Travis. Then he proceeded to take out the screws that held the telephone-box on the wall. "Have you made application for a 'phone to be placed in this house?" he inquired pointedly.

"No! Not yet! You understand, the papers have not been signed, as yet. I just thought I'd like to go over the house again, before completing the purchase, as I have not seen it for about a year—that is on the inside."

"Well, Sir! When you complete the purchase, lose no time before making out your contract, at the office. You know we are short of equipment."

"Yes, my man! Thank you! I understand!" ejaculated Mr. Travis, as he handed back the form he had been inspecting.

"Have you a telephone, where you are living at present?"

"I have. Yes."

"Well, I will likely get orders later to move that 'phone up here. That is, if you act sharp. Otherwise, you might be without a 'phone for six months. In the meantime, I have to take this instrument back to the office," asserted the company employee.

"Are you not going to put it into my new address?" questioned Mrs. Corgan, who, though engaged in watching the safe transit of her furniture, had lost none of the conversation.

"Have you a signed contract for continuation, Madame?"

"I certainly have."

"Then, it is likely when I return to the office, I will get instructions to reinstall the telephone in your new address."

"Why did the manager not give you that order, when you got the order to disconnect? My contract was signed two days ago," inquired Mrs. Corgan.

"Where are you moving to?"

"Just a block from here."

"This instrument will need to be inspected, before being re-installed." answered the man, with a wink at Denston.

"Oh! I did not know that. Could you not inspect it?"

"No. Madame. We have a special man for that work at the office. He has to pass on all telephones installed."

"Oh, be careful of that chiffonier! My furniture will not be worth looking at by the time you get it into the other house," Mrs. Corgan exclaimed petulantly.

"Yes, Mam!" came the laconic reply, as the men carrying the chiffonier down the stairs, peeled off a square foot of wall paper, with the corner of that piece of furniture.

"Boomburg Electric Light Company, Madame," announced a new voice in the hall, as Mrs. Corgan turned to renew her conversation with the agent and Mr. Travis. "Where is the meter? Upstairs?"

"Yes, but the meter was read this morning."

"I am cutting off the lights," the man explained, as he proceeded up the stairs.

"Hold on, mister," she protested. "There will be a new tenant in here this afternoon. She will need the lights, to-night." She heard the placing of the short step-ladder against the wall; the chug of the disconnected

switch, as it swung down against the block; the click of the wire, as it was disconnected on the street, but the out-raged woman heard the closing of the step-ladder; and then the man came hastily down the stairs.

"What will the new tenant do for light, to-night?" she asked querulously.

"Has the new tenant made application for light; and paid the usual deposit?"

"I really do not know."

"You should worry. We generally disconnect on the street; but the outside gang is busy to-day. When the new tenant makes application at the office, the light wires will be connected again."

"It seems to me there is a lot of work done that is not at all necessary, just to keep you men busy," remarked Mrs. Corgan meditatively.

"You do not know the amount of systematic endeavour it takes, Madame, to keep pace with some of the people we have to deal with," volunteered the electric light man, as he made an entry in his book.

"Ma! Ma!" There's another load of furniture here," called little Mildred, as she rushed in from the verandah.

"Good gracious. And our stuff not all out yet!" exclaimed the lady of the house, as she hastened out. In her hurry, she ran into a man, who was just entering the front door.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" she ejaculated.

"Don't mention it!" answered the newcomer. "You are Mrs. Corgan?"

"Yes, Sir!"

"I'm from the Boomburg Gas Company. You are leaving this house and have transferred your deposit, to apply to No. 1412 13th Avenue West?"

"Yes, Sir!"

"All right. I will read the meter, and close off the gas supply."

"But, Sir, the new tenant is coming right in. That is her load of furniture at the door," objected the lady.

"Has the new tenant placed a deposit for a continuation of the gas here, Madame?" inquired the gas company employee.

"I do not know. Here she is now! Jean! Mrs. Pence! Have you arranged for the gas, here?"

"No! Not yet. I'm going down town, just as soon as I can get my goods into the house," explained Mrs. Pence, as she came up the front steps.

"This man is going to shut off the gas, Jean."

"Oh, please don't do that, Mister," pleaded the new arrival.

"Sorry, Madame, I have to carry out my orders. As soon as you have made out a new contract, and transferred your deposit to apply on this location, the gas will be turned on immediately," explained the man, as he started for the cellar entrance.

"Just a moment, ladies," interjected the agent blandly. Mrs. Pence has not rented this house. I am the agent for the landlord, and I am in a position to know that Mrs. Pence has not rented this house from me."

"Where is the difference? I subrented until the end of the month, from my friend, Mrs. Corgan. She can vouch for me. I intended going to see the agent, before the end of the month," Mrs. Pence explained with a winning smile.

"But, Mrs. Pence, this house has been sold to Mr. Travis, here, who is going to occupy it himself after this month.

"What, this house sold? Mrs. Corgan did not tell me it was sold," exclaimed the new arrival, turning resentful eyes on her friend.

"Mrs. Corgan did not know, until a few moments ago," volunteered Mr. Denston, in explanation.

"Then, what can I do? I have no place to go."

"That, Madame, rests with yourself," remarked Mr. Denston calmly. "Had you come to my office, before you started to move your goods, I would have advised you to look for another house."

"But I cannot do that now! Look what time it is! The house I left was sold over my head, and I had to move out. I paid Mrs. Corgan for the rent until the first of the month, and also for her rugs and linoleums, with the understanding that I could not have the house without doing so; and now you tell me the house is sold. Oh dear, oh dear! What can I do?" The tears of disappointment were streaming down her cheeks. The widow Pence was truly in a very unenviable position.

"No!" that rug does not go!" broke in the voice of Mrs. Corgan, addressing one of the van men, who was rolling up the rug in the dining-room.

"Yes it does go, Annie!" Mrs. Pence contradicted tearfully. "If I can't have the house, I don't want the rugs. You said if I wanted the house, I had to buy the rugs. You will just have to give me the money I paid you, and take your goods. Oh, dear! I might have known that so many thirteens when placed together would bring bad luck. And, this is Friday!"

"But, the rugs are yours. You bought and paid for them," answered the other lady indignantly.

"You sold them to me under false pretence. You must have known this house was for sale."

"Excuse me, Mrs. Pence. I did no such thing."

At this moment, there was another interruption. "What room'll I put this dresser in, Mam?" came a manly voice from the hall.

"Oh, wait! wait! Don't bring anything in yet" exclaimed Mrs. Pence, wiping the fresh-flowing tears from her eyes.

"All right, Mam. We'll just unload, till yer ready," acquiesced the obliging van man. "Course ya understand, our time's worth money."

"So is ours, Mam," asserted the other van man, addressing Mrs. Corgan from his position on the floor. He had remained kneeling over the half-rolled rug. There was a smile on his face. The humour of the situation appealed to him.

Mrs. Corgan, thus appealed to, came to a decision at once. "Take the rugs," she ordered belligerently. "Take the linoleums from the kitchen and bathroom, also. I'll give this lady her money back. Talk about luck—Just wait till I get my purse."

After an unsuccessful search of about five minutes, and many mumblings, the voice of Mrs. Corgan was heard calling, "Mildred!"

"Yes, Ma!" There was expectancy in the child's voice.

"Have either you or Elsie seen my handbag?"

"Yes, Ma!—Johnnie has it."

"Johnnie has it?"

"Yes, Ma!"

"Why didn't you take it away from him?—You know my purse is in my handbag," questioned the mother petulantly.

"Well, Ma, I did try to take it from him, and he started to cry; and you told me to stop making Johnny cry. So, I just let him have it," explained the child.

"Oh, dear me! You children will be the death of me yet. Where is Johnnie?"

"Out in front, Ma." The tone of Mildred's answer indicated that she was used to being subjected to more or less injustice.

Mrs. Corgan found Johnnie—three years old—out in front, as directed. That young gentleman was extremely busy. He had taken his mother's purse from the handbag, opened it, and was jamming the contents—a bill at a time—between the slats of the front walk, with a short stick. The silver had gone down before.

J. Bentley Travis's bump of curiosity caused him to investigate the noise, caused as a result of the young villain being caught in the act. The child's yells proved the good condition of his lungs. Out of the tangled situation, a new idea was formulating

at the back of Mr. Travis's head. This little diversion gave him the necessary time to turn it over quickly in his mind.

Having administered punishment to her offspring, the mother took an interest in regaining her finances.

"Just one moment, Madame," Travis remarked, as he came down the steps—"Now!" he continued, as he caught the outer end of the walk, and raised it so that she could get underneath.

"Thank you, Sir!—That's better!—I think I have it all now," asserted Mrs. Corgan, as she arose from her knees, with currency—in bills, and silver—in both hands. "What in the world were you putting mother's money down those cracks for?" she continued, turning to Johnnie, whose yells had been turned to sniffles, by his interest in the proceedings.

"Johnnie put nicker in sthlot, get gum," explained the wee man, between sobs.

"There now, Mrs. Corgan," exclaimed Mr. Travis, with a laugh. "There is always a reason for every action. All slots look alike to Johnnie, at his age. It was the gum he was after. The money has no particular value to him. There are lots of big children, built just that way," philosophized J. Bentley blandly. "Here Johnnie!" he continued, "give this nickel to Mildred, and tell her to buy you some gum; at the store." He placed his hand on the little fellow's head, and was about to re-enter the house, when his attention was diverted to another arrival, just turning in at the gate. "Hello, Cameron!—What are you doing here?" he queried.

"Sent up here, to turn off the water, Sir," explained Cameron, stopping short, with an inquisitive smile.

"I see!—Smithson send you?"

"Yes, Mr. Travis."

"You tell Smithson I have bought this house, and I need the water. I'll be back to the office in about half an hour. Here! Have a smoke."

"Thank you, Mr. Travis. I'll tell Mr. Smithson what you say," answered Cameron, as he bit the end off the cigar.

"Say, Bill! Do you know anything about an electric light meter?"

"Yes, Sir! I worked for the light company, for two years.

"Just run upstairs, and connect up the circuit. The power is cut off at the meter."

"Sure, Sir!—I'll do that easy."

"And while you're in the house, you might run down cellar and turn the gas on again. I'll fix up the necessary contracts, when I go go down town again."

"That will be all right, Mr. Travis. Is there a chair upstairs?"

"No! Just take that one up with you. You can leave it up there, when you are through."

"That will be fine, Sir," asserted Cameron, as he picked up a kitchen chair from the bunch the van men had unloaded; and went up the steps.

Mrs. Corgan's load of furniture had departed to its future abode. Mrs. Pence's load of furniture was occupying most of the lawn and verandah. J. Bentley Travis had evidently come to an understanding with himself, with regard to the idea that had been occupying the back of his head. He decided to move it up to the front.

"Now boys!" he ejaculated, "Get busy, and take that stuff into the house. If you scratch up any of that furniture, I'll have you both pinched. Here!—Smoke a cigar, when you get time.—Mrs. Pence will tell you where she wants things placed."

"All right, Mr. Travis, I'll see that Timmens is careful," laughed one of the men, as each stowed a cigar in a safe pocket for future use.

"And, Timmens!"

"Yes, Sir!"

"When you are through here, go over to my place on 17th Avenue, and wait there till I come. I'll tell your folks what has happened to you."

"All right, Mr. Travis.—You're the Doctor," remarked Timmens as he proceeded to get busy.

"Just tell the men where you want things placed, Mrs. Pence. You'll stay here for the present," Travis asserted, as he met that lady in the hall.

"But, you will be wanting this place for yourself, Sir."

"How many in your family, Mrs. Pence?"

"Just two!—my mother, and myself," answered the surprised widow. "My husband died overseas, two years ago."

"Very well! You'll find the gas and light turned on, if you should need them. I'll go down and arrange the contracts for gas, light, and water.

The expression of gloom that had commenced to settle about her eyes gave place to a smile of utter satisfaction, just like the breaking of the clouds by rays of sunshine, after a day of rain. Then another thought coming to her mind, the sunny smile gave place to the clouds again. "It's too bad, I let Mrs. Corgan take the rugs back," she said meditatively.

"Did she give you back your money?"

"Why, yes!—And not with the best grace, either.

"Well, don't you worry. I have two rugs I can let you have, for the time being. They will not cost you anything," he assured her with a laugh that brought back the sunshine of her smile. Travis was agreeably impressed, with the sunshine of that smile.

"Come on, Denston! Crank up your Lizzie, and let us get those papers signed. I'm in a hurry," J. Bentley asserted, as he took the real estate agent by the arm.

"Right you are," answered Denston, with a smile at the rapid action displayed by the usually easy-going Travis.

"I'll be back in about an hour-and-a-half, Mrs. Pence," the latter called over his shoulder. "By the way, you will not mind if I put my piano in this front room?—I see you have no piano among your goods."

"No!—I have no piano.—You can store what you wish here. I will take good care of your effects."

"I'll just bring the piano and rugs in, to-day, Mrs Pence. We'll arrange about the other stuff, when I come back. In the meantime, you can get settled."

The meantime was not of long duration to the industrious widow Pence. Her naturally orderly habits had enabled her to foreplan where each article of furniture should be placed, as it was brought into the house. She realized that her furniture had been well and carefully handled; but she did not know why. Nor did she know why Timmens and his mate had gone to the trouble of taking out the tacks, in the kitchen and bathroom floors, left by the other van men, when they ripped up the linoleums.

She had washed the tear-stains from about her soft brown eyes, rearranged her luxurious dark-brown hair; and donned a becoming maroon-coloured house-dress, when Mr. Travis returned. That gentleman showed his appreciation of her improved appearance, by an interest that was quite apparent, though he tried to conceal it.

"Just as I thought," remarked Mr. Travis, when the two rugs were spread out—one on the living-room, and one on the dining-room floor. "These rugs match your chesterfield, and chairs, better than the ones you were buying from Mrs. Corgan."

"They certainly do, Mr. Travis. The quality is much better too," exclaimed Mrs. Pence, with delight. "I'd love to own those rugs. Would you sell them, Mr. Travis?"

"Not so fast, little woman," he answered, with a laugh. "You are welcome to use them for the present. My daughter is out of the city, on a visit to friends in the east. That is why I brought up her piano, to-day.

We are like yourselves, Mrs. Pence. There are but two of us, now." There was a note of sadness in his voice, as he continued in explanation, "My wife died under an operation, four years ago."

"Oh!" was the widow's laconic reply.

"Where do you think my daughter would like that music-box put, Mrs. Pence?" he inquired, as the men put down the piano in the living-room.

"How old is your daughter, Mr. Travis?" she countered.

"He looked at her before answering. "Just past seventeen.—Why?"

"I think your daughter would like her piano across that corner, next to the arch," she answered, with a smile, after a moment's survey of the room.

"All right, Timmens! put it there; and we will see what Gladys says, when she comes home," laughingly asserted Mr. Travis. "Tell Davidson I'll be in to-morrow, and fix up for this job. I'll be likely moving more of my goods, next week."

"When you're ready, Mr. Travis, Bill and I will look after your job," Timmens remarked, as he went out the door.

"I'm sorry next week comes so soon, Mrs. Pence said quietly, after the men had gone. "I will have to look for another house right away."

He looked at the woman, as she sat on the chesterfield, looking out through the front window. He knew she did not see what she appeared to be looking at. There was a misty, hounded expression in her eyes.

"Do you think your mother would let you keep house for Gladys and me?" he asked, after a moment of silence.

Slowly her head turned, until her eyes met his. "I am of age, Mr. Travis," she answered, the cloud giving place to a smile.

"You are also the daughter of Wesley Southerham, Mrs. Pence. When I first entered the employ of the waterworks department of this city, your father was superintendent. I remember him well."

"My father died some years ago, Mr. Travis. My mother has lived with me ever since."

"It seems queer that to-day is the first time you and I have met," he remarked.

"Yes, Mr. Travis, but I have been out of the city a great deal, in recent years. I came back, intending to make my home here, but,——"

"I understand, little woman.—You do not appear to be able to get settled. Someone is always chasing you out. Isn't that what you mean?"

"Yes!—I do not like to feel that way, Mr. Travis, but it really seems to be so." She was again looking out of the front window, with that far-away look in her eyes.

"When you rented this house, you decided to make your home here," he remarked, as though voicing a foregone conclusion.

"Yes!" she assented, without turning her head.

"When I bought this house, it was with the intention of making my home here," Travis continued.

"I understand your position, Mr. Travis."

"Gladys loves her music, and her painting," he said soberly, after a few moments' thought. "I had planned that she should use the front room upstairs, as the windows face the north, giving her the necessary light for her painting."

"I had planned to give mother the back room for her bed-room and sitting-room, as the sun shines into that room most of the day," she countered, in the same sober tone he had used.

"That will be nice. Now we have Gladys and your mother settled. Now, about that centre bed-room, upstairs, which is the only one left. Of course, there is the den. Do you like a downstairs bedroom?"

"Not as a rule, Mr. Travis. Of course, the den could be used as a bedroom."

"I had looked forward to pleasant evenings with my pipe and paper, in that den," he asserted smilingly. "Gladys has not had a mother, for four years, Mrs. Pence. She is just at an age when she needs a mother's protection and love. I need someone to make home just like home, to me. I have not had a home for four years; and I bought this house hoping to make it home to both Gladys and me. I want you as a wife, Jean, more than I do as a housekeeper." As sentence followed sentence, the tenseness of his intonation was the more marked.

The woman was still looking mistily into vacancy, her white hands clasped about her knee. She did not move as he came and sat beside her on the chesterfield. She did not resist as he unclasped her hands, and took one of them in his. He knew he had brought out his recently-formed idea badly; but the excitement of the situation had taken possession of his power of speech, and he had presented the issue boldly.

"Do not get frightened at the suddenness of this proposal. I knew your father, Jean. Therefore, I know you," he added.

"Perhaps Gladys and I would not get along, together," she asserted slowly, without turning her head.

"I am sure you two would love each other, Jean," he exclaimed. This was the third time he had called her Jean and she had not objected, in any way.

Slowly she turned and met his eager eyes frankly. "It would be like taking any port in a storm, Mr. Travis," she said.

"No, no! Not at all! We both need someone to make home more real. We may not love each other ecstatically, at first; but I will make it as easy for you as I possibly can."

"I will have to think it over, Mr. Travis," she remarked, with a winning smile. She was not altogether averse to the proposition, as she read in it the solution of many problems.

"Anyone at home?"

So intent had been the occupants of the chesterfield, that neither of them had heard the front door open.

"Why, yes!—Come right in!" invited J. Bentley Travis, jumping up from the chesterfield, and going toward the hall. "Why, Gladys!" he exclaimed, in surprise. "I did not expect you home, for a week yet."

"I got lonesome for my Daddy, so I came home," the young girl explained, after she had greeted her father. "The lady next door told me you had bought this house, and had moved some goods. She did not know just what. The house was lonesome. I called up the office, and was told I would find you here, so I came over."

"I want you to meet Mrs. Pence, Gladys. She is the lady who lives in this house," Mr. Travis remarked, as he led his daughter by the hand, to where the widow was standing, watching—not without envy—the reunion of father and child.

"I am certainly pleased to meet Miss Travis," Mrs. Pence said, as she extended her hand.

"And I am pleased to meet you, Mrs. Pence." The young girl looked steadily into the brown eyes of the older woman. "You have been grieving over something," she exclaimed. "Daddy! Is it your fault?" she asked impulsively.

"I'm afraid it is, daughter. But say! Let us get down town and get some supper. Do you girls know it is six o'clock?"

"No, Mr. Travis! You and Miss Travis will stay with me, for supper. It will not be elaborate, as this is moving day. You two will have a lot to talk about. Just sit down, and I will have everything ready in a short time, and without waiting for any objections, Mrs. Pence started for the kitchen.

"Daddy, who placed my piano there?" Gladys inquired, when they were alone.

"Mrs. Pence said she knew you would like it there," said the father.

"So I do, Dad. Mrs. Pence has good taste."

"I think so, too."

"Our rugs just match her chesterfield, don't they, Daddy?" she continued, after making a survey of the room. "Who is Mrs. Pence, Daddy? Do we know her?"

"Why! As I said before, she is the lady who lives in this house," he answered evasively.

"Yes, I know. But, she is troubled about something. I saw it in her beautiful eyes."

"Mrs. Pence just moved in, to-day; and it was the fact that we would have to turn her out, that made her feel badly."

"Do we need to turn her out, Daddy?" the young girl asked plaintively. "Is she alone, here?"

"Just her mother and herself."

"Isn't the house large enough for the four of us, Dad?"

"That's just it. I knew Mrs. Pence's father, some years before he died. Her husband died in action, overseas, two years ago. I have asked Mrs. Pence to make a home for me, and— eh— to be a mother to you, Gladys."

"Oh, Daddy! You didn't! Did you?" ejaculated the daughter.

"I certainly did. She is a fine woman," Mr. Travis asserted boldly.

There was a pause for just one moment. The possibilities of the situation presented themselves to Gladys, one by one, in quick succession. "And what did she say, Daddy?" she whispered eagerly.

"She did not get a chance to say. You bust up the conversation."

Gladys rushed out to the kitchen, and throwing her arms around the older woman's neck, kissed her on one cheek and then on the other. "You will, won't you?" she pleaded.

"I will, what, dear?" inquired the widow Pence, in surprise.

"Be my mother!"

This, truly, was a surprising predicament for anyone to be placed in, especially by a beautiful, confiding, young girl.

"I may scold you, when you are naughty, or want to do something I did not think proper. You would not like that," Mrs. Pence suggested warmly.

"Daddy!" called Gladys triumphantly.

"Yes! What is it, daughter?"

"Come here! It's all settled!"

"Good business!" exclaimed J. Bentley Travis, a minute later, as he encircled both of them in his arms.

"Why, mother! Bentley Travis is an old friend of father's. He owns this house of so many thirteens; and although we moved on Friday, yesterday was a good day for me, and this is the luckhouse in Boomburg," Mrs. Pence exclaimed, in concluding an explanation of events, when her mother arrived next day.

DON QUIXOTE OF SCOTLAND YARD

BY J. S. FLETCHER

GARNING, one of the oldest, cleverest, most trusted members of that highly important force known as the Criminal Investigation Department, was on his annual holiday, and had come in sight of its last day. Hard as nails and keen as a razor in the exercise of his professional duties, as a good many criminals had known to their bitter cost, Garning, at heart, was a highly sentimental person, and when he went holidaying, he invariably sought out unfrequented, lonely places, where he could gaze his fill on mountains, moors, lakes, rivers, solitary farmsteads, and spend his days in gathering wild flowers and listening to the hum of insects and chirping of young birds—he was, in short, a lover of nature. An old bachelor, Garning was very free and unfettered in these annual excursions; his great pleasure was to put himself up at some out-of-the-way inn, where he got good plain food and an airy bedroom, and to thence wander around without aim and object. During his holiday he never allowed himself to think of naughty folk and evil deeds; he was much more concerned about finding the nest and eggs of some rare bird, or watching some particular hedgeside plant break into bloom, than about the last nefarious deed which had engaged his attention. But at the end of every period of rest and change he went back to New Scotland Yard keener than ever, and the gentle stroller amongst meadows and uplands became transformed into as sharp a human sleuth-hound as ever set out to track the wrong-doer.

At the end of this particular holiday, Garning found himself for a couple of nights in one of the smallest, most out-of-the-way towns in the far North of England. He had spent three weeks in the solitudes of Cumberland and Northumberland, wandering about as his fancy prompted him. In addition to his nature-loving qualities, however, Garning was a bit of an antiquary. A man whom he met at one of his wayside inns discovered this, and told him that before he left those parts, he ought to visit Coppleby; there, said the man, was a fine old castle, and an equally fine and ancient church, to say nothing of an old moot-hall, and many houses which dated from early Tudor times. So Garning made his way to Coppleby, intent on looking round it before going on to Carlisle and there getting an express which would whirl him back to London and duty. It would, he considered, make a handsome wind-up to his annual vacation.

Garning arrived in Coppleby about noon one day, and put himself up at the Brindled Cow—an old-fashioned hostelry of great comfort. He found prime beef and sound ale there, and did justice to both before sallying out

to look around the town. Coppleby, he quickly discovered, on emerging from the Brindled Cow, was about the smallest, quietest, sleepiest place, for a real full-fledged borough, that he had ever seen; you could walk round and all over it in half an hour. There was a river there, with a fine stone bridge spanning it; from the foot of this bridge the main street led to a market-square; beyond street and square there was nothing, except that dotted here and there on the outskirts of the place were nice, quiet, eminently respectable houses of the suprior villa-residence sort. On a hill overlooking the square stood the castle; half of it ruinous; down by the river stood the church; meadows of a delightful greenness ringed in everything, and in the near distance the hills were softly blue. This was just the sort of place, thought Garning, to which a man might retire; here the rest of his life might be passed very pleasantly. In a short time he himself would be retiring on his well-earned, highly-merited pension; he began to think what he would do with himself if he came to live here at Coppleby. He would get nice, quiet rooms with a good, homely landlady. He would wander around after birds and butterflies and flowers; now and then he would do a bit of fishing in the river. And he would read books, and the newspapers; when he wanted a little gossip and interchange of ideas with his fellow-beings, he would go into the bar-parlour of the Brindled Cow; it was very comfortable there and just as good as a club. Taking it altogether, Coppleby was alluring to a man of Garning's quiet tastes.

Before evening of that day Garning had seen everything in Coppleby. He had gone over the show-part of the Castle and explored the Church, wandered about the old houses, and dawdled on the bridge. And he was so pleased with all he saw that he determined, one full day being left of his holiday, to spend it at Coppleby. He had a comfortable dinner at his hotel that evening, a pleasant chatty talk with the frequenters of the bar-parlour over pipe and glass, and a sound sleep in lavender-scented sheets; it was all excellent. And next morning, after breakfast, a leisurely meal, he stood at the door of the Brindled Cow, looking out upon the quietude of the market-square, when the landlord, obviously as idle as himself, came up to him.

"Quietish spot this, sir," observed the landlord, who had already discovered that his guest was a London gentleman. "Bit of difference between it and what you're accustomed to, no doubt."

"No worse for that," answered Garning. "To some people all the better for its quiet." Then, really because he felt he must say something, he remarked, "I suppose it's not always as quiet as this? You'll have times when there's something doing, no doubt?"

The landlord put his thumbs in the arm-holes of his ample waistcoat, and adopting an attitude of ease, looked up and down the square and the street beyond.

"Oh! well," he replied, "there's market day, to be sure—Saturday, that is. Pretty busy the town is that day, of course. Country folk come—hundreds of 'em. And we've a fair at Lady Day, and another at Michaelmas. And then there's a sitting of the County Court once a month, and the Magistrates once a week—and that's about all, unless a travelling circus comes along, or something like that. And, to be sure, the Town Council meets once a fortnight. Lively, ain't it?"

"So you've a Town Council in such a small place as this," questioned Garning. "I shouldn't have thought it."

"I daresay," said the landlord. "Who would—to look at it? But as a matter of fact, sir, this is one of the oldest boroughs in the North of England—we've had a Mayor and Corporation ever since the time of Henry

the Third; you'd be surprised if you saw our old charters and documents —all preserved, they are, in the muniment room at the Moot Hall. Yes, there's been somewhere about five or six hundred Mayors of Coppleby—it's all set out in the registers. All the same," he added with a dry laugh, "we've got something for Mayor this year that we never had before, and I reckon our grandfathers would have been a bit astonished about it too, if it had happened in their time. But then, of course, it never could have done."

"Oh!" said Garning. "Something —why what have you got as Mayor? Must be a man, surely?"

The landlord removed his big hat, smoothed his head and smiled whimsically.

"No," he answered. "It's a woman! The Mayor we call her, all the same. Of course, I understand there's other towns where they've had ladies for Mayors, but it was a bit of a startler, you know, in an old-fashioned spot like this. But there it is—the Mayor of Coppleby's a woman!"

"Some lady of position in the neighbourhood, I suppose?" suggested Garning.

"No," replied the landlord. She's a tradeswoman—and one of the smartest, too!" He lifted a hand and pointed down the main street to a building somewhat larger than the rest, over which a big gilt sign swung beneath a gaily-waving flag. "That's her place," he said. "Miss Megleston: Grocer and Draper—Grocery one side —drapery t'other. Shrewdest and sharpest woman I ever came across—brains, sir, brains; that's what she's got. Made a fortune, that woman has, since she came here."

"Not a native, then," asked Garning.

"No, she's no native," said the landlord. "I don't know where she came from—I don't think anybody does. She came here, let's see, now—yes, it'll be just about nineteen years ago: I know I'd had this house about five years when she came. Before her coming there was an old chap called Thornthwaite had a bit of a business over there—sort of general stores. He advertised it as a going concern; this Miss Megleston turned up, took a look round the district and bought it from him. She must have had money, because she started developing it at once, and went ahead fast. And now, Lord bless you, she's got a regular monopoly of the grocery and drapery business in this neighbourhood! She started with three assistants; I should think she's got sixty to seventy now. And of course, she's bought property, and she's the biggest ratepayer in the place, and lives in a fine new house up there above the Church—Rivermead, she calls it."

"And is now Mayor," said Garning, with a laugh. "Clever woman!"

"Clever enough," agreed the landlord. "You see," he added significantly, "she's never done naught but attend to business. Handsome woman —and they say she's had no end of offers of marriage. But no!—nothing but business. And she was little more than a lass when she came here—she stopped with me for a fortnight or so while she got settled down—I should say she was no more than twenty-three or four at the time."

"That would make her about forty-four or five now, then," said Garning.

"All about that," assented the landlord. "And well-preserved too. There's two or three substantial gentlemen in this neighbourhood that would be glad enough to marry her, even at her age. But no, as I say—naught but business."

"I should like to see her," remarked Garning. "She's evidently a character."

"Well, that's easy done, sir," said the landlord. "It's the fortnightly meeting of the Town Council this morning at eleven o'clock. If you step across to the Moot Hall yonder and walk upstairs into the public gallery you'll see the Mayor of Copple-

by in her robes and chain—and very well they suit her too!"

"Good!" agreed Garning. "Then we'll just try a glass of your very good ale before I go—and drink her Worship's health."

Half an hour later, Garning climbed the oak balustraded staircase of the Moot Hall, and walked into a small public gallery which overlooked the floor of the Council Chamber. The gallery was already well filled with townsfolk, men and women, young and old; evidently the fortnightly meeting of the Corporation was regarded as a great and possibly exciting event. Garning slipped into a quiet corner and looked round. The walls of the chamber were ornamented with oil paintings of former Mayors; immediately opposite the gallery in which he and the public sat, was a sort of dais, on the panelling of which was displayed the Royal insignia, the armorial bearings of the town, and a sword of justice; over these representations was the town's motto, in Latin; beneath them stood the Mayoral chair of state, with chairs on either side for the Aldermen; the floor of the chamber afforded space for the chairs and tables of the Councillors and the desk of the Town Clerk, and his assistants. It was all very grand, and it amused Garning to see that a little town of some eight or nine hundred inhabitants had twelve Aldermen and eighteen Councillors to manage its affairs.

There was a gabble of conversation amongst these thirty wise men, and amongst the folk in the gallery when Garning entered—he gathered that there was a lot of excitement going on about the local expenditure. But as the clock struck eleven a dead silence fell over the chamber, a door was thrown open at the hear of the dais, and preceded by a very grand and solemn mace-bearer, there entered a tall, handsome woman, whose commanding figure did full justice to her velvet and furred robes of office and to the massive gold chain around her neck. Certainly no mere man, however portly or stately, could have looked more fitted to the office than this woman did, and Garning observed that the spectators were well aware of the fact and not a little proud of their chief magistrate. But as for himself, after one sharp, penetrating stare at the robed and enchained figure, Garning sat back in his seat and began slowly and meditatively to rub his chin—a sure indication, had his neighbours on either hand known it, that his professional instincts had been aroused.

And so they had. In Miss Megleston, Mayor of Coppleby, the astute old detective had instantly recognized a woman whom he had once tracked to arrest, who had skilfully slipped through his fingers almost as soon as he had laid hands on her, and for whom he had never ceased to search, up to that moment without success, ever since the day on which she had so cleverly escaped him.

*

Garning remained fixed in that Council Chamber until one o'clock. He heard many affairs of the little town discussed—and paid very little attention to them. Aldermen and Councillors ventilated their views and opinions; there was doubtless a good deal in what each said, with more or less cogency and fluency, but it all went in at one of Garning's ears and out at the other without the brain between taking any great notice. Garning was wrapped up in the Mayor. Now and then she spoke, intervening in this and that, and Garning quickly recognized that she was a woman of great ability, shrewd, ready, business-like and possessed of a vast amount of common sense. There were some eleven men on the aldermanic bench on each side of her chair, and some more in front of her, where the councillors sat, but it needed very little attention and observation to decide that intellectually she was head and shoulders above any of them.

And when the council rose as the clock of the Moot Hall struck one, Garning went out into the sun-lighted market square rubbing his chin more thoughtfully than ever.

He walked over to the Brindled Cow, and in a quiet corner of its old-fashioned coffee-room, sat down to eat his lunch and to let his mind go back to the days in which he and the Mayor of Coppleby had met before—under very different circumstances. It was nineteen—no, close upon twenty years ago. Garning had already made a reputation for himself; he was then a man of thirty-five, and had had several years' experience in the Criminal Investigation Department. A case which, on its surface, seemed very ordinary, has been entrusted to him. There was a City man, one Mr. Versthagen, who employed a smart young woman, Miss Alice Merson, as confidential secretary—at the time of the trouble she had been in Mr. Versthagen's employ for five years, having entered it in her eighteenth year. She was one of those clever young women who could undertake correspondence in French and German, write shorthand at considerable speed, and use a typewriter like an expert. Evidently she was nearly as valuable to Mr. Versthagen as his own right hand, and she not only came to know all his affairs, but to be entrusted with the keeping of his banking account and the custody of his cheque book. Then one day Mr. Versthagen went away for a brief holiday, leaving Miss Alice Merson in charge of everything at his office; when he returned Miss Merson had helped herself to a thousand pounds of his money, making use of a signed but otherwise blank cheque which he had left her, and had departed, no one knew where. It was at that juncture that Garning came in.

Garning had one of the times of his life in tracking Miss Alice Merson. It was one of the most difficult things he ever did, that getting hold of a clue about her. But he got one at last, and having seized hold of one end of it, he went hand over hand to the other and ran Miss Merson to earth in a quiet lodging in Dover. And he remembered now that he was very much impressed by her when he walked in upon her and found her calmly engaged in innocent needlework. She was obviously surprised, but she was very cool and she made no fuss whatever when Garning told her his errand and invited her to accompany him. Accompany him she did, quite cheerfully, and Garning installed her in the local police-cells while he went to get his dinner and wire the news of his success to headquarters. But when, an hour later, he returned for his captive, intending to carry her off to London, she was not there. Nobody knew how she had got out of the cells—but the fact remained that she had flown. And from that time onward Garning, inspite of many efforts, had never heard of her. But now—here she was, Mayor of Coppleby, a highly successful business woman, a person of considerable importance—and for all that a criminal, whom it was his duty to bring to justice.

Garning sat a long time over his lunch, and when it was over, a longer time still over a cigar. Ten minutes later, he walked into Miss Megleston's grocery and drapery establishment in Coppleby main street and asked to see its proprietor. The young man to whom he spoke took him for some country gentleman of the neighbourhood and hastened towards a door in the rear which was marked "Private".

Garning presently found himself ushered through that door and heard it closed behind him. At once he saw the object of his thoughts. Miss Megleston, denuded now of her robes and chain, stood by a desk with her back to him, busily engaged with letters and papers. She turned as the door closed and looked inquiringly at her visitor. And in that moment she recognized him—and as she recognized him, her glance went sharply to the door. Then she spoke.

"You!" she said quietly. "You!"

Garning made her a polite bow and smiled a little.

"Just so!" he answered. "I! I suppose I haven't changed very much, as you recognize me so readily. Still—it's nearly twenty years since."

"Sit down," said Miss Megleston. She pointed almost imperiously to a chair at the side of her desk, and resumed her own seat as Garning obeyed her command. "How did you find me?" she asked.

"Pure accident," replied Garning. "I've been on holiday, up here in the North, and I just happened to drop into this town for a day or two—to wind up. And I went into the Moot Hall this morning, and saw—the Mayor of Coppleby."

"You've an excellent memory, Mr. Garning," observed Miss Megleston dryly.

"Yes—a splendid one," said Garning simply. "It's been very useful." He laughed a little, and looked at her half-whimsically. "There's a thing I've often wondered about," he continued. "How—how did you get away that morning?"

Something like an amused smile covered Miss Megleston's rather stern features.

"Easily enough," she said. "They sent a woman to ask me what I would like for dinner—I remember there was a choice of roast pork or boiled mutton and caper sauce. The woman left the door of the —the cell—open. So I just walked out, went along the passage, and let myself out into the street. Who wouldn't?"

"And—then?" asked Garning.

"Then? Oh, then," continued Miss Megleston, "then I just walked to the station, caught a train for Folkestone, got on a boat that was just leaving, and crossed over to Boulogne. I didn't stop there, of course; I kept moving, along the coast. And finally I moved back, from Havre to Southampton, and I came right up North. And then I heard of this business and bought it, and I've done extraordinarly well out of it—and I'm Mayor of Coppleby."

Garning who had listened attentively and with absorbing interest to this frank account, nodded his head.

"Yes," he said, "yes—you're a very clever woman. But—there's no Statute of Limitations in criminal proceedings, you know. It's a great pity that—that you ever did what you did. No doubt you feel it to be so?"

"Well, I don't then," exclaimed Miss Megleston, with a hard look. "I've my own ideas on that point, Mr. Garning. Neither you nor anybody else ever knew the real truth about that affair. But I'll tell you now. That old Versthagen was a mean, lying old man. Do you know that he paid me starvation wages from being a girl of eighteen till I was twenty-one, and not very much more after that, for the other two years I was with him? But he was always promising me a handsome present—enough to set me up in business, which he knew I wanted to go into. It never came off. So when I'd that chance, I just helped myself to precisely what he'd promised me — a thousand pounds. And I'm glad I did!"

Garning shook his head.

"I'm a man of plain thought and plain words," he said. "It was a crime."

"You can call it what you like," retorted Miss Megleston almost indifferently. "I paid him back."

Garning looked up quickly; for the last few minutes he had been studying the pattern of the handsome carpet at his feet.

"You—paid him back?" he exclaimed. "I—I never heard of it."

"Perhaps not," said Miss Megleston dryly. "He wasn't the sort to tell you or anybody anything of that sort. But I sent him his thousand pounds with five per cent. interest on it, through a trusty channel, exactly three years after I started this business, and what's more, I've got his receipt for it; it's there, in my private safe. Like to see it?"

But Garning waved his hand, as he replied.

"I quite believe you," he said. "I think—yes—I'm sure you're that sort of woman. But that was compounding a felony. Doesn't matter what Versthagen did—he oughtn't to have done it. Why, dear me, you mightn't think it, but I have the original warrant for your arrest in my pocket-book still! Here in my pocket."

Miss Megleston made no answer. She sat at her desk looking at her captor. Garning, on his part, continued to stare at the carpet. A period of silence followed, broken only by the monotonous ticking of a small clock.

"What are you going to do?" asked Miss Megleston at last.

Garning slowly lifted his eyes from the carpet and looked up—to gaze half-abstractedly at the things in the room, rather than at their owner.

"I've had a pretty long career in—in my walk of life," he said eventually, and more as if he were thinking aloud than answering the direct question just put to him, "I'm a very soft-hearted man by nature, but they say the hardest and keenest that ever was in the execution of my duty. Duty! That's what it is—Duty! Now, I've been faced with some queer things in doing my duty, very, very queer and difficult things, but I've always done it. I've always felt that I've known what to do, leaving my personal inclinations aside—I'd just got to do that—Duty! And now—"

He passed his hand through his hair and his listener began to watch him with growing curiosity.

"Well?" she said, after another period of silence.

Garning suddenly rose from his chair, and thrusting his hand into the breast-pocket of his coat, drew out a well-worn pocket-book, into the numerous contents of which he began to delve with fingers that shook a little. Eventually he found and pulled out a folded paper and glanced at its endorsement. He held it up so that Miss Megleston could see it.

"That's what I mentioned just now," he said quietly. "The warrant, out-of-date, of course, but—Well, I'm going to do nothing—but this." He walked across to the hearth, where a bright fire burned, and dropped the paper into the flames. "That's the end of the whole affair, so far as I'm concerned," he added. "You're safe enough. And it's the end of my professional career!"

"What do you mean?" demanded Miss Megleston.

Garning picked up his hat and gloves.

"Just this," he said quietly. "After that, of course there's only one thing I can do. I'm going straight back to the hotel now, to write out and send in my resignation. I'm done! I'm not to be depended upon any longer. So, of course, I resign. By the bye," he added, as she stared at him, "now that I am retiring, I'm going to live in the country—I've plenty to live on. This place would suit me. You don't know of anyone here who has a comfortable little place to let—with a bit of garden?"

Miss Megleston looked at him again, for some time.

"Yes," she answered, "I have, Mr. Garning. Just the very place to suit a quiet man."

"I'm obliged to you," said Garning. "Perhaps you can let me see it? Any time? Then I'll come to-morrow morning. And as regards — what we've been talking about—I've forgotten it."

Then, without another word, and with a formal exchange of polite bows, which possibly conveyed to each other more than words could have done, he went out and back to the Brindled Cow, where, taking pen, ink and paper, he squared his jaws and set to work on the letter which was to cut him clean away from the old life.

THE "MURAILLES", PERCÉ

From the Photograph by
Edith S. Watson

INDIANS AND INDIAN AFFAIRS IN CANADA

BY R. E. GOSNELL

III.—THE LAST OF A SERIES OF THREE ARTICLES

ITH the exception of the Kootenians, the Indians of British Columbia are of very distinct stocks from those east of the Rocky Mountains. Of the latter, the Algonquin is by far the most numerous and the most widely distributed. It includes the Abenakis, the Blockfoots, the Delawares, the Malecites, the Micmacs, the Montagnais, the Ojibwas, the Crees, and the Pottawatimis. These tribes, whose names are so familiar, are found in every province, outside of British Columbia, if they do not remotely include the Kootenays. The other stocks are the Athapascan, which has a large representation in the northern interior of British Columbia as well, the Iroquois, which includes the Hurons, and the Siouan (Sioux). Of the 106,000 Indians in Canada, 25,694 are in British Columbia. These are made up of the following stocks: Haidan, Tsimshian, Wakashan, Dêne (or Athapaskan), Kootenaian, and Salishan. There are more than 2,000 of nomadic tribes whose affiliations are probably Athapascan. From the early days of the colonies there was for some years a considerable decrease on account of the ravages of smallpox and consumption. The birthrate was very slow, a fact to be accounted for in all probability by the former extent of venereal diseases, which are productive of sterility in an unusual degree. It would now appear from the reports of the Indian department that the Indians of British Columbia are on the increase, a result which may be due to missionary influence. Some of the Coast tribes, which necessarily came more in contact with the white men and at a much earlier period than those living inland, suffered great diminution. The Haida, for instance, once a powerful and numerous nation, have in British Columbia dwindled down to three small communities, and their home in Queen Charlotte Islands contains many deserted villages which have long been the prey of curio hunters.

Other tribes on the Coast have suffered similarly; but within the last twenty-five or thirty years this decay has been arrested, and undoubtedly other tribes are on the increase. It used to be regarded as inevitable that the Red Man should gradually retire before the White Man, until in the course of time he would be entirely eliminated, but the experience of recent years does not bear out that supposition. It seems that there is a period of transition from savagery under primitive conditions until the reestablishment under conditions of civilization during which the native deteriorates physically and becomes peculiarly predisposed to disease. In any case, the conditions in British Columbia have been more favourable

to the struggle against Fate than in almost any other part of the continent of America. The abundance and accessibility of food, the mildness of the Coast climate, the protection afforded under a very beneficent form of government, and the better economic status of many of them have given them an advantage as to permanency over all the other native races. One thing which has tendered very much to their benefit is their position of independence. With the exception of being in a general way under the aegis of the Indian Department they receive no special favours such as are accorded to the Treaty Indians—no annuities. They are obliged to maintain themselves by hunting, fishing and labour in various ways. the opportunities for which are always at hand. Game is abundant, the sea and rivers teem with fish; during the salmon canning season they are always employed at good wages, and at various seasons earn money lumbering, picking hops, and in other ways. They are, as compared with their eastern brethren, industrious, and are usually well supplied with cash for all their necessities. Their trade is highly esteemed by traders, and as a rule it is a fairly lucrative one. In many places they have comfortable houses and though not remarkable for their cleanliness or intelligence, they possess to some degree the refinements of civilization. Though not so picturesque in appearance as the plain Indians, they are, sociologically speaking, on a higher plane. Naturally more docile and less nomadic, it was fortunate that owing to the wise policy of the Hudson's Bay Company in dealing with them, when the country came under the rule of organized government they were prepared to accept the sovereignty of the white men with good grace. If we except some trouble in the very early days on the Fraser River, several murders by the Fort Rupert and Cowichan Indians, and the Chilcotin massacre, which was not without provocation, nothing occurred in the nature of the atrocities which took place in the United States. In fact, British Columbia has been remarkably free from disorder of this kind. When trouble did, or threatened to, occur, it was repressed in its incipiency with a firm but not a cruel hand. Respect for the law early instilled in a judicious way, rather by the demonstration, than the exercise of force.

The worst Indians inhabited the coasts of Vancouver Island and of adjacent islands and mainland and these had ever in their hearts the wholesome dread of a Hudson's Bay Company gunboat or a man of war. It was rarely necessary to call either into requisition. In the early part of the nineteenth century, there were several disasters, such as the massacre of the crew of the ship Boston at Nootka, and the Tonquin massacre, supposed to have been at Clayoqupt, but these were before the advent of the Hudson's Bay Company or the establishment of British law. And speaking of the Hudson's Bay Company, whose 250th anniversary, by the way, has just been celebrated, it is due to that Company, the motto of which *pro pelle cutem*—would have appealed to the Indian tradition of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth and as many more eyes and teeth as they could get in revenge had the same been interpreted to them—that law and order were so easily enforced. The tribes which for years had traded exclusively with the Company learned to trust white men and respect a covenant. Probably one reason why the Coast Indians, many of them, were so much more vicious than the interior tribes was that for more than a century they had been brought into contact with traders of foreign countries not too scrupulous in their methods, who in their ships carried on a barter in which rum was a large factor and honesty and ethical methods formed no part of the consideration.

Compared with their eastern brethren, for the most part they may be said to be their antithesis. The plain

Indian is tall, lithe, sinewy; has elongated face, aquiline nose and black, piercing eyes. He is built to run, see and smell at long range. He is quick, agile and restless. The "Siwash", corruption of "savage", which is the common name to designate the British Columbia Indians, and I speak more particularly of the Coast Indians, is short, thickset in body and small in legs, with a big, square flat face on a head that sits close to a pair of heavy shoulders. There is usually a large chest and arm development. Nature has built him to suit his occupation, namely to sit in a canoe and fish. The canoe is to the Siwash what the horse is to the Sioux. As I have said, this applies more particularly to the coast Indians, but as you penetrate the interior the types more nearly approach that of the plain Indian. You get the Athapascans, for instance, whose habitat extends to the Arctic Ocean northwards and to Hudson Bay eastward. You get again the Indians in East Kootenay, who are wholly of eastern stock. Take some of the Coast tribes, the Haida for instance and the resemblance to the Japanese is striking and it is sometimes difficult to distinguish them a short distance away. A great deal, in fact, has been written to establish a descent from the races of the Orient and by come ethnologists, they are classed as mongoloids. There is much to favour the theory of Mongolian origin, though it is by no means conceded to be a correct theory among ethnologists who have interested themselves in the question. Physical characteristics certainly suggest a relationship to the peoples on the opposite side of the Pacific in similar latitudes, though similar conditions may have developed resemblances in races autochthonous and distinct. Language affinities, but more particularly folk lore, are, and for some time have been, the subject of careful study and comparative philology and traditional legends may yet reveal the basis of determination. There is absolutely no historical evidence—there are traditions— of any migrations from the Orient to the shores of British Columbia either across the Pacific or by way of Behring Straits. We can only say at the most that there is a strong probability of such migrations having taken place. If an Atlantis can account for the Iroquois, there may have been a lost continent in the Pacific to account for the great Dêne nation in our Northwest. If the Norsemen, by way of Greenland, reached the North American Vinland one thousand and more years ago, successive migrations of Tartars by way of Behring Straits may in primitive times have peopled our western coast. If in a Welsh colony, cast upon the shores of eastern America, by chance or design, we are to look for the progenitors of the noble Mandans, we might with much greater probability, imagine a fleet of junks, storm-beaten, drifting to the west coast of Vancouver Island, and the crews there perforce making homes for themselves. If native tribes already existed, the strangers in course of time, if not massacred out of existence, would be swallowed up and their racial identity lost. If no native race existed there, we can easily imagine their increase in numbers and extension up and down the coast so as ultimately to leaven the whole lump of the population with their racial characteristics. Mr. Charles Hill-Tout, of Vancouver, in 1897 contributed an important chapter to the literature on the subject in which he dwelt at length on the linguistic and racial evidences and also upon the similarity in the art of some of the Coast Indians to that of the Chinese and Japanese from which he drew conclusions strongly favourable to the theory. He gave, for instance, a long list of words in parallel columns taken from the Dêne and Chinese languages which were very closely related in form and meaning.

I have already given the classification of the British Columbia Indians by nations. I shall proceed to refer to these nations in the order named.

The Haida—I wish to point out that Haida is both singular and plural in its form and that we cannot properly speak of the "Haidas"—in the province are confined to the Queen Charlotte Islands, where they were formerly a very numerous and powerful people. Surrounded by waters in which fish and sea animals are prolificly bred they had plenty of sustenance. They were daring and warlike and expert sailors. In their immense war canoes, made from huge yellow cedar which abounds in those islands, they could go hundreds of miles in the roughest of seas and at great speed. They were also artistic in their tendencies and unusually expert in the use of their primitive tools. Their totem poles, carved clay slate (jade) ornaments and other articles made them deservedly noted. Their carving is decidedly Oriental in its expression and one writer has even attributed to it an Egyptian origin. Of the Coast Indians they are decidedly the finest in appearance and many of their young women are handsome, judged by the white standards of beauty. In Alaskan territory Haida are classified as Haida-Tlingit, whose general characteristics and cult are similar.

The great rivals of the Haida in most respects—numbers, physical prowess and artistic skill—were the Tsimshians, inhabiting, generally speaking, the opposite coast of the mainland, of which the Tsimshian peninsula may be said to have been their chief seat. Although a considerable nation still, it was once much more populous than at present, as the number of deserted villages bears witness. The Haida and the Tsimshians in the past dominated the entire coast as far south as the mouth of the Columbia River, and drew hostages in slaves from many tribes, being exceedingly cruel and ruthless in their warfare. They may be said to have been the Mohawks of the Northwest Coast. The Tsimshians, like the Haida, are marked by a remarkable degree of intelligence, and when the whites first settled on the coast they had reached in every way as high a point of development as any other nation in British Columbia. Their artistic work in wood, horn, ivory and stone is not surpassed by that of their neighbours, the Haida. The Nass River Indians, also of this nation, are credited with having been the original makers of the elaborate ceremonial cloak, known and celebrated as the Chilkat blanket. Missionary work took a strong hold on these people and a very successful mission was established by Mr. Duncan, which industrially as well as otherwise had a remarkable development. Owing to a disagreement with the English Church bishop over matters doctrinal and rubrical, Duncan having to some extent adapted the service of the church to better suit Indian comprehension, with a large following of his Indians he left Metlakatla and moved to and settled on Douglas Island in Alaska.

The Wakashan stock, of which there are two divisions, the Kwakuilt and Nootkan, inhabit the east and west coasts of Vancouver Island, adjacent islands and to some extent the adjacent mainland, although in the latter territory the stocks are somewhat mixed. These peoples were, and still are, numerous and as experience has shown are least amenable to civilization and missionary influence. Many of them are still pagan and some of the tribes were cannibalistic. In fact, it is said they were the most dangerous, warlike, independent and adventurous of all the Coast Indians, traits of exclusively island peoples. As the Haida are referred to as of Japanese origin, so it is claimed that the Wahashan, particularly the Kwakuilt, are of Polynesian ancestry. The tribes of the west coast, the Nootkan division, belong to Sproat's well known classification of the "Aht" nation, from the uniform termination—"it", "at", "et", "ot", and "aht", all having the same significance, namely, the people of, and should properly all be spelled the same way. However. the classifica-

tion is not scientific and originated in a theory all the author's own. Gilbert Malcolm Sproat, who lived at Alberni for some time where he had to do with the first sawmill in British Columbia built in the early sixties and represented Anderson & Anderson, London, the owners. Intellectually and from the point of view of scholarship he was British Columbia's foremost citizen. His book, "Scenes and Studies of Savage Life", I think, speaking from memory, deals largely with the so-called 'Aht" nations and is full of interest. Before leaving the Coast Indians, the nations already referred to were fierce and warlike. Their bloody battles all took place on the water in hand to hand encounters, their war canoes side by side, huge clubs being their principal implements of warfare. These they used with intensity and terrible effect.

The Dêne are very widely distributed, occupying the entire interior of the continent, throughout British Columbia and as far south as, and including, New Mexico. There are two branches, the northern and southern, the latter being best represented by the Navajos and the Apaches.* Within British Columbia they include Nah'anes, Carriers and Chilcotins, in the Cassiar, Omineca and Cariboo districts. They present many local characteristics, which might vary their classification at points of contact with other nations or stocks. Father Morice, for long an Oblate missionary among them, and who wrote extensively about them, describes the northern Dênes as generally pusillanimous, timid and cowardly, but a noteworthy quality, especially in such as have remained untouched by modern civilization, is their great honesty. They are gentle in disposition, he says, and have usually shown a remarkable receptiveness.

The Kootenaians, or Kootenays, who inhabit East Kootenay, are physically congeners of the plain Indians, whom in features and build they closely resemble. As Kootenay, or "Cootenai", as it was first spelled, is said to have been derived from "Coo-tinneh", or people of the lakes, it has been suggested that they also belong to the Dêne stock, a deriviation not sustained by their physical traits, which, as has been stated, are distinctly those of their neighbours of the prairies, from whom they are undoubtedly offshoots.

The Salishan stock is very widely distributed and has a number of subdivisions. Numerically, they are the strongest of all the stocks, being almost fifty per cent. of the Indian population. Their representatives belong to Bella Coola on the mainland coast, to the southern and eastern parts of Vancouver Island and adjacent islands, and extend throughout the lower mainland, the Lillooet and Yale and southern part of Cariboo districts—including the Bella Coolas, the Cowichans, the Fraser River and Thompson River Indians, the Lillooets, Shuswaps, Nicolas, Okanagans, Similkameens, and so on.

A wealth of information in respect of the anthropological collection in the provincial museum, illustrative of the social and domestic life of the British Columbia Indians, is contained in the guide book prepared by Dr. Newcombe, of Victoria, who, along with James A. Teit, of Spence's Bridge, are the best local authorities and have contributed a great deal to the knowledge of the Coast and Salish Indians. There is also a great mass of literature in the reports of scientific institutions devoted to ethnological research. The reports of the Jesup North Pacific exploring expedition, edited by Dr. Boas, a most industrious investigator and a prolific writer, contain an immense amount of information bearing on the origin, sociology and cults of the Indians of British Columbia, little of which, however, is familiar to eastern Canadian readers.

*The Dêne (or Tinneh) stock is also designated Athapaskan, but according to Rev. Father Morice, very inappropriately.

THE ROOF CRADLE

BY SARAH R. QUIGLEY

RUDELY fashioned of boards and covered thick with bright green paint, the cradle stood there, half buried in snow, on the shed roof of the lean-to kitchen. Mary Wetzel saw it, when, at the first dawn after her occupation of the tarred-paper shack across the road from the deserted cottage, she wiped the frost from her half window to look out, and her worn face lighted up with a flicker of sympathy.

"Stranded," she murmured. Then she craned her neck at the porthole of a window to survey her own and the cradle's environment.

Along the narrow road which led to the toy freight and passenger depot, straggled a line of habitations. Some were painted; some of new boards; others black in their coats of tarred paper. One characteristic they held in common—all were diminutive. There was enough material in one of the great piles of logs which lined the railroad track to have built all of them.

It was not the deserted cabins that brought a feeling of desolation to the heart of Mary Wetzel, or made her shudder for the loneliness of the green cradle upon the roof; it was the acres on acres of weathered stumps protruding from the whiteness of the snow, and the tangled, sprawling heaps of saw logs and poles and posts that lay all along the track. There was nothing about this timber deposit that looked like the work of man. Such confusion should have been caused by an inundation of frothing waters, which had suddenly receded, leaving the victims of its frenzy stranded, in all the ugly contortions of their battle with the current.

And so it had been, a battle of the logging industry with the wave of financial depression. Mary Wetzel and her young brother had been defeated in a business venture some distance up the track, and she had come this far, while he went on to seek retrievement in new fields.

The late northern spring finally came, and warm suns made rivers of the snow, flooding the streets and few sidewalks of the little town. Then Mary Wetzel sat through the middle of the day in her door, which opened to the south, and worked at some sewing for the hotel-keeper's wife. As she worked, she glanced now and then at her comrade, the green cradle upon the shed roof. Was it more lonely, or less lonely since its snow draperies had melted away and brought its useless rockers into relief against the blue and white of the changing sky? How had it come there? Was there a baby? Certainly, there had been a baby in the cottage. Perhaps the family had fled the cold of a northern winter, to take the little one back home to grandmother and mild skies. But this thought made Mary grudgeful of the happiness that existed somewhere, far away; it ruptured the comradeship. She liked to imagine that the little baby was sleeping out there, under the faint green that now began to tinge the black

loam of the hillside beyond the stumps; and that the rude cradle was lonely, except when the wind came and rocked it gently, gently to and fro.

But one morning, when the marsh at the foot of the hill was all golden with cowslips, and Mary had received encouraging news from her brother, she looked across at the bright green cradle, glinting in the sun, with hope in her eyes and a presage of coming joy in her heart. This was a world of good things unexplored, even for a woman of forty. It was coming—something. Why should it not concern the cradle too? Mary fell to expecting a tenant for the cottage, with a baby for the cradle.

A few days later they came. Mary Wetzel saw the dark-haired young man enter the cottage, with the child upon his arm, the fuzzy hood and its border of yellow curls snuggled against his neck.

Then she fluttered between her small door and her half of a small window, looking for the rest of the family. But they did not arrive that day. A trunk came and a packing box, that was all.

Late into the night there was sawing and hammering across the road. For in that country, people were their own cabinetmakers, and a few rough boards were potential of bed, table and chairs.

In the morning Mary Wetzel awoke with a flutter of anticipation. It was the day that she was to make a neighbourly call. The mother of the yellow-haired child would come on the morning train, probably. And Mary, if they had not already discovered it, would offer her cradle from their own shed roof. With a slight pang of relinquishment, she noticed that the cradle was gone.

There were newspapers pinned at the windows, over there; across the lower half, just where the child might have looked out. Later in the day they were taken down, and the young man himself was fixing up muslin curtains to the windows. What strange employment for the man of the house! A boyish-looking man he was, too, with smooth face, as delicately tinted as a girl's.

Into the window, close to the young man's legs, popped the yellow curls of the child, all a tangle, around a pink, smiling flower of a face, and Mary could see, even from that distance, that the eyes were very big and blue.

"I don't care, it's a boy," she told herself, no matter if he does have them eyes. Its father's a girlish-looking thing; and I wonder what its mother—"

Mary watched and watched. Finally she sank upon a bench with a strange pulling at her heart. Could it be that there was no mother? Gradually a smile lighted up her plain countenance, while her eyes filled with tears; then she laughed with a note of exultation. Why, it was hers; the baby had come to her!

Between her desire to go across to the new neighbour's and her timidity about intruding upon the solitary young man, Mary Wetzel could accomplish nothing all day with her needle or about the work of her two bare little rooms.

Towards sunset she went out into the misty warmth of the May evening, pervaded with the fragrant smoke of burning brush, to walk through the chips and bark of the cedar yards, scramble over scattered poles, and cross the tracks to the impromptu huddle of buildings that formed the business portion of the town of Tenstrike. At the grocery store she found a box of apples, smooth, red and luscious, just in by express. They were the first she had seen in all winter. She bought three of them with the money she had intended for butter, and hurried back, past the crowd at the post-office, waiting for the daily mail, across the tracks and through the odorous litter of the cedar

yards, to her own door. There she took her purchase from the sack, and carried her three perfect red apples in her hands, across the street. She knocked at the door of her new neighbour's. It was growing dusk, and the little face was gone from the window.

After a long interval, the door opened and the young man stood before her. Where was the girlish dilicacy that she had imagined? With all its youthfulness, it was a strong face, with set mouth and gloomy, dark eyes.

"Good evening, I hope you're gettin' settled all right. If there's anything —" His unresponsive stare made her hesitate. "I wanted the baby—the little boy," she reached out the apples with palsied hands, "to have these."

"Thank you, but I'd rather he wouldn't have them," returned the young man in a strained voice.

The flush that crimsoned the clear skin of his face as he began slowly to close the door upon his visitor, blazoned him as unused to the rôle he had assumed.

Mary Wetzel got back across the street and into her darkening little room. Letting the apples thump upon the table, one after the other, she sat down. She was not insulted, not angry; she was wronged, bereaved. She and the green cradle had been unfairly dealt with. But the child, the blue-eyed boy—he had not repulsed her.

Thinking of the little face at the window, she arose, hunted some scraps of tissue paper from her trunk, wrapped each apple carefully and placed them in the top till, closing the lid.

When the young man had inaugurated his housekeeping, he took to going to work every morning with an axe on his shoulder. He had engaged Bennie Thompson, a crippled boy, to mind the child through the day.

This choked the final breath from Mary Wetzel's hope. For she had reasoned quite cheerily, "Whatever will he do with the little boy when he goes to work?" And her arms and heart tingled with the expectancy of at last holding the prize.

"He says to Bennie, he don't want no woman ever to have anything to do for his little boy." This report came from Bennie's mother, with the added comment, "Mighty queer, ain't he? Never has spoke to anybody in town that he didn't have to."

Mary said nothing, but she noticed that the young man looked every day more bent and weather-beaten and shaggy, as he went to and from work with his shouldered axe; and when he was not going to work, he always carried the child about with him.

The baby, too, appeared more neglected as the weeks went by. Mary noted him carefully every day, playing about the dooryard and in the clay of the road. The father managed to keep him clean, as babies go. But his aprons grew faded and shabby. His curls were always full of snarls. Still, he was happy as a bird. He learned to smile at Mary in her doorway, the frank and friendly smile of a two-year-old. Doubtless he would have visited her without invitation, if he had not been carefully guarded.

But Mary noticed that nurse Bennie was becoming less diligent as the days went by. It was about this time that, obeying a foolish but imperative impulse, she bought gingham at the general store and fashioned some little frocks, taking the baby's measure at long range with her dressmaker's eye. These she put away in her trunk.

Then, one afternoon, the little fellow came wavering across her threshold, bareheaded, like a spot of sunshine. With a cry of joy, she held out her hands, and he met them with chubby fists. If a humming bird had flown in at the door and lighted upon either outstretched palm, it would not have given her so delicious a thrill. Snuggling him close to her breast, she looked deep into those eyes. They showed nothing of the

father's; the mother must have had such—the mother—

With a deft touch Mary combed out and smoothed the yellow curls about her fingers, as she used to do her little brother's. Then, tremulously, she took from the trunk one of the new dresses and put it on him in place of his soiled and torn little garment. Proud? He was very proud, and as dainty as a bluebell.

"What is your name, honey love?"

"Tibby," that was the nearest he could come to "Sylvan".

Bennie had told her that his name was Sylvan. He must have had a fanciful mother.

To keep him as long as possible, she brought out her only picture book, an old family album; one treasuure that she had not discarded in her wanderings.

The baby put his finger on every picture, gurgling delightedly at the grotesques of bygone styles. One attracted him more than the others, a red-cheeked tintype of Mary's mother as a girl.

"Mom-ma, mom-ma," he softly murmured, rubbing his fingers all over it.

"Where is your mama, Tibby love?" asked Mary, straining him to her.

The great, blue eyes widened away into space. "All gone," he breathed, "All gone."

At that instant the little door was darkened. Lingering over the embrace, Mary lifted her head slowly to meet the strange, white look of the young man. It was remarkable how he had changed in these few weeks. Of course, the beard would have caused it. And the delicate tints of his complexion were lost from working out every day. But a sort of hunger had taken the place of the sternness she had seen in his eyes, and his mouth—that was hidden by the beard.

Mary looked up at him fearlessly, for she felt the protecting imprint of a little hand upon her neck. Then she was seized with pity and tenderness for both of them, and her eyes filled with tears.

"It's time he was going home," spoke the man, not ungently, and, as an afterthought of apology, "I didn't know he was here."

Silently, and with a quivering smile, Mary relinquished the child into his father's arms.

"By, by!" Tibby piped from the doorway, paddling the air with an awkward little hand.

"By, by, honey love!"

Mary Wetzel did not sleep that night, for the morrow was too full of possibilities. From early dawn she kept a lookout at her little window. When the young man emerged with the axe on his shoulder, and the baby came toddling after him as far as the door, dressed in the little new frock, Mary breathed a long sigh of satisfaction. With this token of the fulfilment of her desire, she knew that the cradle and the baby had come back to her.

If only it could have stopped with this unbelievable happiness. But before night her hands and her heart were full of responsibility and grief. It was mid-afternoon when they brought the young man home, lying as dead, upon a stretcher improvised of boards and a blanket. He had been hurt by a falling tree, and for surgical aid they must await the evening train from the south; there was no doctor in Tenstrike.

Contending with a house full of people, who tarried in the bungling and futile kindness of their hearts, Mary did what she could. It was very little. She performed a few housewifely services about the cottage, and tried to keep an eye on nurse Bennie, who was minding the little boy out of doors. The young man remained unconscious.

When the time for the train drew near, she ran out at intervals to listen and look down the track, as though she would speed the help it was to bring. What was the meaning of that

special crowd at the station? Mary remembered that a play was to be given that night at the town of Blackduck, ten miles up the track. So the people who habitually met the train at Tenstrike were reinforced by many more; for there would be an opportunity to catch a glimpse of the theatrical company passing through.

The shriek of the whistle, away down the track, which brought the one daily pulse of interest to many of the inhabitants of the town, now caused Mary an acute pain of suspense. She shaded her eyes with her hand, against the setting sun, to watch the smoke as it became visible above a distant wall of pines; another instant, and the train drew in. It paused, it stopped, and waited. That meant a passenger. For, otherwise, the engine would only have hovered, panting and champing to be away, while the mail sack landed with a thump and a flap upon the platform.

In this relief from uncertainty about the doctor, Mary thought of her baby, whom she had momentarily forgotten. He and Bennie had disappeared. While she was scanning the crowd on the platform for sight of him, a group of people separated from the others and came down the walk and across the tracks, towards the cedar yards. Was it an escort for the man with a square black grip in his hand? No, there was some other attraction, for the doctor soon outdistanced the group, and there came Bennie, limping beside his little charge, who was carried in the arms of a festively arrayed young woman. It was a strange and incongruous gaiety of attire; a hat like a boiler lid, bristling with the glinting plumage of a dozen barnyard cocks, all filled out underneath with billows of yellow hair. A triangle of plump white neck defied the draperies of the red blouse, against which gleamed the rank luxuriance of an over-sized brooch. Mary took in these details unconsciously as they drew gradually nearer, thinking only of the baby's safety and the help that had come to the young man. When she met them, near the cottage door, she saw that the woman's great blue eyes, raised to hers from under darkly pencilled lids, were wild and deep with anguish and affright—and that they were Tibby's eyes.

She took the blithely unknowing child from the young woman's benumbed clasp. "I'll take him with me," she murmured, for she could not bear to see that expression in eyes so like her baby's.

Into her own shack she hurried and tried to shut herself away from the tragic complications at the little cottage. For one night, perhaps, she might keep her baby, and then—the young man—her young man would die, and that gaudy thing would take their child, for it was useless to tell herself that the woman was not Tibby's mother.

Far into the night she sat guard over her pink little sleeper. Towards morning she lay down beside him; and then it was dawn, and she sprang up, dreading to look across the street.

The curtains were drawn at the windows and all was silent. She would go over—she must go, to learn——

The door opened and the young woman in the red blouse came out, walking unsteadily. Mary hastened to meet her.

"He—he is dead?" she breathed, as she read in those wide blue eyes and that drawn face with the travesty of bloom stubbornly clinging to the cheeks, a deeper pain than she had seen the night before.

The young woman shook her head, and Mary drew her into the little room where the baby still lay sleeping.

"Not dead?"

The woman gulped, and, as she sank upon a bench by the table, managed to speak.

"He's better; the doctor said he was stunned, and hurt, someway, in his side; he's awake now."

She threw her arms upon the table and buried her face in them.

Mary, with a reckless mingling of triumph and dread, laid her hand upon the woman's shoulder.

"What is it? Tell me what is wrong."

"He—he won't have me—he sent me away."

Then an iron sternness drove the exultation from Mary's face.

"You, you," she said, in a tone that brought the fantastically dishevelled head erect, "you are the mother of that baby," pointing to the softly breathing little form under the quilt, "and you deserted him!"

The woman stood up and reached out her hands towards the bed.

"I didn't desert him," she spoke rapidly, "indeed I didn't. I only went out for a trip, and Mother was doing for them, and he took Sylvan away where we couldn't find them."

She went to the bed and buried her face in the pillow beside the baby.

He awoke and bored his dimpled fists into the wonderful cushions of yellow hair, and when she lifted her tear-stained face to kiss him, he gurgled, "Mom-ma".

Mary Wetzel stood watching them with burning eyes. Suddenly she threw back her head and laughed, a hard laugh. At the sound of it, a scourged expression came into her face. She wheeled about, opened her trunk and took out the second little pale blue frock she had made for Tibby, laying it across a bench. Then she rummaged further in her battered treasure chest and drew forth a dark blue polka dot blouse, one of her own, smooth, starched and fresh. She looked at it and tucked it back, pulling together a concealment of other garments, half guiltily. At once she burrowed it out again, and this time contemplated it long, held aloft in her hand, with an intensity of distraction.

"You got any other dress with you?" she inquired at last of that made-up creature on the bed, with arms around her baby.

No; the girl's luggage had gone on with the players.

"Well, you'd better put some cold water on your face and take them patent rats out of your hair," she instructed, still searching in her trunk with disordering haste.

She wanted her white, crocheted collar, the one she had always considered too good to wear. She found it.

When Mary had the baby all ready but his curls, the girl mother, half doubtful of her own appearance, in the neat, blue polka dot blouse and smoothly parted, tawny hair, turned away from the little mirror. Mary looked into the soft face and big, blue eyes, so appealing, so much like her baby's—and there was no more sacrifice. She hurried in her dressing of the child, all eagerness to show them to the young man.

"I'll go first, with the baby," she said to the girl, "and you follow."

The young man lay there, pale and grim, on his improvised bed of rough planks. In his eyes dwelt the sombre look with which he had first confronted Mary. Even the gleeful "pop-pa" of his little boy, clinging to Mary's hand, brought no response.

Then the girl came trembling in.

"Mom-ma, mom-ma." The child slipped away from Mary to take his mother by the hand and toddle towards the bed.

"See," he lisped, "poor pop-pa." He laid a soft, pink little palm over the twitching lips of the young man.

The girl dropped to her knees beside the pillow. And with a struggle the hardness in the young man's face broke up. Slowly, slowly, and with great pain, he put out his arm and drew both yellow heads down together.

THE COLOUR OF WESTERN CANADA

BY FREDERICK NIVEN

GOING out to the Braid Hills from Edinburgh there is a bend of the streets, just after passing the Meadows, where suddenly the Pentland Hills loom ahead, beyond the lower roofs and further fields, with an effect as of mountains. They are disclosed with something in the nature of an optical illusion, because of the lie of the land; and they have also the quality of surprise. Edinburgh has other views with magic in them. The twist of road up the Mound passing into the silhouette of the Old Town, as seen from the corner of Hanover or Charlotte Streets, on some night when rain has sent most people home early and a dull glow is on the pavements, is memorable. Also in the inventory must be named the views from all the corners of George Street, over roofs, and swirls of smoke from chimneys, down to the trees of Wardie, the strip of Firth of Forth, the green fields of Fife, with the Lomonds like stationary blue clouds beyond. But that surprise of the Pentlands seen at the turn before dropping down to Morningside is what I chiefly recall, here in British Columbia, thinking of home and wondering how to tell those at home of this land.

There are doubtless people in Edinburgh who have not visited the Pentland Hills, just as there are people here who remain in the streets and houses of these little mountain towns. For them, when I have told that the Pentlands seen thus from Edinburgh are but as a hint of the Rockies seen from Calgary I have told all I can tell. For those who know the rights of way through the Pentlands, the old path from Bavelaw Castle through that little wild gulch to Glencorse and then over the hills to Colinton, or the Penicuick and Balerno path, or the one from West Linton through the Cauldstaneslap, I can enter more into detail. Let them imagine Carnethy heaved ten thousand feet higher into the blue above, belted below with pines, out of which sheer high cliffs rise up to hold glaciers shining white to the sun, or turned wild pink by the sunset, or fallen into a terrible pallor before night, or seeming as if lit from within, peaks of crystal, under the full moon. As for the burns and the creeks: all the world over running water is running water; and the song of Monk's Burn is much like that of Skookum Creek. All the world over the song of wind in trees has much the same story to convey; and in the little wind-break plantations above Balerno it has the same music as in the leagues of Douglas firs on the slopes of the Selkirks. Turn Colinton from stone and brick to timber houses of sawn wood, with perhaps one or two log-houses in the outskirts, heighten by five thousand feet the near hills, and at a stable door imagine two lean horses, one with a high-horn saddle, and one with a pack-saddle; and you are there in imagination.

Being there you can set forth. The scent will not be of manured fields and turnips, and then of heather, and maybe bracken. It will be the scent of balsam, a rich resinous piney smell to take into the lungs with joy. There will be no "stone-knappers" by the roadside, but men with picaroon and peevie (tools of the lumberman's trade) rolling logs. From the deeps of the woods will come the buzz of the crosscut saw, or the clips of an axe, then a human voice calling "Timber!" and then a gentle tearing sound followed by the dull thud of another tree brought down. On along the road the pack-horse goes with swinging tail, and in the comfortable high saddle you sit as in a chair.

One squirrel in a tree does not halt you to look. The chirr of them challenging your passage is everywhere. And up and down over stumps and fallen logs the little friendly chipmunks, small enough to sit in your hand, are frisking. I have known work and leisure in this big West, and the good point in both has always been to me—I say it without shame or gush—the scenery. The little saddle of hill, as it were above Colinton, where Glencorse comes into sight, heaved up these thousands of feet by imagination, will have snow in its depths on into June, but on both sides —in the valley of Colinton and that of Glencorse—are humming-birds poised before the flowers, a haze of quick-whirring wings. Through the green dusk of the forests goes ever and again a dart of blue. I thought that song

> "Blue bird, true bird,
> Bird with the purple wing. . ."

somewhat odd till I saw the blue bird. Perched, he is a vivid blue; but when he flies it is so; the wings are purple.

I read the other day the phrase, in a review of a South Sea book: "Imbued with the magic and mystery of the Pacific". I have listened to the Pacific breakers beat rhythmic, both in the northern and southern parts of this big dual continent, bursting on the beach at Vina del Mar in Chili, and pulsing on the shores below the "Big Sticks" of the British Columbia coast ranges. But the same "magic and mystery" are in the Atlantic boomers (as they call them in the Isle of Arran) thudding on Bennan Head. Manitou has made magic and mystery for us everywhere. Those who talk as though He gave these only to the Pacific are of the same opinion as those who think colour is confined to the Caribbean. Magic and colour He also gave to the heather of Scotland; the broom and gorse on English commons He made as bright as yellow flames; He gave such brilliance to the mosses of Baffin's Land as to astound voyageurs going thither in summer time. The Pacific has no mortgage on magic and mystery. All is magical; and mystery is, after all, what we do not know.

One reason that I love British Columbia is that it has magic and mystery, and is yet robust. Another is that it has colour without fevers and miasma. "Our Lady of the Snows" as a title has been overdone; "Our Lady of Colour" would be equally fitting—even in winter. The blue of the shadows in the ruts made by the sleigh-runners is as blue as that of blue lagoons. The green under the eaves of snow-laden cedars on sunny winter days is a delight to the eyes. Something in the way the light sifts through the snow above the branches, and is reflected from the snow below, makes magic of these trees. And when a puff of wind blows past, and the boughs curtsey, eating off a fountain of dry snow in an evanescent dance, the heart dances too—as Wordsworth's with the daffodils! The scenery of Western Canada pleases me because it has the colours beloved of all lotus eaters, and one of the enervations that come to them. We are spared tropical horrors while blessed with tropical colours. In the summer there are great swallow-tail butterflies as large as your palm, such as all travellers in Amazonia—Waterston, Bates, H. M. Tomlinson, and the

rest—have told of. The red-breasted thrush (or Canadian robin) sings to the sunset in his tree-top. The blue jays stay all the year, and even in winter there are the snow-birds in their swerving flocks, like silver sparrows. No cobras, no alligators! Only in the dry belts a rattlesnake to be perhaps seen scuttling away without a warning! One may know by the look of the land that its people never had much interest in poisoned arrows.

But to return to Glencorse, and the change your imagination must make with it to build up a vision of this land west of the Rockies: Carnethy has already been elevated ten thousand feet and clad with balsam forests and veined atop with glaciers. Make the lake proportionately longer. Something of the same colour will serve, for there is colour in Scotland. It will be of deep greens and of purples, and wherever a stream flows into it there will be a fan of silver ripples. Once a day, swimming like a monstrous swan over its white reflection, a white-painted stern-wheeler will churn past, waking the echoes at the various landings with a mellow blast. The sound will be heard by lumbermen miles away up the gorges of Carnethy and Scald-Law. It will be heard by prospectors seeking for silver-lead, or copper-gold, or gold-bearing quartz among the high rocks, or in their lonely camps among the upper glens, in a similarly elevated Allermuir.

Yet not only is the wilderness to be accentuated, but the sophistication. Collinton must be lit by electric-light of its own generating, and have a couple of electric tramcars twining up and down its hill. It must have (in your imagination) its opera house for touring companies, and its two picture palaces—called "the Movies". Despite its size (or its smallness) it must have windows of plate glass with displays like that of Maules or Jenners; for in their little towns among the mountains here the ladies have their heads as full of thoughts of silk and satin and lingerie flounces and hose and dainty shoes as anywhere. The "cutest" of feminine foot-wear tip-taps past upon the sidewalks, blending with the tread of the heavy-booted lumbermen and miningmen.

The white stern-wheeler is not the only craft to pass on this altered Glencorse. Along the shores, their wedges of silver beaches patterned with the changing shadows of the creek-side cottonwoods and poplars, goes the tawny yellow flicker of a Peterborough canoe. The reflections of the sun waver in its graceful hull like wet flames. There is good fishing at the mouths of these creeks, and the rancher in the bottom-lands is indeed exceptional who has not his buoyant Peterborough at least. Many have their motor-boats. And now and then a stranger craft will pass, a hide-canoe of some Indian with his squaw (or squaws), his papooses, their assorted dunnage. What a land was theirs before the white man came blasting for precious ores, sending his railways twining through the gorges, and his lake-steamers churning in the jade and amethyst lakes!

I write this after a day among such scenes, write it as a letter home to my friends in the Auld Country. My mind is full of pictures of the day. I close my eyes and see the big, slow purple eddies spin, and feel the buoyant canoe waver, passing over them. I hear still the sudden outbreak of chatter of a flock of ducks rising and leaving a spatter of drops on the water. For a last picture to send home I rise and look out of my window. I am back in town, among the gramaphones and newspapers, the menu-cards and cafés, but the mountains by the bases of which I paddled are grandly visible from the window. It is the exquisite end of the day. The day, indeed, has already ended in the valleys, is just a glamour, a glow, a tenuous brilliance in the blue sky where one planet, and a paring of silver moon, are already lit. All the various humps and rolls of mountains fall into one immense darkness so

that only where a crest shows against that sky are the trees visible. They stand all as still there—these many-eaved firs and pines on the crest, each individually silhouetted because of the clear air—as the furniture in the room. They are stencilled trees on a background of blue dusk. At the base, where night is a definite blackness, blotting out all detail, is a flat sheet of burnished water, a mirror for the fading day reflected from the sky. And as those who tramp home from Pentlands in the dusk hear behind them the occasional call of disturbed peewits, so to my window come little pipings of wild duck, and instead of the barking of dogs from wayside farms the shriller distant yelping of coyotes.

TIRED

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

A BURNT-OUT glimmer on a faded sky,
Old moon, you linger;
Cold woods, no light is 'mid your sprucy tops,
No pointing finger.

Your mood grown sullen by the voiceless rocks,
Dim sea, you darken;
Grim land, you have no music in your breast,
Though I still hearken.

Lost in pale weary solitudes and spent,
Old earth, you're dying;
And I am tired of faith and hope and love,
And tired of crying.

GREAT CANADIANS I HAVE KNOWN

BY HON. JUSTICE LONGLEY

HE first great Canadian whom I shall mention is a Nova Scotian well known throughout Canada, and who, I am inclined to believe, will eventually be more fully regarded in Canada and throughout the Empire as the greatest man who has participated in the affairs of the country. I refer to Joseph Howe. He was born in 1804 in Halifax on the North-West Arm and continued actively engaged in public matters until he was sixty-nine years of age, when he died. From all that I can gather together as constituting the greatest of great men, he possessed the qualities beyond them all. I do not speak of him as a successful politician. If I should speak of him in that regard I would place him far away below many others whom I shall deal with, but the outpouring of his mind on great subjects seems to render him unique among all the men of Canada as having projected his mind a whole fifty years and more in advance of public opinion in Canada. As a politician, he was simply noted for having achieved responsible government for Nova Scotia, and of having brought the whole question so thoroughly before the Imperial statesmen as to secure the operation of the same throughout the Empire.

Howe was an orator far superior, far more brilliant than any other man who is to be referred to in Canada. That of itself would not constitute much lasting ground for fame, but if any one will take the pains to read his addresses on public affairs and his letters to Lord Grey and to Lord Russell in dealing with the question of the interest of Nova Scotia and other Canadian provinces in the welfare and common interests of the Dominion, he will find in these a complete outline of all that has been developed within the last twenty years in favour of the unity of all parts of the Empire. Mr. Chamberlain, the late eminent British statesman, who achieved every position except the Premiership and who devoted the last portion of his life to these questions of consolidating the Empire, used frequently to quote from Howe's letters and speeches in which Howe placed the whole subject of consolidation on such a broad and elevated basis as has not been reached since by any person who has spoken and advocated that measure. Chamberlain's attention was no doubt drawn to Howe by the late Earl Grey, who, as Governor-General of Canada, had his attention directed to Howe in the first place by the Life of Howe in the "Makers of Canada", which I presented to him on his arrival here, and which induced him afterwards to become a student of all that Howe had said and done, and who was distinctly with Mr. Chamberlain in his movement in England. I once asked Earl Grey after he had spent two or three years in Canada in studying the great phases of Mr. Howe's utterances on these questions if he could name a statesman in the Empire within two hundred years who had surpassed Howe in his grasp of these great questions

RT. HON. SIR WILFRID LAURIER

From the Painting by
John Russell

and he stated that none could be found.

In Howe's relation to our connection with the United States and all the trade matters with that vast country he had also large and liberal views which were expressed at the Detroit Convention with a brilliancy, force and power which was unequalled by any one, and induced that body, composed of grave and solid business men to rise and cheer him for several minutes. Altogether, in contact with Howe one was brought into relations with questions pertaining to the well-being and uplifting of the human race far superior to those by any other man who breathed the air in Canada. His position as a member of the Government of Canada was to be ignored entirely. There are many who thought and who still think, that his action in relation to Confederation was not exactly consistent and pure, although it was both, but this has nothing to do with his greatness as a man, which was quite irrespective of these matters, and he stands in a category entirely by himself.

The next great man to whom I shall refer in Canada was Sir John A. Macdonald. Of all the men who were adapted to play the game of politics, Sir John Macdonald was superior to all. From the earliest period of his political life until he expired in June, 1891, he knew exactly what it was his interest and business to play. That it was all done fairly and above board will not admit of so safe a conclusion, but, in the main, his life is comparatively free from any taint of wrong-doing or bitterness. An exception must be made in the case of the Pacific Scandal, of which he wrote a defense which was as admirably conceived and as splendidly written as any document in his public career.

He had the fashion more conspicuously than any other man that can be named in public life of being able to command the confidence and goodwill of his political friends. Many men of far greater powers, unfortunately, do not possess the power to retain the constant confidence of those that they depend upon most for support, but Sir John was always equal to an emergency and was able to keep in repression any thoughts that he had that went at all in advance of the party with which he was associated. Many of the great acts which were accomplished during his public career were conceived by other men, that must be admitted, but he always had the fashion of knowing everything himself, of being master of every detail himself, and of exercising wonderful judgment in the disposal of every matter which came under his consideration. He stands pre-eminent in the bringing about of Confederation, although it was Brown who was more particularly engaged in advocating it, and there were times when his own asknowledgments of its blessings were still in doubt. The Washington Treaty in 1872 he was not the anxious to take part in at Washington as the sole representative of Canadian views, but he was induced to go into it, and in watching the progress of matters from beginning to end, it must be seen that Sir John Macdonald had a clear conception of the whole matter and acted himself with more force and determination than any other man representing the British interests in that controversy, and his speech in parliament upholding what he did, while he had entertained considerable doubts as to the wisdom of it all, must be looked upon as a masterpiece of skill and dexterity.

In the Pacific Scandal he does not appear to much advantage and there are certain telegrams and letters which passed in that important matter which would be better for his memory to be blotted out of sight, but he made a brilliant and magnificent speech before going down and he made a splendid defense in the memorandum which he addressed to the Governor-General at the time.

It may be safely stated that at no period from the time that he was appointed to the leadership until the

end of his career was he ever in doubt as to the power and the influence which he possessed over his party, and his whole conduct was such as to thoroughly command their judgment and approbation, and when he died in 1891, after having triumphed in the great contest in connection with Unrestricted Reciprocity, and having upheld his position as a defender and lover of Great Britain, his death caused a loss to the Conservative party from which they have never recovered to the present day, and he will be put down as the greatest and most successful of leaders of any political party that has existed in Canada.

Of all the leaders of public opinion in Canada, Charles Tupper can be put down as being the man of the strongest fibre the Dominion has produced. He entered public life at the age of thirty-four years and he had scarcely been in the legislature a year when he occupied the leading place in the party. The party was led by Hon. J. W. Johnson, who was an old man of aristocratic birth and tendencies and who had been long associated with the public affairs of the country, and any thought of taking his place was entirely beyond the conception of Dr. Tupper. But that was in 1854. In 1864 he had become leader of the party in the Province of Nova Scotia.

While a great man for headship of a party, he was not the consummate leader in the same sense that Sir John Macdonald was. Sir John could trim and forbear and wait. For Sir Charles Tupper, to resolve was to do and to carry forward everything according to his view, and this led him into conflict with a large element still necessary to have behind you if you are going to succeed ultimately and well in the carrying on of a party. He was Premier from 1864 to 1867, and it was through his agency that Confederation was carried, so far as Nova Scotia was concerned. There are many persons who are under the impression that he carried it wrongly and without the consent of the people, which was true enough, but he carried it nevertheless. He carried, indeed, when scarcely any other public man in Canada would have undertaken to have brought the matter to a conclusion. He carried it under circumstances which led the Province of Nova Scotia to send a united delegation to Ottawa against it, he alone being elected by a narrow majority to support it, but being himself in the narrow majority, he so imposed his will upon the people in Canada that before three years had passed he had become the leader of the majority of members from Nova Scotia; had induced Howe himself to accept the situation, and had become the foremost statesman of the Dominion of Canada, if we accept Sir John Macdonald. Tupper himself had sufficient judgment to understand the fact that as long as Sir John Macdonald wanted to be the leader of his party it would be futile and useless for any man to attempt to supplant him.

He carried the Canadian Pacific Railway through from beginning to end and had the hearty support of Sir John Macdonald in doing so. In all matters which pertained to the well-being of Canada and for upholding her firm position in whatever course she pursued he stood without a rival and never bent his head on any occasion.

His coming and taking the Premiership in 1896, which he should have had much sooner, was an accident forced upon him by peculiar circumstances, but he took it, and, although he was at the time seventy-five years of age, he stalked from one end of the country to the other upholding the cause in a manner which commanded the confidence of all, but he did not manage to secure power for the very reasons that have been already stated, that he relied upon himself and his own energies to do the work which might have been more properly entrusted to ordinary individuals and at the same time secured their support.

Between 1896 and 1900 he was Leader of the Opposition, and went to the country again in 1900, seventy-nine years of age, with the same vim and determination which he displayed on all other occasions, but was defeated. When he was defeated not a word of complaint came from him. He acknowledged it, gave up the leadership and took his departure for England, where the rest of his life was spent. There could not be a better instance given of a man who in a tried position faced an emergency with the same calmness and determination. Of course, I have not dwelt upon the various measures which he introduced. That in Nova Scotia which converted the school system into a non-sectarian system of taxation for the support of schools was notably among them and will remain to his standing credit for all time, but wherever he was, wherever placed and in whatever emergency he was under during the time he was in public life, no man ever retained greater force and firmness, greater vigour and determination than did Sir Charles Tupper, and when he died in 1915 at the age of ninety-four he left public life with the respect and confidence of all persons alike, whether friend or foe. He was a greater man than Sir John Macdonald in his conception of things, greater than he in the power to determine and execute, but far behind him in the power of adapting himself to the exigencies of fate and being bound by those inexorable and invisible tokens which constitute the real merit of party leadership.

The next person with whom I shall deal is Mr. Edward Blake. It is impossible in words to fully and adequately describe Mr. Blake. As a man of intellect, gigantic intellectual conceptions and ability to master all questions he was far and away ahead of any public man in Canada. He first went into politics in 1867 and was called upon to lead the Opposition in the Ontario Legislature. In 1871 he had defeated John Sanfield MacDonald's Government, and was himself placed in the position of Premier, which he gave up afterwards and made Mr. Mowat his successor. He gave it up because his great interest in political matters centred in the Dominion of Canada. His voice for some years was the most potent voice of any man, apart from leadership, on the floor of the Dominion Parliament. When the change came about in 1873 Mr. Blake should have been the Premier of Canada, but it was so brought about that Mr. MacKenzie was the leader and he took the lead. Mr. Blake was offered a position—any position — in this Government, and very probably declined it because it would put him in a position of inferiority to Mr. MacKenzie, and he went on pursuing an independent course subsequently, which made his being taken into the Government an absolute necessity in 1876, where he was induced by many of his best friends to take the office of Minister of Justice, which position he filled with considerable advantage to the end of the term in 1878. He was defeated, however, in the election of 1878. He was elected the next year in South Bruce and in 1880 he was chosen almost unanimously as the leader of the party in place of Mr. MacKenzie. Some thought that Mr. MacKenzie was being driven out unjustly, but there could be no doubt in my mind that the necessity of the Liberal party rendered the change imperative and Mr. Blake was unquestionably the man for the position. From 1880 to 1887 he was the Leader of the Opposition, and he exhibited wonderful ability in that sphere and delivered speeches of matchless power and wonderful astuteness, in fact his speeches were too long and exhaustive to meet the case of the times. His great object and the object of the party associated with him was to destroy the National Policy, but the two elections that followed failed in the accomplishment of this purpose. While this defeat in 1887 to a man of Tupper's character would have been of no account at all, while he would have sprung up as deter-

mined and emphatic as ever, to a man of Mr. Blake's habits it was fatal and he resigned the leadership.

Mr. Blake had many qualities which were not adapted to leadership. He did command the respect, the confidence and the affection of his Liberal supporters in the House of Commons —that goes without saying and is beyond doubt—nevertheless he had qualities of seeing only the one aspect of matters, which rendered him not so complete a master of getting the support of people generally. The long details of policy and the carefully drawn axioms would hardly take with the populace as would the short and humorous remarks of Sir John Macdonald. He lacked humour in his public life. He was a lawyer of unquestionable ability. He appeared at the Privy Council constantly in the later years of his life, when he had gone to occupy a seat as an Irish member of the House of Commons. He was a man of clear-cut and impressive logic, but he happened to be Leader of the Opposition at a time when they were bound to be in opposition, when they were running counter to the feelings of a majority of the people of Canada in regard to questions of free trade and protection, and we have to look on Mr. Blake rather as a man defeated in his aims and purposes of life by existing circumstances where he would have succeeded brilliantly if thrown in surroundings which would have allowed him to win.

The next public man who will receive my attention will be Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who was born in 1841 at St. Lin, county L'Assomption, in the Province of Quebec. He began life as a lawyer in rather an unpretentious manner, having been in partnership with the celebrated Mederic Lanctot in Montreal, who, as a public speaker, attracted attention for some time, but afterwards fell into disrepute and of small account. In 1869 Laurier starter for L'Avenir to take up the pen and write for a strong Liberal paper, *De Fricheur*. After a short time Mr. Laurier became convinced that his talents designed him for another position, and the consequence was that he went to the Eastern Townships and took a position at Arthabaskaville and began the practice of law, and he became quite noted in that region.

His oratorical powers were such that he was soon selected to run for the local Assembly, and in 1871 he was returned by an overwhelming majority to the local House. He attracted considerable attention on account of his oratorical powers and the boldness with which he dwelt upon every question, and it was not long before he became a subject of conversation among all politicians of Quebec. It was felt that he was fitted for the House of Commons and in 1874 he was elected to Parliament by a large majority.

The subject which engaged the attention of Parliament at that time was Louis Riel, and the motion was for the expulsion of Riel from the House, and, although feeling ran high on the subject of Riel, yet he had the courage to make a most noted speech which lasted more than an hour, in which he logically maintained justification for Riel. His speech was eloquent and dramatic and produced the profoundest sensation in the House. He received a great outburst of applause, which lasted nearly five minutes, at the completion of his address, and it was realized that his position in politics was assured to him. In 1877, when M. Cauchon was appointed Governor of Manitoba, he was chosen to fill his place. By this time a feeling had been created in the Province of Quebec very hostile to the MacKenzie Government, and when he returned for re-election in Arthabaskaville, he failed by twenty-one votes, but was immediately placed in possession of the seat for East Quebec, which he continued to fill until the day of his death.

It may be stated that Wilfrid Laurier did not at first greatly attract the English speaking portion of the popu-

lation either in Ontario or the Maritime Provinces. While he was treated with the greatest respect and looked upon as a very worthy Frenchman, it was considered unlikely that he would ever occupy a commanding position. Nevertheless, he had many things in his favour. His personal appearance was marked in a wonderful degree. He was tall, stood very erect, and had a mass of hair which extended on the back of his head and made him appear as a person of very considerable importance. No man from Quebec had the same physical tokens of splendour. However, he went down with the MacKenzie Government in 1878, and, although he exerted himself manfully against the government of Sir John Macdonald, he never reached a position of commanding importance until the session of 1888, when Mr. Blake retired from the leadership, and, by general consent, his mantle fell upon Mr. Laurier. The friends of the party throughout the Dominion were, in the main, disappointed with the choice and believed that Laurier would only fill the position to a certain point and that he would fall behind. Never was there more complete astonishment than was found in the fact that as soon as he occupied the position of leader he grew in strength and gained the universal confidence and respect of all who followed the fortunes of the Liberal party. He was defeated in the election of 1891, but he led a party strong against the Government between 1891 and 1896, when he came into power by a majority of thirty to forty. He was called upon to form a government, which he did with marked success. He took the Premier of Ontario, Sir Oliver Mowat, the Premier of Nova Scotia, Mr. W. S. Fielding, and the Premier of New Brunswick, Mr. A. G. Blair, into his Cabinet. The times began to improve from the moment he assumed power, and the revenue went on every year higher and higher and the surplus grew greater and greater, marking a period of great expansion.

It is impossible to describe fairly the qualities which made Laurier so successful. When he went home to England his appearance and his full and free discussion of matters in relation to the whole Empire secured him universal tribute from the home authorities. He received a Knighthood of St. Michael and St. George; he received degrees from the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge; he was invited to banquets as the chief guest without number and was entertained by the English people as their guest, and had rooms assigned to himself and his wife at the Cecil Hotel. When he came back to this country, he was received with joyous acclaim by thousands of people, and he responded to all these tokens of regard and affection by the most eloquent and beautiful language, which was his specialty. He was not in reality an eloquent man in the sense of being able to so mark his words in English as to be an overwhelming debater. He very often somewhat injured the effect of his speeches by French idioms and by using and pronouncing words in a French manner. This was entirely absent when he addressed an audience in French, where he was thoroughly poetical and fine. Among the things he was noted for was his ability to rise to any occasion that required force, dexterity and lofty sentiment with the most natural ease. When the troops were sent to the South African war, he bade them farewell chiefly at Halifax, and his language in speaking to them was of that lofty and magnificent character that attracted people in a strong degree and secured his position as an orator. In the same way, in the House of Commons he had a method of lifting a question up to the highest degree of strength and beauty without any effort on his part and to the amazement of all who heard him.

He was essentially master of his government. For fifteen years his presence at any meeting or any office was always greeted with warmth and respect. He acquired a mastery of

the details of government to the last degree and in the discussion of any question relating to the broad issues of policy the last word was sure to be uttered by Laurier, and it was shown to be the result of careful thought and thorough knowledge. Indeed, it is not going too far to say that his best friends were amazed to find Laurier equal to any undertaking, equal to any exposition, and, although he was sometimes abused on account of his religious views by very narrow sectarian people, yet as a matter of fact, he was greatly loved and respected by all parties, and very often those who wrote against him in the papers regarded him secretly at heart with both respect and esteem. He brought his influence to bear in the most notable manner towards securing entire unity throughout all portions of Canada. His speeches in favour of common interests, common desires and common aims were magnificent. His whole soul was bent upon the idea that there should be a union of all classes in Canada and that the narrow bigotted prejudices should have but little weight and be put aside by the right thinking mass of people. Whatever else can be said of Laurier, at all events, none can fail to give him credit for his aim in this regard. He was the uniter of people, the despiser of bigotry and in favour of unification of all people from British Columbia to Nova Scotia. In regard to his politics, there was scarcely a Liberal in Canada that refused to support the Liberal party because Laurier was a Frenchman and a Roman Catholic. He put aside everything in regard to his own province in order to secure the union of all. In the last years of his life there was a sentiment of hostility to him on religious grounds in the Province of Ontario, but it was almost entirely confined to that province. Scarcely a Liberal in Nova Scotia ever made that question one in his political status. When any person expressed any such sentiment in regard to him, you might assume as a matter of course that he was opposed to him politically. He carried the elections of 1896, 1900, 1905 and 1908. He was defeated in 1911 on the issue of Commercial Union with the United States, although it is not at all improbable that having been fifteen years in power, sufficient influence was brought to bear to secure his defeat on that very ground. In leading the Opposition he was courageous and yet gentlemanly, and he did all he could to assist the Government in the great war which came on in 1914. He never allowed political feeling to intervene with regard to his duty in general.

Many have thought it somewhat strange, many who possibly were opposed to the principle which prevailed in the old country of uniting parties during the war, that Mr. Borden did not ask Sir Wilfrid Laurier to come into his Government, but on that it is not for us to form an opinion. All he did was done from a conscientious sense of the duty devolving upon him and it can be fairly urged in his favour that in the elections of 1917 he would have carried the country against the Borden Government if it had not been for the Union Government, which enlisted the support of an enormous section of his old friends. At all events, he was springing once more to the charge of duty, he was preparing to address the electors in different parts of the Dominion and taking active steps, although seventy-six years of age, when suddenly he was stricken by paralysis and a day or two afterwards died. His death was the signal for universal regret and disappointment throughout the Dominion. Friend and foe alike felt that he was deserving of respect and approbation, and the whole world sorrowed for him and laid tributes upon his grave. A greater man than Laurier perhaps will be found. He certainly had not the qualities which made Howe famous and rendered his fame continuous throughout the world, and, indeed, in many respects he was behind Sir Charles Tupper in the firmness and vigour with which he

pushed forward affairs, but as a gentleman with a high sense of public duty and with a ripe development of the proper principles of statecraft, Sir Wilfrid Laurier will go down to the world as one of the great lights of Canada.

Hon. Alexander MacKenzie: This gentleman was born in Scotland and came to Canada in 1842 and was engaged in the work of contracting and building. He afterwards became the editor of *The Lambton Shield*, a Reform paper. He became a member of the Canadian Parliament in 1865. In 1871 he was elected by Lambton to the House of Commons and in West Middlesex to the local house in Ontario. He was called upon to take the position of Treasurer of Ontario by Mr. Blake in 1871, but in 1872 he gave up the office, as did Mr. Blake, and both devoted themselves to the politics of the whole Dominion.

In the first House of Commons there were not very many men from Ontario of commanding ability and Mr. MacKenzie was looked upon as the best man possible for the leadership of the party in the House of Commons. In 1873 he was elected leader of the Opposition for the whole Dominion, and the consequence was that on November 5th, 1873, when Sir John's ministry resigned he was called upon to form a Government and on the 7th of that month he succeeded in forming it and remained in power until 1878.

Mr. MacKenzie was a man of considerable ability, but he dealt with no questions of far reaching importance during his term of office. Some of the measures he dealt with were the election law, for the trial of election petitions by Judges, the vote by ballot, the abolition of real estate qualifications by members, the establishment of a Dominion military college, and he carried through a measure in his regime for establishing a Supreme Court in the Dominion. He also attempted to deal with the Pacific Railway matter, but he did not get along very well with it, and his policy was completely reversed after 1878. He dealt with two questions of a particularly trying character, one was in regard to amnesty being granted to Riel and the New Brunswick school question, and they were settled finally.

It would be incorrect to class Mr. MacKenzie among the great leaders of thought and action in Canada. He was thoroughly honest. He did nothing to relieve the country from its trying condition financially in 1876-77-78 and permitted himself to be guided entirely in that matter by the influence of Mr. Jones and Mr. Burpee of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

He was again elected leader of the Opposition in 1879, but was supplanted in 1880 by Hon. Edward Blake. After that his health became somewhat enfeebled and he did not take a very prominent part in public affairs, but this was the time in Mr. MacKenzie's life when he exhibited many admirable qualities and commanded the general respect of everybody, and in private conversation with him one was affected very greatly by the excellent ideas he had formed in regard to all matters, and his views at this time were very largely held by members on both sides of the House. He occupied the position of Premier when it was difficult to fulfill its duties and he gave up office because of his unwillingness to proceed on those lines which commanded the confidence of the country. He will be remembered always as Canada's second Premier and as a man who won universal respect and confidence from all parts.

It is difficult for one to speak of a statesman and public man with whom one has been acquainted from the earliest part of his life. When I came to Halifax to begin the study of law in 1871, Mr. John S. D. Thompson was the junior partner in the firm of Coombs & Thompson and he was Secretary of the Bar Society, and I called upon him for informa-

tion in regard to the matter of examinations. In addition to practising law he was also a stenographer and held the position of reporter for the House of Assembly of Nova Scotia. He was first associated with Sir John Bourinot and afterwards became chief reporter himself. He was elected two or three times to the position of alderman in the city of Halifax and in that position held considerable influence and commanded wide respect. It was in 1878 that he was first elected a member of the local House from the county of Antigonish, and it may be proper to remark in this connection that formerly he had been, as the son of John S. Thomson, a prominent Methodist, but he became a member of the Catholic Church in 1876, shortly after his marriage to Miss Afleck, who was herself an ardent Catholic. It may also be remarked that originally he was a Liberal and associated with the Liberal party, but he became rather interested in Howe at the time of his joining the Dominion Government, and was under the impression that he had acted wisely, and from that on he gradually drifted into a position in the Conservative party. He was first heard of publicly at the general election of 1874, where he appeared upon the platform and spoke in favour of Mr. Donald Robb, who ran against Messrs. Jones and Power in Halifax, and was defeated by two thousand majority.

Mr. Thompson was a candidate in 1878 for Antigonish, and was elected, and his colleague was Mr. Angus MacGillivray, who was on the other side of politics. The Government was led by Mr. Hill in Nova Scotia and he was made Attorney-General in Mr. Hume's Government formed in 1878, and as such he held the position very well, passing no measures of very far reaching character, except perhaps, it might be mentioned among the Acts which still exist and credit of which is due to the Holmes-Thompson Government, the Municipal Act of Nova Scotia, whereby the various countries were permitted to elect county councillors and power was taken away from justices of the peace and magistrates. Previous to the election, Mr. Simon H. Holmes, the leader of the Government, took the office of Prothonotary of the city and county of Halifax and Mr. Thompson became leader of the Government. He went to the country in 1882 and was defeated by seven majority. He shortly after resigned and became a Judge of the Supreme Court at the age of thirty-nine. In this position he displayed considerable ability and took a foremost position on the Bench. In 1884 he was induced to resign from the Bench and take the office of Minister of Justice in the Dominion Government, and he was elected for that purpose in the county of Antigonish by a small majority. He was never at any time particularly popular with the mass of people in Antigonish. He owed his election mostly to strong influences that were brought to bear in his favour.

As Minister of Justice, he very soon had an opportunity of making his weight known as a leader in politics. The first was in connection with the Riel matter. There were great differences of opinion, it will be remembered, at that time as to the propriety of carrying out the sentence of death which had been passed upon Riel by the court in Regina. The Quebec people were almost unanimously against it, and most of the Liberals opposed it very largely because they regarded it as a probable issue for obtaining power. Sir John Thompson's speech in favour of the execution of Riel was able and masterly and placed him at once in the foremost rank of debaters in the House and also as having clear and emphatic ideas in regard to the administration of Justice.

He acquired some note from his attending at Washington on behalf of the Canadian Government in connection with the Chamberlain-Bayard Fishery Treaty in 1887, for which he

received Knighthood. He also had the opportunity of making a splendid speech against the vetoing of the Jesuits' Bill which was carried by Mr. Mercier in the Province of Quebec. His speech on that subject can hardly be surpassed and formed the basis on which both parties united in voting with the Government.

In 1891 when Sir John Macdonald died, there was a wish that Thompson become Premier, but he seemed to have an idea in his mind that it would be dangerous for a Roman Catholic to take that position and he therefore supported Mr. J. J. C. Abbott for the Premiership. Mr. Abbott was in the Senate and Sir John Thompson, of course, led the House of Commons and was the most powerful member of the Cabinet. Mr. Abbott only held office a little more than a year or so, when he resigned and Sir John Thompson was at least fixed upon as the only available man for the position, and he formed a Government, continuing to hold the position of Minister of Justice in it. He was appointed one of the British arbitrators at the British tribunal settling the Behring Sea question, which was clear testimony to the recognition by Imperial Parliament as to his being an able, sound constitutional authority. He returned to Canada after this and held meetings in various parts of the Dominion, and took part in unveiling a statue to Sir John Macdonald in 1894. Later he went to England and was about to be sworn in a member of the Privy Council when he died suddenly at Windsor Castle, and his remains were transferred to Halifax by a British warship, the *Blenheim,* and he received a public funeral. It may be stated that Sir John Thompson was a man of peculiar dignity. He was short in stature; he very rarely expressed himself unless he was called upon to do so by some act of his own; he preserved the silent tongue and was dignified to the last degree. No one trifled with him; he was capable of great thoughts and was as well adapted as any man, except, perhaps, Sir John Macdonald, in leading his party. He did not always secure the single hearted devotion of Sir John because he had not the faculty of making himself pleasant to every person who came in contact with him, but he was a man who every person perceived had a keen intellect, was dignified in his behaviour and was worthy of the high position which he attained. His remains are now in the Roman Catholic cemetery at Halifax and the place can be seen any day by any person who chooses to look in. He was a man, not remembered in Nova Scotia in the same degree as Howe and Tupper are, but he was nevertheless a very able and worthy son of Nova Scotia.

THE ORIGINAL IKON

BY JOHN W. MITCHELL

THERE was no particular reason why Mr. James Adams should have been crooked. He just was. He even could have afforded the luxury of honesty, for he had a modest patrimony, yielding not much to be sure, but enough to live on, salted away under his original name and accumulating at compound interest.

Jim's original name was a matter of ancient history, hidden under a cloud of aliases. In the gang of swell mobsmen to which he belonged there were enough aliases in the aggregate to have started a small city directory.

They were well known to the police with whom they usually were on good terms. They were registered in every "front office" from Halifax to San Francisco, but there were few if any convictions recorded against them. They were of the sort that are rarely convicted.

Just now, however, they had temporarily fallen out with the biy city police over a little matter of percentage, and while that difference was unadjusted America was not a safe place for them, so they decided on making the grand tour. Therefore they sailed for Europe, but they took separate steamers, being of that retiring disposition that seeks neither social nor professional notoriety.

The mob numbered six altogether. There was Andreas Wagenknecht, a graduate of Zurich, whose splendid scientific education enabled him to do wonderful things with paper, ink and chemicals of all sorts. There was Big Halliday, whose clumsy-looking fingers and technical training made him unrivalled in resetting precious stones. There was "Carnegie" White, who looked not unlike the philanthropist and whose mission, like his name father's, was to prevent men from dying rich, at which in many instances he almost succeeded. But the other members do not so much matter, as it is principally of Jim's adventure that this chronicle deals.

Jim's specialty was "front". He was big, affable and clever in every way. He had the knack of buying good clothes and wearing them properly, but he had the something behind that, which has been called, for lack of a better name, personal magnetism. So he was a welcome member of the gang which for versatility, ability and completeness was something less than a credit to the land that gave it being.

The gang were models of probity on their way across the Atlantic. They lost money honestly and judiciously in the smoking-rooms, drank little and talked less. They took separate but excellent hotels in London, seldom being seen together. In fact they were leading men in their own profession, and they were out to uphold its reputation. As an illustration of their standing in the community, it may be said that once when they wanted some information from Scotland Yard Jim drove over in a cab and got it, freezing the corridor-man dead cold with his aristocratic bearing and his recently acquired monocle.

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They did no business in London save to acquire unimpeachable credentials. This in itself was no small accomplishment, for the English are the coldest and most unapproachable people in the world. But the gang worked them for letters that were worth their weight in bank-notes of large denomination.

There was little doing in Paris, for the mob was feeling its way carefully. But the Dutchman had been born in Hamburg, and with his fluency in German to aid them they went through Berlin like a pestilence, as noiseless and mysterious, leaving no trace behind them save bad drafts and raised checks and costly jewels missing between the homes of their owners and the vaults of the safe deposit companies. Germany suffered in its three principal cities, and while it was rubbing its eyes and wondering how it happened, Rome, Naples, and Florence, each with good cause, put up a howl that could be heard from the Adriatic as far as to the English Channel.

It was in Vienna that the gang fell down, and it was all over a trumpery little piece of pink paper that cost Mr. White $23 at the Nevada National in San Francisco, and which was negotiated for $23,000 in the capital of Austria-Hungary. The check had been carefully punched by the teller in the San Francisco bank, but, as has been said, Andreas was more than an artist in paper, and he fixed it just as good as new. He could have fixed it better, but he was too much of an artist to do that.

The trouble occurred when they had to employ some local talent to aid them in negotiating the paper. This untimely help not only cost them a thousand dollars in real money, but made the town too hot to hold them. So the gang melted away to amuse themselves at various health resorts for a few months. It was thus Jim Adams happened to invade St. Petersburg.

When the crash came in Vienna, Jim figured that the line of least resistance for him lay toward the Russian frontier, and he argued that he would as lief take a vacation in Russia as in any other old empire. So from the frontier he drifted on by *troika* and diligence to Moscow, for he had not happened to hit the frontier at a railroad point. In fact he had not sought the convenience of either railway or telegraph in his journey, but, for all that, he entered Russia with as innocent intentions as did ever any other tourist.

He was not out for business, and his passport spoke the truth for once when it said, "Of no occupation". It was only one of several passports he had in his trunk. It is not a matter of common knowledge, but it is worth remembering, that one can acquire a passport and become any kind of citizen (or several citizens) at any embassy in Europe for two dollars and a little perjury. The embassy clerk gets the two dollars as a fee. Perhaps that is why it is so easy.

Jim soon tired of Moscow, too many cobblestones and too little sanitation for him, so he fared northward to St. Petersburg, where for two months he led a life of perfect virtue at that comfortable, if expensive, hotel where all the porters talk good English, and the head waiter is a mine of information in seven languages.

It was an ideal existence, long, cool rides in the evening on the fussy little passenger launches on the Neva, with the ice only just out and the wind coming down crisp and cold off Lake Ladoga; cool drives down to the point of Christofsky Island, watching gorgeous sunsets out over the Bay of Finland, and back through the darkening alleys of the island park, with the flutter of Paris gowns and the glitter of military uniforms all around. Then there were the open-air theatres, where the men wore overcoats and the women low-necked dresses, and there were curious solitary excursions

through the mysterious maze of shops back of the Sardova, where the tourist seldom penetrates. And there were also the churches. That was where Jim fell from grace.

Now he had not even a dilletante interest in church architecture, and it was almost by accident that he wandered into one. It was a courier at the hotel who told him he ought to see the Napoleon battle flags and French eagles at the Kazin Cathedral. So he went. But it was not the blackened and tattered battle flags that attracted his attention. It was a more sordid and at the same time a much more beautiful sight. It was the *ikons*. He had never heard the word before, nor had many of the tourists, but the sight thrilled him and aroused him to envy a people who could possess them.

There at the foot of almost every column and supported on gilded pedestals with hundreds of tapers blinking around them, were *ikons* of priceless value. Few were more than one foot by two feet in area, but each frame held a picture, in matchless Russian enamel, of a Virgin, or Christ, or Saint, backed with solid gold and crusted with jewels. A few were intrinsically valueless, mere paintings on wood, very holy and most efficacious in the curing of illness and the answering of prayers. But they were not the ones that held his attention. The ones which appealed to him were inlaid with gems, diamonds, rubies, sapphires and pearls, their golden backgrounds alone representing more coin than a man could carry.

Jim drew a sharp breath at the sight of all this wealth, protected only by flimsy glass and wooden frames. He pondered and retired to think the matter over and gain more knowledge on the subject of *ikons*. The courier at the hotel was communicative, but not enthusiastic.

"Oh yes, there were more or less of them in every Russian church. Some were valuable, very. Perhaps there was $500,000,000 in gold and jewels scattered thus through the churches of the empire. But what did it signify? Women prayed to them and as a last resort they might be converted into cash if the country were at war. But only as a last resort. They were the 'Holy Gold' of the Empire. However, if one were interested in *ikons* and wished to see the real thing, he should visit St. Isaac's Cathedral, opposite the hotel. There rested the marvellous *'Ecce Homo,'* with the great diamond; and the Madonna with the sapphires. They were really worth seeing. But one should choose a bright day for the visit, when the frescoes were also visible."

Jim thought he did not care much about the frescoes, though he did not say so. But he took an early dinner and from his table by the window he watched the people wandering in to the evening service at the great cathedral across the square. He wondered then as he waited for his fish why he had been so neglectful of cathedrals. St. Isaac's, with its bronze sculptures and gigantic monolithic colonnade of pink marble, was certainly an object of legitimate interest on the outside, and doubtless the tourist would be well requited for an inspection within. Anyhow he was going. And so with dinner over, he joined the little stream of worshippers toiling like ants up the great stairway.

Within the massive bronze doors it was already more than half dusk. Far over head the porphyry columns of red, blue and green melted away into shadowy companionship with the great arches that sprung to support the collar of the lantern in the dome. Somewhere far away behind the massive grilled doors of the chancel rose voices of priests, strong and clear, intoning the strange service. Seats there were none, and the few hundred worshippers kneeling on the bare stones of the nave were lost in the dis-

tance and immensity of the building. Before the awestruck ames rested *ikons* at the foot of almost every pillar. But the problem was to find *the* ikon in the gathering twilight without attracting too much attention.

"Great *ikon,* big diamond, wort' half million!"

It was only the voice of the guide whispering in his ear, but even the hard trained nerves and muscles of Mr. Adams twitched at this answer to his unspoken question. Yes, there it was right before him, the most costly relic of the whole Empire. Jim passed the guide a ruble, and that functionary, astonished at such munificence, stood a-tremble like a pointer dog, ready to flush a fresh covey of wonders.

Jim gazed long at the *ikon.* But it was a purely professional interest, that entirely overlooked the beauty of the wonderful enamel portrait, scarcely bestowed more than a cursory glance at the big diamond itself, but was most exact in taking in the thickness of the glass over the picture, and the method by which the heavy frame and backing were fastened to the pedestal.

The guide was still at his elbow, anxious to earn the ruble, and urged him on from spot to spot, now pointing out the great malachite columns and dilating on the beauties of the invisible frescoes overhead. Guide-like he was anxious to show off the most costly of the relics and breathed over the various *ikons* in a reverential whisper, "Dis wort' hundred thousand, dis maybe hundred fifty, maybe more."

The Madonna with the sapphire necklace held Jim's attention as had the great diamond. He studied it long and carefully, but from a purely mechanical point of view. Still the guide did not know this and finally dismissed him at the door with a deep bow, feeling the satisfaction of having had an appreciative and generous visitor.

Jim had his problem neatly stated and now the only thing was to solve it. Being of a whole-souled, thoroughgoing nature, he would have liked to loot the cathedral and carry off everything of value inside, including the model of the Holy Sepulchre and the solid gold model of St. Isaac's itself, which was only about ten feet square and weighed not more than a ton. He felt sad at the absence of the other trusty members of the gang with whose aid, physical and immoral, he would have almost felt confident of carrying off St. Isaac's itself. As the case stood, however, he was compelled to play a sole rôle, but he figured on getting at least the big diamond out of the jurisdiction of the orthodox church.

Jim did not visit St. Isaac's again. He had the lie of the land, and that was enough for the present. Instead he took to motoring, which was no new game to him, and hiring a sixty-horsepower machine by the month, he moved to a boarding-house with a big courtyard where the motor could be stabled, and put in the next three weeks personally investigating routes to the frontier. Germany was 500 miles off, and consequently out of the question. But Finland was only an hour's run to the North, despite the bad roads. To be sure, Finland was nominally a grand duchy of Russia, but a population of upward of a million, almost unanimously "agin" the government was, if anything, better than a hostile border state.

When Jim next visited St. Isaac's he took the precaution of wearing a beard and a dark, inconspicuous tweed suit that would not be familiar to his former friend, the guide. It was not at all the night for dark deeds. It was quite late twilight in that latitude and with the moon at full, swinging up over the Neva, it was almost as light as day. The square all round the cathedral was bathed in placid, unreal light, and off in the leafy shadows of the Horse Guards' Boulevard the late

lingering nursemaid neglected her charge in its perambulator to chat with the *guard-a-voy* as seems to be the habit of nursemaids in all climes and times.

But Jim noted none of these things as he hurried on his way to the church. Inside the huge sculptured portals it was already more than twilight. He entered sedately, made the proper genuflection at the centre of the nave, and skirted the rear of the kneeling crowd of worshippers towards a curtained niche in the far wall, which he knew by prior investigation contained floor mops and buckets. Watching his time, he melted from the deep shadows of the wall to the deeper shadows of the niche. Thereafter there was nothing to do but wait.

The cathedral finally emptied of its worshippers, and the few sightseers soon followed them. Then there was no sound through the thick darkness save the faint, soft pad of the felt-booted guards as they went their perfunctory rounds. Toward midnight even this became more infrequent as the watchers of the cathedral settled for longer and longer intervals to lounge and smoke and chat with the *dvorniks* on the stone benches outside the cathedral door. It was warmer and pleasanter outside the church than in, and the various functionaries drew their long sheepskin overcoats around their felt-booted feet and curled up on the benches to smoke villainous *maghaka* cigarettes and while away the hours till morning.

It was after midnight when Jim ventured from his corner. He did not know how long a time he would have uninterrupted, but set to work at once on the great diamond. He had a short, stout screw-driver, with a cross handle like a corkscrew, that would start almost anything in the screw line. A diamond glass-cutter he carried for emergencies, and his other weapon of the chase was a jointed steel lever with a foot like a tack claw but professionally known as a "jimmy".

In two minutes Jim decided that *ikons* were the easiest game he ever tackled. One wrench of the jimmy with an overcoat thrown over it to deaden the sound, and the gilt frame was loose from its pedestal. There were but four screws under the frame holding down the priceless gold plate. These came away as though they had been put in only last week. It was a shame—it was so easy, almost like assaulting a cripple.

The Madonna with the sapphires was no harder, and in ten minutes the two gold plates were resting against the foot of one of the columns.

Making a get-away was something more difficult, but Mr. Adams had not been used to crawling into a burrow till he saw an exit on the other side. There was a cellar to the cathedral, for there was a barred window on a level with the ground looking toward the Alexandra Gardens. The entrance to the cellar must be beyond the grilled doors whence Jim had heard the singing, for he had assured himself on his first visit that it was not in the body of the church. Jim had decided to make his hegira through the cellar window, a few iron bars being nothing much in his way, and the window being on the side farthest from where the guards and *dvorniks* congregated.

He was just noiselessly dusting his hands when there was a scarcely audible step in the doorway; the faint shaft of moonlight was blotted out for an instant and the scuff of felt boots and the swish of a voluminous overcoat told of one of the outside porters come to make the rounds of the cathedral. A cigarette end glowed in the darkness as he started off to the westward to make the circuit of the church. Jim held his breath till the shadows swallowed up the retreating form even from his dark-accustomed eyes. Then with a suppressed chuckle he changed the whole

plan of his campaign in an instant, and started on the most exciting man-hunt of his life.

Mr. Adams did not wear felt boots, but he realized the value of rubber heels in his profession so that he glided like a shadow from one great pillar to another toward the north side of the church. Concealment was scarcely necessary, for the church was all but pitch dark. Jim had crossed the church before his quarry had skirted the far end, and he crouched waiting in the shadow of one of the columns, almost fifty yards from the front door and that far from possible interruption.

He heard rather than saw the shadowy form of the porter approach. Almost within arms' reach the *dvornik* stopped to light a fresh cigarette from the stump of his old one. In that moment Jim made his spring. A sinewy right hand closed on the *dvornik's* bearded throat, and a practised half hook, like the kick of an ostrich, landed on the slumber line of the jaw.

But he never fell. Mr. Adams caught the senseless form in his arms, and deposited it on the floor softly like a bale of blankets. Then he rolled the six feet of unconscious Russian out of his big overcoat as deftly as a nurse in a hospital could have done. Jim wanted that overcoat, also the felt boots and fur cap and the broad chain and metal gorget that hung around his shoulders and down on the breast. Jim appropriated all of these, and with the aid of his false beard a very fair imitation of the *dvornik*.

Even the *maghaka* cigarette lay on the pavement, smouldering vilely where it had fallen. Appropriating that was a test of nerve and stomach, but realism was everything at the present juncture, so James picked it up and strolled toward the exit, leaving his victim on the floor with a chloroform wad of raw cotton close to his nose. Passing the last pillar he gathered up the two *ikons*, slipped the precious plates under his overcoat, and cinched up his scarf belt to prevent their falling out.

It was like a plunge into cold water to pass the postern in the face of the assembled guards, but trusting to his disguise and especially to the cigarette which now loomed large in their field of vision, Jim took the plunge. It was unexpectedly easy. Four of the watchers were asleep, or smoking and almost dozing on the stone benches. Two were farther off, chatting together on the far side of the portico. The new *dvornik* loafed past them carelessly, still clinging valiantly to his cigarette. Out he went across the portico and down the little side steps out of sight. Once safe from observation he threw the cigarette as far as it would go, and taking a big breath of fresh air to clear his lungs, lighted a Turkish to take the taste out of his mouth.

The remainder of the adventure was scarcely exciting. He passed the *switzar* at the door of his own courtyard without question and it was a matter of no comment that soon after the strange *dvornik* had gone in, Mr. Adams, in his motoring togs came out, strapped a dress suit-case under the front seat and started off for a ride. Even motoring at three A. M. is to be expected from "those mad English". All Englishmen, and that means also all Americans, are mad. The Lord knows that and any *mujik* in Russia will bear witness to the same thing. So the motor puffed off down the English Quay.

There was no incident at the frontier, for there are no customs formalities going into Finland. It was merely two days' hard driving over bad roads to Helsingfors, and thence almost a week by sail and rail before Jim was closeted with Big Halliday in his room at the Kaiserhoff in Berlin, a code telegram having summoned the gem expert to meet him.

When Jim produced the *ikons* and unfolded the history of their taking

off, the shrewd eyes of Halliday grew large and his fingers twitched as he produced the tools of his trade from various pockets not located where pockets are in most tailor-made garments.

At the big diamond he gazed in most astonishment, but it was not at the size of the gem. He scratched his massive head and growled, "Looks familiar, looks damned familiar". Then as the sharp-nosed pliers hovered on the edge of the setting, with a craftman's touch, he dropped them and slapped his knee.

"I've got it," he exclaimed in a low tone. "I've got it. It's the original of the model in the Tiffany collection in New York. But then," and he frowned, puzzled, "that was credited to the Nyzim of Hyderbad. He bought it five years back, but, like the most of those Indians, he never would say where he had got it or how much he paid for it. But this is the very boulder, all right, all right, came from Brazil and was cut by Lederer in Antwerp. Oh, I know it now like a gambler does an ace. But how the devil did it ever come in a church up in Russia?"

He had set to work again, and the big diamond fell from its bed plate into his broad hand. He held it on edge to the light and grabbed a slender file from the table. One scratch on the edge of the big gem and he turned to Jim, his face a study in emotions. All he could ejaculate was, "Phony, phony by all that's holy. Paste, but the best ever. It fooled me till I got the file on it."

Mr. Adams regarded him calmly. It was a part of his system to win or lose easily. "Guess you'd better try the sapphires," said he, with a gesture that indicated the half million that the diamond ought to have been worth was a mere bagatelle.

They did not even take the sapphires from their setting. One draw of the file across a facet and it melted like wax. The two gentlemen adventurers regarded each other for a space and then Jim said seriously:

"Bill, I'd give the price of a drink to know who got at that *ikon* before I did."

CAMPERS' LANDING, BIG SAND LAKE, MINASI

FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

I

There were striking resemblances between the conflict which the miners precipitated in Great Britain and the struggle between the One Big Union and the people of Winnipeg two years ago. Possibly it would be unjust to put the whole responsibility upon the miners, since at this distance it would be rash to insist that the terms which the mine owners offered should have been accepted. Substantially the owners proposed that the workers should accept the scale of wages which prevailed in 1914, that mine profits should be fixed at seventeen per cent. of the aggregate amount of wages then paid, and that any surplus accumulated beyond the amount necessary to meet such wages and profits should be distributed in the proportion of seventy-five per cent. to the miners and twenty-five per cent. to the owners. Clearly the object of the owners was to secure greater production and to make wages dependent upon output. There was much to be said for such an arrangement if the minimum wages suggested were fair and reasonable. As to that, there seem to be differences of opinion even among those who are in general sympathy with the mine owners and resolutely opposed to the attempt of the strike leaders to force their will upon the country at any cost to British industry, the welfare of the British people, and the stability of British institutions.

There has been a confident belief that little material for revolution exists in Great Britain. But it was inevitable that the constitutional destructionists of Russia and the continent should find allies among the extreme elements of British labour. The war destroyed, or at least vitally disturbed, many of the old traditions and sanctities in all countries. Under the pressure of war necessities wages were raised to impossible levels. So the cost of living, despite war wages, left multitudes in hardly any better position than they were before. The salaried and professional classes, however, who suffered most, have been most acquiescent and less responsible than industrial workers for the difficulties and perils which have attended social and national reconstruction. However much or little material for revolution there may be in Great Britain, it is inconceivable that the country can submit to any element which challenges constitutional authority and undertakes to coerce all other classes and all other interests. No general strike has ever succeeded in any country. One does not believe that the miners of Great Britain can prevail in the desperate enterprise in which they are now engaged. But they may do incalculable mischief and for years reduce the Old Country to a position of industrial inferiority among the nations. For markets once lost are not easily recovered and Great Britain under any form of despotism would be paralyzed at home and comparatively impotent abroad.

Moreover the action of the extreme elements among British Labour must increase feeling against organized labour the world over and unite not only

employers and capitalists but also the mercantile, professional and agricultural classes against the self-elected autocrats who would establish by force and violence a despotic authority over mankind. The world begins to understand what Sovietism has wrought in Russia. Even multitudes of wage earners at last recognize that communism is despotism and that its leaders reap their harvest of unearned booty from those who have little as surely as from those who have much. Communism can destroy but it cannot build and the end is common loss and general ruin. Besides whatever may be the agreements between employers and employed it is certain that wages in any industry must be determined by production or other workers and other classes must be plundered to provide the difference between what any group of workers have earned and what they have extorted by intimidation and organized violence.

II

Thousands of people in Great Britain, in the United States, and in Canada have been reading "The Mirrors of Downing Street, by the Gentleman with a Duster". One wonders why the word "Gentleman" should have been used in this connection. One wonders, too, why the writer should take credit for sending out the book anonymously. At least that was not a sign of courage. Nor is the fact that he has withheld his name likely to reduce his profits.

The book is clever and is not without distinction. But there is a touch of cant in many of its sentences and the evidence of personal feeling is not wholly concealed. Judge not that ye be not judged manifestly makes no appeal to the Gentleman with a Duster. If he looks into his own mirror he must see something which is not altogether lovely. There is nothing so easy as destructive criticism. Anyone can make a sensation if he writes without delicacy and is willing to be brutal.

This anonymous destructionist freely condemns many of the things that have been done by those whom he excoriates but he is vague or silent about what should have been done. In public life there is an idealism which is folly and a consistency which is fatal to achievement. Men must learn as they grow older and because they learn they do not betray themselves or the people whom they serve. The "King's government" must be carried on and often the public interest imperatively demands that the ideal must give place to the practical and the possible.

Mr. Balfour and Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George are not angels. If they were they would make a sad mess of governing a democracy. But they have served England and the Empire with zeal and devotion and their faults as compared with their virtues are trivial. Who has the right to judge their motives and go into the secret places of their lives to defame and destroy? What good purpose does the Gentleman with a Duster accomplish by accentuating faults which they may not have and stimulating the public appetite for depreciation and dispraise? The truth is that most of the great figures in public life art not worse but better than they seem and the world gets nearer the truth in the epitaph than in contemporary judgments. There is much to be said for vigilant and vigorous criticism if it is not partisan and unfair. It is well to have the truth while the facts are fresh. But in most cases a contemporary judgment upon political leaders and political events which is not generous is unjust and does the State disservice.

What explains the growing disregard for reticence and the disappearance of the old sanctities in confidential human relationships? Mr. J. M. Keynes's "Economic Consequences of the Peace" did infinite mischief in Great Britain and in the United States and surely reveals a contempt for the confidences which men obtain in official public relations which has no sanction in any

strict code of honour. A book by General Repington, published not long ago, violates all the social decencies and all the traditions upon which Englishmen have prided themselves through the generations. Mrs. Asquith's Reminiscences abound in amazing indiscretions, in pitiful personal gossip, and in crudities and vanities which offend and dismay. If the heart of England is as she describes it the world can only believe that the body is diseased and the soul damned. The book is a great offence not only because of the position Mrs. Asquith has held in English society but because she imagines an official England which the world cannot respect. She is not only writing down herself; she is writing down a nation and a civilization, and we know that the picture is distorted under the impulse of a perverse vanity or the need and greed of money. Upon the Gentleman with a Duster a more lenient judgment must be pronounced, but we know that he is unjust. We feel that a dwarf is moving among giants. We wonder if an indulgent God ever gave to any of his creatures such a patent of infallibility as the Gentleman seems to think he possesses.

Nor is the United States exempt from this new revelation of "open diplomacy". There was Bullock and now there is Lansing. We have believed that the secrets of cabinets cannot be disclosed and that no personal differences justify the violation of private confidences. No doubt Mr. Wilson was a master who demanded complete subservience and submission. But one cannot think that Mr. Lansing should yet put his case to the jury or yet impose upon the world a critical estimate of the President under whom he served such a short time ago. There was great virtue and a fine dignity in the old British observances and traditions. But we seem to have lived into a time in which nothing in public life is honoured or cherished, and in which even the confidences which are a necessary condition of association in politics and governments are not respected.

In his new book, "The Path of the King", John Buchan makes Lincoln say to Stanton, "I've a great regard for principles, but I have no use for them when they get so high that they become foolishness. It's no good thinking that saying a thing should be so will make it so. We're not the Creator of this universe. You've got to judge results according to your instruments. Horace Greeley is always telling me what I should do, but Horace omits to explain how I am to find the means. You can't properly manure a fifty acre patch with only a bad smell. Seems to me Moses had the same difficulties to contend with. Read the sixteenth chapter of the Book of Numbers at your leisure, Mr. Secretary. It's mighty pertinent to our situation. The people have been a great deal kinder to me than I deserve and I've got more cause for thankfulness than complaint. But sometimes I get just a little out of patience with our critics. I want to say to them as Moses said to Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, 'Ye take too much upon you, ye sons of Levi'." To the gentlemen with dusters of his time Lincoln was a weakling and a buffoon, ugly without and mean within, but history has put him among the gods.

III

The resignation of office by Mr. Bonar Law may vitally affect British political conditions. He had the confidence of Conservative Unionists in greater degree than any other man in the United Kingdom. This confidence was acquired slowly and laboriously but has been held surely and firmly. He is not brilliant nor has he that mysterious quality of personal magnetism which gives some men such strange power over their kind. He is often dull and uninspiring, a plodder and a worker rather than an idealist or an impressionist.

When he succeeded the brilliant, alluring and flexible Balfour as leader of the Unionist party, there was a common conviction that the task was too great for his powers and required the display of qualities which he did not possess. He grew slowly in the confidence of Parliament and the country. One thinks of Viscount Grey's story of three per cent. beer. Someone said, "It looks like beer, it smells like beer, and it tastes like beer, but it has no authority". But Mr. Law acquired authority, and what was more remarkable and unexpected, he inspired affection.

He was singularly loyal to associates. He was trustworthy as few men are in public life. He said himself that he passed under the spell of Asquith when they came together in the first War Cabinet. The emotion which Mr. Lloyd George displayed when he had to announce Mr. Bonar Law's resignation is all the evidence that is needed to show how utterly they trusted each other. But only a few years ago no one could have believed that loyal coöperation between the two men was a human or even a political possibility.

At a demonstration to Mr. Lloyd George in Wales Bonar Law humorously described his relation to the Prime Minister. He said there was a Scottish general of the name of Sir David Baird who was captured in India. In order to prevent him from escaping he was chained to an Indian soldier. A friend broke the news to the general's mother, and Mr. Law explained that, with that stoicism which characterized the small nation to which he was proud to belong, she said, "God help the lad who is chained to our David!"

But Lloyd George and Bonar Law were bound together by chains of mutual respect and affection. So Law won the respect and trust of all groups in Parliament. He never gave the impression that he loved office. He was singularly clear and candid in statement. He was always courageous and never pretentious. Throughout the war he thought only of his country and never of his own position or prospects. If there was any intrigue in the removal of Mr. Asquith from office no one ever suggested that Mr. Law was involved. There has never been any suspicion that he sought to gain an undue ascendancy for Conservatives in the Coalition of parties which the war produced. If he has had any weakness as a public man it is that he has been too loyal in his friendships and too unsuspicious of more ambitious people who have kept close to his elbow.

But when all is said the British people have a rooted faith in Mr. Bonar Law's personal integrity, whether or not they put him among the country's great parliamentary figures. It is much to command a people's faith and affection in these days of democratic suspicion and unrest. A man who can trust and be loyal, keep his own integrity, and serve his country with zeal and fidelity has a great part of the best that life can give. Mr. Lloyd George still has a great majority in Parliament, still can master the House of Commons by the eloquence of his tongue and the magic of his personality, still holds the faith of multitudes of his countrymen, but the Coalition begins to face accumulating difficulties and perhaps his chief security now lies in the want of an attractive and commanding leader among his opponents.

Moreover it seems hard to believe that mortal man can carry much longer such a burden as Mr. Lloyd George has had upon his shoulders or much longer hold together the conflicting elements upon which he has had to depend in Parliament and in the country. By Mr. Bonar Law's withdrawal his alliance with Conservatives is endangered. There is no prospect that the Liberal party can be reunited under his leadership. It may be that a period of political confusion approaches in Great Britain but it is impossible to believe that the old parties can be restored with cohesion in action or outlook while

there is far less likelihood than there was two years ago that the Labour party can secure a majority in the House of Commons.

IV

Mr. Austen Chamberlain was the natural and logical successor of Mr. Bonar Law as parliamentary leader of the Coalition. He will never hold so much of men's affection as Law possessed. He is not so brilliant as his father was. He has not his father's aggressive temper and confident audacity. As a parliamentary debater Joseph Chamberlain was the equal of Gladstone. If he had less charm he had more power than even Mr. Balfour exercised. On the platform no man of his generation was so bold, incisive and destructive. The son, however, has greater steadiness than the father had; his mind moves more slowly but perhaps just as surely. His sense of honour is singularly keen and fastidious. He is all that men mean when they speak of an Englih gentleman. More than once he has had to make difficult and delicate decisions affecting his relations to Parliament and to Governments. He resigned office when it was thought that he had failed in vigilance, although there was no failure in intention or in integrity. When Mr. Bonar Law became leader of the Unionists he stood aside with complete disinterestedness and was unflinchingly loyal to the choice of the Unionist caucus.

Throughout the war he coöperated with old political opponents with unremitting zeal and simple fidelity. Ten years ago no one would have believed that Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Austen Chamberlain could be the joint leaders of a Coalition Cabinet. They have nothing in common save the sense of public duty and devotion to Britain and the Empire. Indeed, about Mr. Lloyd George there is a flexibility and a subtlety which must be repellant to a man of Mr. Chamberlain's downright openness and sincerity. Lloyd George is an expert political trader, not without convictions, but often ready to sacrifice consistency for an immediate object. Mr. Chamberlain is not flexible and conceivably could lose a great object in order to respect a minor conviction. But the two men have sat so long in the same Cabinet that they must understand each other and manifestly they trust each other or Chamberlain would not have put Law's mantle across his shoulders.

In many minds there is a reserve of judgment about Mr. Lloyd George. But there must be something singularly attractive and compelling in a man who for many years was the mouthpiece of an intemperate radicalism and yet holds the allegiance of Balfour and Long and Curzon and Law and Chamberlain, who in every crisis in British affairs restores peace, who flouts the most powerful journals in England with the happy insolence of a schoolboy, who, time and again, subdues an angry Parliament to his will, and who, beset by infinite difficulties at home and abroad, maintains the working partnership between Limehouse and the Castle, and fuses elements which are the natural material for division and conflict. There seems to be a common suspicion that with the disappearance of Bonar Law the rift between Conservative and Liberal Coalitionists will widen, but Mr. Chamberlain is wholly without the genius for intrigue while there is no sign that Mr. Lloyd George's resources of appeal and strategy, his power to advance as occasion demands, his instinct to retreat as safety requires, have been exhausted.

V

One wonders what the "Reds" hope to accomplish in Canada by violent speeches and revolutionary writing. They are dividing organized Labour. They are distracting sympathy from the unemployed who so sorely need consideration and support in the difficult period through which we are passing.

They are alienating the sober and responsible elements of the country from causes which blaze the trail of human progress.

There is not a great deal of material for revolution in this country. We are all workers and what we have achieved by industry and saving will not be surrendered to mouthy idlers and irresponsible demagogues. Nor will sober minded Canadians be driven into dangerous courses by the levellers from other and less favoured lands who are trying to revenge themselves upon Canada for misfortune suffered elsewhere and who denounce conditions which never existed in this country.

We know little or nothing of "wage slavery". We have no governing classes nor any citadels of caste or privilege. We have free speech, a free press, free schools, a free Parliament and courts in which justice is administered with courage and equity. It is nonsense to suggest that the newspapers of this country are the mouthpieces of a financial hierarchy. The "Reds" get more space in the press than the capitalists and hardly less than Parliament itself. If their revolutionary projects do not make headway it is not because they are denied a hearing. Advertising themselves as the natural champions of free speech they are the leaders in disturbances at public meetings and the first to deny free speech to those whose opinions they find distasteful.

It is vain to think that in Canada they can "control industry" and seize what other men, by sweat of brow and brain, have accumulated. There is no background of Czarism in this country. We have never had a Siberia even for fools, fanatics, and revolutionists. Nor are we going to give any quarter to Lenines and Trotskys. We are making a country, not a cemetery or a shambles. There is a ballot for every citizen but they are madmen who think that any sound movement can be advanced in Canada by violence.

When they assume to speak for the soldiers they are concerned only to further their own wild projects and to make capital out of other men's sacrifices. Too many of these mouthy patriots never wore a uniform and had no interest in the war or the army beyond the wages and profits they drew while the real soldiers were fighting and dying in Europe. In their relation with Labour they seek chiefly to advance their personal fortunes and their own mischievous and destructive purposes. Their whole object is to divide and destroy, create anarchy and establish despotism.

But if they think they can go far in Canada they only afford evidence that they are unbalanced and hopelessly ignorant of the character of the Canadian people. There are too many hardheaded men on the farms and too many intelligent workers in the shops and factories for Bolshevism to get any foothold in this country. We have been very patient with these irresponsible and incendiary agitators. Among them there are few Canadians and few who have ever done any useful service for Canada. They abuse the freedom which they enjoy and defame the institutions of which they are unworthy.

Freedom of speech should not be lightly circumscribed. Deportation is a measure to be taken only as a last resort. One does feel, however, that in this time of industrial distress, of unemployment, of strain upon the resources of employers and governments, they are public enemies who strive to aggravate the situation by intemperate speaking and underground activities. There is need even in Canada for just such frank and bold language as Mr. Lloyd George is using in Great Britain. It may be that the "Reds" are not dangerous and that the army which they lead is too weak and futile to do serious mischief. But they have become a nuisance, if not a menace, and the time is coming when they must be made to understand that they are

living under free institutions, free for others as well as for themselves, and that they must show themselves worthy of these institutions which better and saner men than themselves have established or take a journey to a far country by command of the Government which they defame.

VI

REVELATION

THE soul hath moments when it hears
A whisper from diviner spheres,
Denies the flesh, disdains the clod
And leaps across estranging years
So far from earth, so near to God.

We do not know the voice that calls,
Nor whence the pregnant whisper falls,
We only know that otherwhere
Shut from our sight by fleshly walls,
Are prospects that we do not share.

Just on the outer rim of night,
We seem to lean against the light,
And half in hope and half in fear
Strain upward to the shining height
Where dim familiar forms appear.

Though we have loved the indulgent earth,
And wept its tears and sung its mirth,
And grudged to have the years run on;
The mystery of the second birth
Still has the quickening touch of dawn.

So with high faith we travel on
Along the way the Gods have gone,
The light of morning in our eyes;
Out of the night, into the dawn;
And death itself hath no surprise.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

THE POST-OFFICE IN BRITISH NORTH AMERICA

By William Smith. Cambridge: The University Press.

THIS is one of the most valuable as well as the most interesting histories treating directly with the development of Canada that has appeared in many a long day. It begins with the year 1639 and ends with 1870. Every public library, and indeed every private library of any pretension, should possess a copy. For while it is a history, a unique history, it reads like a romance. It begins, so far as Canada is concerned, by showing that the Canadian post-office did not come into being as an independent organization, but merely as a result of extensions into newly-acquired territories. The important routes, naturally enough, were between Montreal, Quebec, Halifax, Boston, and New York. Before the American War of Independence the mail carriers from Montreal to New York made the journey in from nine to ten days. But the journey to Halifax was of a very different character. Here is the author's account of it:

"At best it could not be made in less than a month, and during a considerable period at the beginning and the end of each winter season the trip was arduous and dangerous.

"There has been preserved the journal of a courier, Durand, who carried a mail from Quebec to Halifax and back in the early winter months of 1784. His trip downwards, starting on the 11th of January, offered no features unusual in a winter journey, most of which must be made on foot through a country, a large part of which was unsettled. He reached Halifax on the 29th day of February, seven weeks after starting.

"The journey homeward was exceedingly toilsome and dangerous. . . . .

"At the Bay du Portage, on the lower St. John, Durand and his three companions broke through the ice, and they with their mails were rescued with difficulty. They managed to get as far as Presqu' Isle, partly on the honey-combed ice, and partly in the woods, when they found themselves face to face with an ice jam. As it was impossible for Durand to land his dogs on the shore, he clambered up the hill of ice, and he and his dogs had to make their way as best they could over the heaped-up pieces for twenty miles, when they came upon a stretch of water as clear as in summer.

"Durand's guide had abandoned him and taken to the woods, but finding the snow too soft for his snowshoes, after a league's trudging he rejoined Durand on the ice. The swift and swollen waters, which they now reached, compelled them to wait until they could build a canoe. Embarking, they poled their way for a couple of miles, as the speed of the current prevented rowing, when the ice began again to come down on them in great masses.

"Harnessing their dogs to an Indian cart, they hauled their canoe another stretch, and on the 14th of April they reached Grand Falls. Above the falls the ice, though bad, was firm enough; and having constructed a sled, they carried their canoe and baggage on it for fifteen leagues. From this point onward, although their difficulties were by no means at an end, they struggled on to the St. Lawrence, and reached Quebec on the 24th of April."

The trip cost £191, and all that was collected as postage amounted to only £75.

*

POEMS

By Arthur S. Bourinot. Toronto: The T. H. Best Printing Company.

MR. BOURINOT undoubtedly stands with the best Canadian poets. With French blood in his veins, he has a natural gift for poetry, but he has as well as unusual sense of ryhthmic values and his outlook on

life generally is happy or at least optimistic. He had wonderful experiences during the War, and by them, naturally, impressions have been left. So that we have several very vivid pictures of life in German prisons and of other encampments, but, after all, we like his Canadian poems, such, for instance as "Night on the Ottawa River", which is the first poem in the volume:

Down the river slowly drifting,
Float the rafts of river-men,
While the light is slowly shifting,
Backward o'er the hills again.

'Mid the silence rings their singing,
Voicing low the old refrain,
But the chanson gay beginning
Ends "Mironton, mirontaine".

Now the myriad lights are glowing
Whitely where the city sleeps,
While the splashing drip of rowing
Upward from the river creeps.

Low the waters murmur falling,
Moaning through the Chaudiere,
Like a whispered, ghostly calling,
Voicing deep their wild despair.

Fade the distant voices singing,
Faint recurs the low refrain,
Still the chanson gay beginning,
Dies "Mironton, mirontaine".

*

THE LADY LATOUR

By William Inglis Morse. Toronto: The Ryerson Press.

THIS little volume of verse, written by a Maritime Province poet, will appeal to all who are fond of the sea and of historical setting. It presents many lovely pictures, among them the following:

BY THE SEA

Where frowning promontories guard
The gray sea-ways
Of Acadie, glints the late sun
With crimson rays
Upon this mountain streamlet, which
Forever blends
Its sound with some far voice as day
To westward winds
And then, all limitless, remote,
Piled dark and high,
Behind the filmy mists which move
Athwart the sky,
Cloud-masses like some vast range
Of mountains rear
Themselves, as if a pathway for
The night is clear,
And prematurely cut off that
Brief hour of day,
When soft susurrings of the soul
A peace convey.

*

COLLECTED PLAYS

By Stephen Phillips. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

WHILE there is much satisfaction and interest in being able to procure in one volume this set of plays, which includes "Aylmer's Secret", "Ulysses", "The Sin of David", "Nero", "David", and "Pietro and "Siena", the average reader will find an additional attraction in the preface written by the author's son, Stephen Philipps, jun. We reprint part of what he says:

I remember my father as a big man, with a beautiful but rather sullen face, and eyes full of strange, sad melancholy, as if the soul were always dreaming and yearning, and reaching for heights unattainable.

He had about him a presence of mystery and of power; that sense which one may feel to exist, but which one may never describe in the language of words.

To strangers he was cold, impassive and reserved, which gave to him an aspect of sombreness, but to those whom he knew to be in sympathy with his greatness of thought he became at once a being of quite natural impulses, and on these occasions, when he felt at ease the light of genius that burned unwaveringly within him would burst into visibility with a power and wonder that could not fail to impress.

Often under the midnight stars, he would pace the grounds, giving utterance to those beautiful ideas, in a loud, vibrating voice, full of the intensity and clearness, the spiritual tone and requisite charm, of which he alone was the master.

He was passionately fond of music, and the haunting strains of some old song, or refrain, would sometimes awaken a beautiful thought within him, and while he was transmitting it to paper, he would ask for the particular piece to be played again, and perhaps again, until he had finished and was content.

Strangely enough, he preferred the most simple music, especially an old song, if it were at all sad or had an air of dreaminess about it.

He had a magnetic personality. When once one had heard him reciting some lines in his remarkably expressive voice, one in-

variably wished to linger to hear more, if one had a sense of the beautiful or the divine.

Poetry was his most constant companion, for he was not a mere conjurer of words or phrases, as a workman carves mechanically at his bronze, but a spirit of wild passion, calm philosophy and sometimes of deep sadness, as the mood took him.

And very often he had periods of such sadness, when he could write of sorrowful things, and these, I think, contain some of his best work.

*

FLAME AND SHADOW

By Sara Teasdale. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

MISS TEASDALE is acknowledged one of the very finest of American poets, and this little volume certainly should add to her reputation. Her work is remarkable for beautiful imagery, knowledge of life and uplifting phraseology. Here is an exmaple of it:

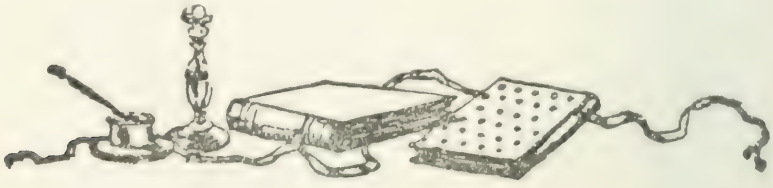
MEADOW LARKS

In the silver light after a storm,
Under dripping of bright new green,
I take the low path to hear the meadowlarks
Alone and high-hearted as if I were a queen

What have I to fear of life or death,
Who have known three things: the kiss in the night,
The white flying joy when a sing is born,
And meadowlark, whistling in silver light.

*

THE Toronto Reference Library recently obtained possession of a very unique and valuable little volume. It is one of the few copies of the first book printed in Montreal. The title page reads: "*Réglement de la Confrerie de l' Adoration perpétuelle du S. Sacrement et de la bonne mort. Erigée dans l' église paroissiale de ville-Marie en l' Isle de Montréal en Canada. Nouvelle édition, revue, corrigée, et augmentée. A Montreal chez F. Mesplet et C. Berger, imprimeurs et libraires, pres le marché,* 1776." The book is very small, three by four and three-quarter inches, and has but forty pages, but it is a perfect copy. It is bound in wall paper, for the printer Mesplet had all his fine paper ruined when, on his way to Montreal earlier in the year his boat shipped much water running the rapids. The first edition of this book was printed without date or place of publication, and there is some dispute as to whether it was issued in Quebec or France. All authorities agree however that this one which was the second edition was the first book printed in Montreal. The *Réglement* was issued for the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Montreal, and a number of copies of the book were found some years ago in the archives of the Notre Dame Street house of that institution, where they had lain ever since being printed. The book commences with a statement of the aim or purpose of the Association, which is followed by rules for the associates as to duties in the church, times for prayer with the lists of prayers to be said and concludes with instructions to faithful Christians.



THROWN IN

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

THE GENERAL STORE

A First-Class Store

LIKE all first-class general stores, ours had been painted white. Age, however, had imparted to its surface that rich, mellow quality that one might liken to old parchment or the skin of a Camembert cheese. A verandah of four posts, with a slanting roof, extended from side to side, and there was a false front that stretched upwards ten feet above the eaves. This front was ornamented with cornices and abutments to suggest a fortress, and there was enough plain space left upon which to impose these words:

ANGUS MACGREGOR
Importer and Dealer in
Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Boots and Shoes.

Angus came of remote Scottish stock, not so remote, however, as to attenuate effectively his fine instinct for barter. For his sense of the advantages of exchange always had been keen enough to enable him to draw a clear distinction between seller and buyer, and indeed this sense had not deserted him, even if, as in our day, he had reached the time in life when he was so bald as to be content to comb his hair with a towel.

Toweling you bought by the yard, unless you had a fancy for pink borders, with fringe. Angus sold both kinds, one for the roller attached to the clap-boarding of the kitchen, on the outside, near the rain barrel; the other, for placing on the toilet set in the spare room. But Angus, like everyone else in his line of business in those days, professed to be an importer, and therefore he kept for sale much finer fabrics than toweling. He always kept, for instance, three or four lengths of tweed, three different qualities of cashmere, flannel, red and gray, a bolt of black crape for funerals, and, maybe, a few yards of silk.

Silk was for Weddings

Silk, one should recall, was in demand mostly for weddings and parties, and it seemed to be only natural, even if perhaps

As Much for Butter and Eggs

a little unfair, that anyone about to buy silk should drive over to Seaforth or Mitchell, where there was a greater assortment. Still, Angus claimed to allow as much for butter and eggs as you could get in the towns, and you had to consider the time lost in going and coming.

But we have gone inside the store and come forth again before we have become properly impressed with the outside. For there, hanging on either side of the door, just as you entered, were a lantern or two, a pair of top boots, a halter, a string of sleigh bells, and three or four dried codfish. On the floor of the verandah stood a keg of nails, a bag of turnip seed, a nest of patent pails, a coil of rope and a roll of barbed wire, while against the wall leaned an axe, a hoe, a washboard, a spade, two or three pitchforks, and a circle of carriage whips, all placed carefully so as not to obstruct the view of the windows.

This view retained in dry season and in wet its chief tone of familiarity. For strive as Angus might, he always fell back on the pyramids of soap bars, the tiers of canned salmon, the boxes of smoked herring, with one open, the several glass jars of candies, the pipes and tobacco, and the two lamps with blue bowls set on brass pedestals. These objects could be seen only as a result of careful scrutiny, for the panes of glass, which were small, even diminutive, compared with the large sheets of plate glass seen elsewhere, had become coated with a film of dust that imparted, especially from a short distance off, a sense of uncertainty, if not a feeling of antiquity. But why dress and undress windows when people had to buy the goods sooner or later? And why clean windows when all Angus had to do was to put up the shutters every Saturday night—an insurance against desecration of the Sabbath and evidence of reverence of sacred things.

Sacred, on the other hand, is the memory of the store inside. For there was displayed, under glass, long sticks of candy at a cent a stick, or six for five, and bulls'-eyes that you could suck all the way to school and have enough left to keep Lizzie Jones going until first recess. Those were the days of the humbug, the peppermint drop, horehound, and the conversation lozenge. Angus kept a stock of these dainties always on hand, and even if he had a reputation for being parsimonious, he was known to slip a square of taffy into a little boy's hand and to permit the same little boy to sit in the empty hogshead in the back yard and to compete with bluebottles for the morsels of sugar that remained in the crevices between the staves.

The Sugar Between The Staves

Brown Sugar Was Staple

Brown sugar was staple in those days. Angus kept it handy, in a wooden bin just behind the counter. Beside it there were bins of raisins, currants, rice, oatmeal, sago and tapioca. Above the bins, on the shelves, reposed a row of tin boxes painted red or green and labelled "allspice", "pepper", "cinnamon", "lemon peel", and "mustard". It was Angus's privilege to remind his customers of these goods, and while Henry Perkins would be testing the "feel" of a barley fork, Angus would be asking Mrs. Perkins whether she needed any clothes pins, lamp globes, lamp wick, coal oil, vanilla extract, cloves, sardines, factory cotton, buttons, thread, or molasses.

Molasses, perhaps naturally enough, was esteemed by both young and old, but there was a concoction called blackstrap that was not fit for man or beast. We used to try it on porridge and pancakes and sometimes neat, but there was not any proper place for it except as a relief in baking or as a counteracting element in pork and beans.

Pork, one might mention casually, was not a luxury; indeed, everyone raised one's own hog, and it was a sad day when one could not buy, borrow or steal a side of bacon, a well-cured ham or a few feet for pickling. For example, it was a custom for old Charlie, whenever he dressed a hog, to send a piece of fresh meat to the doctor, to the blacksmith, to Mrs. Littlejohn, and, perhaps, to the farrier. A doubtful custom, a custom, as Hamlet would say, more honoured in the breach than in the observance. Nevertheless it was not without merit. For the doctor raised a hog of his own, and whenever he killed, he sent, never failing, a piece of fresh meat to Charlie, to the farrier, and, perhaps, to Mrs. Littlejohn.

Mrs. Littlejohn was very punctilious as to this custom. She in turn, that is, whenever her good man killed, sent some chops to the doctor, a kidney or two to Charlie, and, perhaps, a couple of feet to the farrier. So that throughout the season everyone, at least once in a while, had a taste of fresh meat.

Meat—*revenons à nos moutons*—was apart from Angus's line. For Angus stuck to things that were not domestic. If you wanted tea, we'll say, he could supply a blend that was called "dust" and that, even if it had not much effect, certainly looked like mud. A dozen eggs bought half a pound, and with all its weakness it at least put a face on things. Old Charlie said one might just as well drink dishwater, and the doctor pronounced it harmless. One thing, it was not hard on the nerves, and 'Liza Lumbers said she could drink three cupfuls and not feel it. But 'Liza was notorious as a tea-

Could Drink Three Cupfuls

Angus Defies the Grange

drinker, and therefore her experience should be accepted only with a grain of salt.

Salt, by the way, was one of Angus's important commodities.It was sold at a dollar a barrel, and Angus defied any man, even the Grange, to sell it for less and live. The Grange accepted the challenge, sold it at ninety cents, and died within the year. It was a great triumph for Angus, as great, almost, as his luck in getting the post-office.

The post-office, it is scarcely necessary to record, was restricted to a narrow section located at the rear and almost hidden from view by top boots, oil cans and bucksaws hanging from the ceiling. Its equipment consisted of a wicket, a drawer for money and stamps, a book for recording the delivery of infrequent registered mail, and as many pigeon-holes as there are letters in our alphabet. Some of the pigeon-holes never were used, because there was not any person thereabouts with a name like Zorn, Quantz, or Xavier. In these unclaimed holes Angus kept all doubtful or interesting matter until he could find time to steam and read it.

Steaming and reading was one of the natural perquisities of the post-office. But it was everyone's privilege, if not indeed duty, to examine the backs of one's letters in the hope of discovering an incriminating finger-mark or some other doubtful disfigurement. Of course, Angus, like all rural postmasters, carried himself as if above suspicion, but there were some of us who held that if he did not possess inside information as to local affairs he at least exercised uncanny perspicacity. Mrs. Simpkins, if you please, declared, whenever even slightly provoked, that the day after she received notice that her mortgage was about to be foreclosed everybody in the neighborhood knew about it. And that in face of the fact that she was well able to pay it all off at once and be done with it. That was hard on Mrs. Simpkins. And Angus got the blame. But it wasn't half as hard on her as the news was on 'Liza Lumbers that she had advertised for a husband. Nobody seemed to know just how this titbit leaked out. 'Liza herself stuck up for Angus, perhaps because she was 'cute enough to see that if she accused him it would show that she had advertised. At all events, it wasn't long before a stranger appeared in the village, decent enough looking for a man of his years, and, as it appeared, he had plenty of money. And that was the last we saw of 'Liza.

The Last of 'Liza

"Gosh!" exclaimed Billy Pringle as soon as the news had been imparted by old Charlie, who was stitting against one of the store's verandah uprights, chewing slippery elm. "Gosh!

I hadn't heard. 'Pears to me it pays to advertise. I guess I'll tie up." *It Pays to Advertise*

He tied his horses to the hitching-post.

"All depends on what you have to sell," said Si Butson. "Now if you wuz to advertise that there nigh critter o' yourn for sale or to give away, hanging the ad. on her collar bone, I bet you wouldn't get a bid."

"Haw, haw!" exploded Joe, the teamster. "That's a good one. What you say, Bill?"

"I say you can't buy that mare at no price. She ain't for sale."

"What's she for, then?" asked Si.

"For lookin' at, I guess," said old Charlie.

"Yes, and a dang good picter she makes, too," said Billy, "beside the finest colt in Hibbert."

"Has she folded?" asked Si.

"Yes, and what's more, she can draw more'n any horse you've got."

Si stepped off the verandah and patted the mare on the shoulder.

"She's pretty good to draw, is she?" he asked.

"Pretty good," said Billy.

Joe stepped off, following Si, to get a better view.

"Why," he exclaimed, "she can draw all right, you bet, she's drawing her breath."

"You don't say so," said old Charlie, rising from the edge of the verandah, with a groan, and moving slowly over to where Si and Joe stood.

Billy picked up a fork and made a motion with it as if pitching hay into a mow. Then he leaned against the farthest upright, bit off a morsel of tobacco, and regarded with an amused smile the three men in front of him. Si was standing off a few feet looking at the mare; Joe was examining her teeth, and old Charlie was feeling her spavins.

"Yes," said Billy leisurely, "and she's drawing more'n her breath."

"You don't say so," said Si. "Can't see it."

"Well," said Billy, "if you wuz standing where I am you'd see that she's drawing the attention of the three damnedest knowalls between here and Halifax."

Halifax was a word that denoted distance. It was familiar also because we reckoned sometimes by Halifax currency and the York shilling. Angus, for instance, never told you that a lamp globe would cost twenty-five cents. That sounded too much. He always said it would cost a shilling. *The York Shilling*

Real Flint Lamp Globes

"What? Twenty-five cents for a lamp glass!" you would reply.

"Ah!" Angus would rejoin, "You must remember this is real flint, almost unbreakable—only a shilling."

And so it went, from door knobs to soothing syrup. For Angus kept, you will recall, a small store of drugs, mostly patent medicines, and these he sold in direct competition with the doctor. Salts and senna, of course, were in constant demand, and there was more or less trade in hair oil, pain-killer, sarsaparilla, gentian root, blood bitters, sassafras, liniments, astringents, and condition powders. So that you could get a remedy for the common ailments of both man or beast; and, what was to some of us of more importance, you could get credit, even if Angus, scrupulous as he professed to be, was charged repeatedly with overcharging. That is, he would make two entries for one purchase. And it was whispered about, especially by those of us who were in debt, that his conscience permitted him to enter in the books a charge for something you had not bought. Mrs. Cameron was indiscreet enough to tell here and there that he had billed her for a gallon of kerosine, a commodity she always bought by the barrel. And when this statement in the course of its percolation reached Angus, he threw up his hands, denounced the day of his birth and threatened to send the woman a lawyer's letter. But letters from such a source were scarce in those days, for there was not one lawyer within ten miles, and there were other ways to satisfaction.

One way was forgetfulness. That, it seemed, was Angus's way. For even if he threatened much, he was long-suffering, and without malice. He served his generation from morning until the setting of the sun. And when night fell, still was he there. He trimmed his lamps and set them in their brackets in the windows; and inside, above the counters, he set them so high that they made smoky spots on the ceiling. But what was that to Angus, the very same Angus who had all he could do to serve us day in and day out, night after night? From Monday until Saturday he was there. And then, on the last day of every week, on the stroke of midnight, he would put up the shutters, lock the door and blow out the lights. That was the last we could see of him until Sunday morning, when in fine weather he would walk out into the backyard behind the store, sit under the grape arbour and read the weekly newspaper. It was cool and quiet out there. And after a while we could see, ascending like incense, through the lattice and through the leaves, the thin, blue smoke of a cigar.

Angus's Day of Rest

Etching by André Lapine

STORM CLOUD

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SIR JOHN A. ----AFTER THIRTY YEARS

BY A. H. U. COLQUHOUN

THIRTY years have gone by since the death of Sir John Macdonald. He died on the 6th of June, 1891. A generation which never saw him and never heard him has grown up. The most fascinating and powerful personality that ever appeared in the public life of Canada is imperfectly, if at all, known to the young men and women of the present day. The authentic biography of him must be out of print. Certainly it is seldom seen except in the libraries. His speeches have not been collected. An occasional copy of Mr. Biggar's interesting little anecdotic life flits across the scene, but the more lengthy biographies were usually sold by subscription and the general reader knows them not. The Macdonald papers—voluminous and important—are in the Archives, but not for present use. His literary executor, Sir Joseph Pope, has been loyal to the memory and fame of his chief and has discharged his duty to the dead statesman with fidelity and judgment. But the historical sense is not fully awake in this country, or the career of Sir John Macdonald, which was practically the political history of Canada from 1845 to 1891, would be carefully studied for its bearing and influence upon the national problems that face us now.

This omission is the more unaccountable because few men were as influential and as generally beloved as he was, and his death evoked the most impressive display of popular affection and grief. The political and economic structure of the Dominion is still cast in the form which his hand had so large a share in moulding. With one or two brief intervals he was either the Prime Minister or the prime mover in every Government for thirty-five years and the policies he did not originate—his critics said, many—he adopted and brought to

completion. Other men, able and patriotic, lacked the same tenacious courage and he fell heir, fairly and naturally, to the common achievements. Such a career would be remarkable anywhere. When he entered Parliament he faced the group system of party about which we hear so much now as if it were a new thing. The Parliaments that followed the Union of the Canadas after the rebellions of 1837 and 1838 were torn by faction and split up into sections. There were at least four organized elements when young Macdonald began his public life as member for Kingston. The French, who disliked the Union, would not for a time join any Government. The Tory group was made up of the successors of the Family Compact and their supporters. To this, as a Conservative, Macdonald perforce adhered. But his mind and temperament were not of the Tory flavour. The Compact, mistrusting the Union as heartily as the French, resembled the kingly line which learned nothing and forgot nothing. They could neither create nor combine. In this depressing situation Macdonald displayed one of the qualities which never deserted him in after life—the capacity for playing a waiting game. In a short time he was the recognized force in the Conservative ranks and was steadily recruiting a new party made up of men who thought alike on great questions, but had never acted together. It soon appeared that a leader unrivalled in the management of men had entered the political sphere. The remnant of old Tories looked on with dismay and amazement, but what could they do? They were hurried, breathless, into co-operation with Radicals, Liberals, friends of rebellion, and other wicked persons, until their nervous systems must have been sorely tried. The sources of present-day conditions must be sought in this period which is one of the most instructive in our annals. By the time that the Union of 1841 was becoming unworkable and a new constitution on a broader basis was seen to be necessary, Macdonald was the indispensable factor in any situation that might arise.

It is as difficult to state who was actually the Father of Confederation as to decide the identity of the Man in the Iron Mask. There have been many claims. Macdonald had not been foremost in pushing the movement on, although always in favour of it. Prudent and cautious in his decisions, as became the general of a composite army, he was content to await developments. He never failed in patience. When George Brown, the Liberal leader, and Cartier, who represented the French, were once committed to definite action on a large union, he hesitated no longer, and there is little doubt as to who filled the post of managing director in the making of the Dominion and in its subsequent development. It was almost impossible to oust him from office, or to keep him out long if mischance had displaced him. He overcame all hostile combinations. The famous remark of Marshal MacMahon to the English general, *"J'y suis, j'y reste"*, expresses the attitude of Macdonald toward all arguments, hints, or threats that his Government should give way to other men, and, as they honestly believed, to better men. Of seven general elections held after the Dominion was formed his party won six. Repeated defeats first discourage and then embitter the vanquished. To this feeling was in large part due the vehement abuse showered upon him during the whole of his career. Much of the fusilade was received with the outward appearance of perfect good humour which merely served to aggravate his opponents. There was an edge to his chaff in public speeches which was keenly resented. One was puzzled to account for the fact that the public man who was the mark for every variety of oratorical brickbat, who was assailed in the press as *fons et origo mali*, enjoyed at the same time unbounded popularity among

all sorts and conditions of people.

The unwilling tributes of Sir Richard Cartwright, whose book is otherwise a long arraignment of Macdonald, are conclusive testimony to the general favour with which the villain in the piece was regarded. Macdonald, so Sir Joseph Pope tells us, could not account for Cartwright's long sustained enmity except as an obsession. The Cartwright indictment is interspersed with acknowledgments that Sir John Macdonald admired courage and integrity; was careful in judicial appointments; never feared to punish evildoers; gave up good financial prospects to serve the state, and showed no pettiness in the treatment of public officials. "Provided an employee did good work, he cared little what his politics had been or by whom he had been appointed." Cartwright, with engaging candour, makes the somewhat grudging admission: "Towards the end we had subsided into a sort of armed neutrality and perhaps if he had lived a little longer we might have arrived at some sort of *modus vivendi*. Friends we could never have been again. He had many good points and I had learnt a good deal from him in earlier days. With better surroundings he might have been a better man, and I would make more allowances for him to-day than I did twenty or thirty years ago." This judgment is not as generous as the verdict passed by the contemporaries of Macdonald. At the height of his power and fame he used these words: "I have had a long life of politics, a long life of official duties. I have committed many mistakes. Looking back with the light of experience, there are many things I have done wrongly, and many things I have neglected that I should have done. These rise to me. I know them. I recognize them, but I should be more than human if I had not committed errors. I say this to you and I believe the majority of the country will believe me when I state that whatever I have done, in every act of legislation and administration, I have tried, according to the best of my judgment, to do what I could for the well-being of good government and the future prosperity of this my beloved country." Such a plea for pardon is seldom refused. That posterity will forgive Sir John Macdonald for his mistakes is as certain as anything can be in an uncertain world.

To explain his hold upon the affections of young and old we must realize the combination of qualities seldom found in one person: a strong intellect and a warm heart; vivacity in social life linked to the coolest deliberation in affairs political; a droll humour that failed to spoil the most serious speech; facility in debate far removed from oratory, but far more than a match for burning eloquence; a jaunty air that in no wise detracted from his distinction of manner and appearance, A more approachable man never existed. There was not a hint of "side" or the dignity of office. The memory for names and faces, a natural gift, he had cultivated until it became well nigh miraculous. The shrewd judgment and insight of the Lowland Scot tempered the passionate fire inherited from his Highland parents. He possessed, as everyone recognized, the secret of infinite patience which is the foundation stone of statesmanship. In the school of experience he had learned religious toleration. When he struck, the stroke was hard, and he could be merciless when necessity, or his conception of public duty, called for it. His jokes were innumerable, and in a party sense, provocative and irritating. Anything more audacious than his defence of "gerrymandering" — the art of so carving up the constituencies as to produce an unfair majority—is difficult to conceive. In his later days when this indefensible practice was surely needless, since his opponents lay prostrate, he defended his course in "hiving the Grits", as the phrase of the time expressed it, in this way:

"Well, the Grits complain that they are hived together. It seems they do not like the association. (Laughter). When the Reform Club was built in London, it was the finest club-house there, and the club-room was really a magnificent chamber. Theodore Hook, who was a great wit and the editor of a Tory paper, was taken into the Reform Club by a friend who desired to show him the place. When he was in the club-room the friend said: 'How do you like our room?' Said Hook: 'I would rather have your room than your company.' (Loud laughter). So it is with the Grits. They do not like each other's company. They like to associate with Conservative gentlemen such as you; your being with them rather gives tone to their society." (Loud laughter).

Why, asked the friends of uplift, do not the people condemn such levity and such methods? They could not see the reply: because he skilfully brought forward other and greater issues on which the election was bound to turn and because his irresistible personality impelled them to hug the offender and forgive the offence. No truer or fairer appreciation of him has been penned than the estimate of Sir John Willison in this Magazine not long ago, and those who desire to know the source and strength of Macdonald's power over the hearts, and even the consciences, of his fellow-countrymen should seek them in those just and penetrating studies of his character and career. To assume that statesmen of the fine patriotism of Brown, Mackenzie, Blake and Laurier founded their distaste of Macdonald's policy upon the demerits of his party strategy or his frivolous jests is to do them gross injustice. Graver grounds for attack existed. A technical and persuasive defence has been made of the Pacific Scandal. Now that it has become a shadowy thing, pushed into the background by remorseless time, why should we condone it? This was one of a great man's errors. One emphatic condemnation, that would have forever overwhelmed an ordinary leader, the country registered in 1874 and then forgave him. Eternal punishment is not an article in any political creed. The cost of elections, and what private purses supply the funds, are matters from which democracy uneasily, and too often hypocritically, turns away. Some day the facts must be squarely faced.

On the status and future of Canada the old Prime Minister made many declarations. Their significance remains, even if the present generation is so filled with wisdom that it does not require to know them. There were two fundamental articles in his faith and from them he never parted: the Imperial tie must not be severed, the rights of self-government cannot be whittled down. In the Confederation Debates of 1865 he looked forward to "a healthy and cordial alliance" between Canada and the Mother State, not to a continuance of dependency, as the ideal of the future. When English free traders raised a storm of protest against Canadian tariffs Macdonald declared: "We all desire to stand well with the Mother Country, but her people are judges of their interests and we of ours". He was an Imperialist with a practical mind. The most pleasing theory left him cold. An Imperial Federation, with a common Parliament in London, was to him an idle dream. How he would have met the new constitutional obligations created by the war we cannot know. But of one thing we may be quite sure. With the gravest national problems confronting Canada he would have regarded needless discussion of Imperial relations as waste of time. With daring sincerity he asserted that, proud as he was of the honours and titles bestowed upon him by the Imperial authorities, he regarded still more highly the confidence of the people of Canada. Yet of narrow nativism he had not a trace.

It is doubtful if a more sagacious outlook than that of Sir John Mac-

donald for the government and development of Canada will ever be discovered. The circumstances have changed, but the lessons remain. In commercial policy, national autonomy; in Imperial relations, stability; in religious affairs, the widest toleration, and in racial differences, a close and friendly alliance between the English and the French. He spent his life in maintaining the last. It was not a mere party device. For twenty years he was hopelessly in opposition in his own Province on account of "my friendly relations with the French". He knew that the French were devoted to the maintenance of law and order in church and state. They formed then, as they do now, the resisting element to revolution and anarchy. Their social and domestic virtues are the basis of the most durable of civilizations. Their pride of race and of language is the proof of their attachment to Canada For all these reasons, and because their cheerful disposition, industrious lives and freedom from bigotry appealed to him as the qualities most needed in a new country. Sir John Macdonald staked his political success upon mutual respect and affection between the two races. Of the political legacies he has left his fellow-countrymen this is probably the most enduring of all.

NOTE—For the curious in such matters the following printed material respecting Macdonald is to be found in many libraries: Sir Joseph Pope, Memoirs (2 vols. 1894), The Day of Sir John Macdonald (Chronicles of Canada series), Confederation Documents (1895), Sir John A. Macdonald Vindicated (Reply to Cartwright); Sir George Parkin, 1891); J. E. Collins, Life and Times (1883); E. B. Biggar, Anecdotic Life (1891); Fennings Taylor, Portraits of British Americans (1865); J. C. Dent, Canadian Portrait Gallery (1880); Political Addresses (1844–1861); Report of Demonstration in honour of fortieth biography in the Makers of Canada series: Colonel J. Pennington Macpherson, Life, (2 vols. anniversary of entering political life (1884); Sir John Willison, Reminiscences (1919); M. O. Hammond, Confederation and its Leaders (1917); Confederation Debates (1865), Parliamentary Debates (1870, 1871), Hansard (1875–1891).

FLOWERS OF MIDSUMMER'S DAY

BY MAUD GOING

THE flowers of song and story, the potent plants that work magic spells or break them, the healers of malady and the fetchers of dreams, have never been the darlings of the gardener. Some of them are modest herbs which he overlooks, and some are weeds which he hates. For ages they have dogged the footsteps and dwelt in the door-yards of man. They have forced themselves upon his notice by sheer persistence, and being always in his sight, have been also in his mind and, at last, in his affections also.

Many of these "weeds of civilization", keeping always close to man, have followed him from the old world to the new. The first seeds were brought by some settler who loved these plants, humble though they were, as reminders of the home across the sea; or they smuggled themselves into the country, mixed with seeds for the first plantings, clinging to agricultural tools, baggage or ship's ballast, or in fodder brought in with the settler's cattle. Thus it has come about that in long inhabited parts of the United States and of Canada we find Shakespeare's flowers gone wild into the fields. And with them live wonder-working plants of Allhallows, Yule-Tide, May-Eve or Midsummer's Night, so that whosoever, for old sake's sake, will practise the charms worked by English village folk in Shakespeare's day may gather most of the potent plants by any country roadside east of the great plains.

The legends connected with them have come from the old world too. They are older than Christianity. They belong to the heathen faiths of those European nations whose descendants are blending into the Canadian and American people.

To us, who live in ceiled houses, and bring the fruits of the earth from afar, raise them under glass, or preserve them by scientific methods, winter is no longer a menace. But to primitive people in northern latitudes it meant at best physical suffering and scarcity of food, and at worst, death by hunger or cold. So to the barbarous inhabitants of northern Europe the movements of the sun fixed dates of vital consequence.

Our forefathers were ignorant of astronomical whys and wherefores, but experience taught them that there are two days in the year when darkness and light are of equal length, and that one of these heralds the summer and one precedes the winter. They knew when the northern limit of the sun's journeying is marked by the longest day, and when the shortest day is passed, and summer begins to come back from afar.

On each of these four epochs all the heathen peoples of northern Europe held high ceremony in honour of the sun-god and the lesser deities of their faiths. Their gods were personified

No. 1. Clover-Trefoil or "Herb-Trinity" (*Trifolium*)
No. 2. Vervain, "Holy-Herb" or "Simpler's Joy" (*Verbena Hastata*)
No. 3. Orpine, "Midsummer-Men" or "Live-Forever" (*Sedum Telephioides*)
No. 4. St. John's Wort or "Balm of the Warrior's Wound" (*Hypericum Perforatum*)

parts or powers of nature. They belonged to the air, the sky, the woods and the waters. They languished or revived with the sun's withdrawals or returns, and they shared in his farewells and in his welcomes.

When Christian missionaries came to tell these peoples the story of the Cross, they found the old faiths deeply rooted and dearly loved. Rather than relinquish their time-honoured rites, the recently-gained converts would go back to heathendom. So the missionaries made the best of things and kept the old festivals, but consecrated them.

Each heathen sunfeast fell conveniently near to some red-letter day of the Church. The autumnal farewell to the sun contributed elements of witchery and wonder to Michaelmas and Hallow-Eve. The great feast for his return, Yule-Tide, became blent with Christmas, and the gladness at the awakening of nature in spring was added to Easter joy over the risen Christ.

The feast for the high tide of summer, marked by the longest day, came close to the twenty-fourth of June, honoured by the Church as the birth-day of John the Baptist. Astronomically the longest day is sometimes the twentieth and sometimes the twenty-first of June. It precedes many days of bright, warm weather

No. 2. Yarrow or "Milfoil" (*Achillea Millefolium*)
Not Marked: Common Plantain or "Woundweed" (*Plantago Majus*)

but none the less it marks the time when winter reaches the end of his retreat, turns, and begins to creep back again. The heathen people of northern Europe regarded this as the death-day of their god of summer sunshine, Baldur the Beautiful. Their homes were under gray skies and beside gray and wind-lashed seas, and to them sunshine was almost a synonym for gladness. So they attributed to Baldur every virtue, grace and charm. No god of their mythology was so loved as he. He was so beautiful that it dazzled the eyes to behold him, so good that his mere presence brought blessing. He was the son of supreme Odin, lord of heaven and ruler of men; but even the highest gods of Norse mythology were not exempt from death.

As Baldur was the incarnation of light and goodness, the date of his death was a festival to the powers of darkness and evil. It was then that witches held high carnival. On Midsummer's Night the fairies revelled, and next morning green circles made by their whirling dances could be seen upon the grass. These fairies were tricky folk, fond of practical jokes even if not actually malicious. It was best to take no risks when ghosts or fairies were in question, though no one believed in them—oh, of course not.

Thus reasoned our European forefathers, and so on Midsummer's night,

called also St. John's Eve, certain plants were woven into wreaths and crosses and hung up to frighten fairies and witches away.

Then too, venturesome souls sought the plants of dream and charm, for with these, on that night, one could compel the fairies to reveal the future, known to them though hidden from mortals.

High noon of the summer solstice is the culmination of the year. The sun will never be so high in heaven till the cycle of time brings the summer solstice and the noon hour around again. By St. John's day (the twenty-fourth of June) when Midsummer charms are potent, the year has reached and passed its high-tide mark. The days have begun to shorten; the flood of summer has already turned towards the south.

But when the sun-feast of pagan Europe was blent with St. John's day, all the sun's charms were transferred, intact and entire, to the religious festival. Hence it came about that high noon of St. John's day is an hour of witchery and wonder. Then all the beechnuts open, and, as soon as the hour is past, close up again. If it rains during the hour the beechnuts are spoiled for the year. The divining rod must be cut at high noon on St. John's day. Then too "there will grow out of the ground a hand, called St. John's hand. Whoever possesses such a hand is lucky, as its stroke is good against all kinds of fluxions and other maladies."

High noon on Midsummer puts mystic powers into several homely plants. "At this hour," says one old writer, "burdock should be dug up, for under it will be found a coal good for many things". Some skeptic grumbles that this coal is an old dried root to be found whenever one looks for it.

The favourite midsummer dream plant was the plantain or "rib grass", detested as a troublesome lawn weed by every gardener in the eastern part of Canada and of the United States. Once it was thought that a lucky maiden might find a rare coal under this plant if she would look for it on the one propitious hour of the whole year, high noon of Midsummer's day. With this coal under her pillow, on the following night, she will see her future husband in a dream. The Indians used to call this plantain 'the print of the white man's foot', and it is said to follow the Caucasian race around the world. Its preference for the edges of roads has given rise to an old continental legend that once it was a maiden watching by the wayside for her lover. So waiting she was turned into a weed by malignant magic, but constant through all changes, she watches by the wayside still.

Another plant earnestly sought by love-sick maids on St. John's Eve, was the orpine or "Midsummer Men". This is a common wild herb with us, in rocky and hilly country. It seems to have escaped from rural gardens to roadsides, where it lives with brambles, wild roses and sweet-smelling Dicksonia ferns. The dark purplish-red blossoms appear in later June.

On St. John's Eve English girls used to set up two plants of Orpine on a platter, one for the lover and one for the lass. If both plants live till morning both lovers will live to wed, unless alack! the lover's plant turns its head in the night and droops away from the plant the lass has set up for herself. That means that he will prove untrue.

A girl in love sought too, on Midsummer's Eve for "a yarrow sprung from a young man's grave", for with this beneath her pillow she would see her true love in a dream.

The blossoms sacred to the god of the summer sunshine are, most of them, open, sun-shaped things with golden discs and flaring rays. Some of them are veritable flowers of light, all white and golden. Among them are the ox-eyed daisy, called also "midsummer daisy", the garden chamomile, its wild cousin of the fields

May-Weed, or "Balder's Brow" (*Anthemus Cotula*)

known in Scandinavia as "Balder's Brow", and the shining stars of St. John's wort, the dearest of them all.

This plant has been called "the first of Devilfuge's". In times when doctoring and witchcraft were akin, it was used, with many superstitious ceremonies, as a potent medicine. "Old wives," says a black letter author, "say that the herb is good against ghosts if people carry it about with them, on which account it is called *Fuga Daemonum*. It is also called 'all heal' because of its virtue in curing all kinds of wounds and angry humours." It was always woven into the wreath hung on Midsummer's Eve to scare away evil

The Common Groundsel (*Senechio Vulgaris*)
A plant in league with witches

spirits and mischievous fairies, and it was also a potent charm against witchcraft and lightning. With it were twined birch, fennel, wormwood, trefoil, orpine, and a flower reverenced and loved from remote antiquity, the Vervain.

This plant, renowned in mythology, legend and rhyme, may be found almost anywhere east of the plains growing among tall grasses in moist meadow land. Its purple flowers are borne at the top of a tall, leafy spike, so weedy of aspect that we seem to do the plant too much honour in saying that it is cousin to the garden verbena. Yet vervain is highly esteemed.

Some sacredness clung to it still in Shakespeare's days, for Ben Johnson says.

"Bring your garlands and with reverence place
Vervain upon the altar."

Even now, in rural England, the plant is in repute as a medicine and as a charm. Moncure Conway speaks of vervain wreaths twined around the necks of village children, much as the Italian mother hangs around the throat of her dark-eyed darling a charm to avert the evil eye. It frightens away witches and naughty fairies, and frustrates black magic.

Bracken (*Pteris Aquilina*)
The "Fern" of Elizabethan writers

"Trefoil, vervain, John's-wort, dill,
Hinder witches from their will,"

chants Meg Merillies.

There is an old rhyme wherewith to greet the Vervain before one gathers it for the Midsummer's garland.

"Hail to thee Holy Herb
Growing on the ground!
On the Mount of Olivet
First wert thou found.
Thou are good for many an ill
And healest many a wound,
In the name of Sweet Jesus
I lift thee from the ground."

In pagan times vervain was intertwined with myrtle to make the wreath of Venus, and thus perhaps it became associated with wooing, no less than with worship and witchcraft. It was the most potent ingredient in the love philtre, and before old pagan customs perished out of Germany, the new-made village bride was presented with a wreath of vervain, as if to place her under the protection of Venus Victrix.

An old writer counsels that "to be delivered from witchcraft on a Midsummer's Eve, we hang in our entries a herb called cinquefoil, also valerian, frankincense and myrrh, also Haythorn, otherwise White-thorn gathered on May day".

The groundsel is, on the contrary, in league with the witches if not with His Satanic Majesty himself. In Ireland it is called the "fairies' horse". On this herb the fairies ride through the air to their great gathering on Midsummer Night. In many parts of Europe, even to-day, the peasants are convinced that on St. John's Eve the elfin hosts are abroad in great power.

It is then that the bracken, that big, common roadside fern, puts forth at dusk a small blue flower, which is followed by a wonderful seed. This falls at the stroke of midnight, and he

who gathers it properly can become invisible at will.

In old England the seed was supposed to fall, of its own accord, into a metal plate, and one must on no account disturb the plate, or the charm would be broken. This belief is referred to in Shakespeare's "Henry the Fifth", when the rascal Gadshill says: "We have the recepit of fern seed. We walk invisible."

In that most delightful book "Under the Greenwood Tree" we read of a form of love divination practised in rural England, what time our grandmothers were young. The lass with the courage of her curiosity prepared a humble feast, set wide the door, and waited at midnight, alone, with fluttering heart we may be sure, to see what might befall. "Never was I in such a taking," says Mrs. Penny, who tells the story, "as on that Midsummer Eve. I sat up, quite determined to see if John Wildmay was going to marry me or no. I put the bread and cheese and cider ready, as the witch's book ordered, and I opened the door, and I waited till the clock struck twelve, my nerves all alive, and so distinct that I could feel every one of 'em twitching like bell wires. Yes sure! And when the clock had struck, lo and behold, I could see through the door a little small man in the lane, wi' a shoemaker's apron on. In he walks and down he sits, and O my goodness me, didn't I flee upstairs, body and soul hardly hanging together! Well! To make a long story short, John Wildmay and I had a miff and parted; and lo and behold the coming man came!"

Perhaps the most interesting midsummer observance lasting on into these days of cold fact and keen skepticism is the kindling of the great fires. This custom is undoubtedly a relic of sun worship. In Puritan times it was still sturdily alive in northern Scotland, where it caused much pious concern to local Presbyteries. On the thirteenth of June, 1671, the Brethren of Dingwall were ordained to "make publique intimation to their several congregations of the act passed in Synod against Midsummer fires."

But the Beltein (or sun fires) continued to flare, year after year, on Scottish heights, despite all the denunciations of the devout. "To this day," says Sibbald's Glossary for 1802, "the custom is continuing along the Strath of Clyde. On some nights a dozen fires may be seen at one view." They were supposed to frighten away the witches.

In some parts of Ireland this custom persisted till within the memory of four score years, and we are not sure that it is dead even now. "On St. John's Eve last," says a correspondent of "Notes and Queries", writing in 1850, "I happened to pass the day at a house situated on an elevated tract in County Kilkenny. I shall long remember the beauty of the sight when, as dusk closed in, fire after fire shot up its clear flame, thickly studding the near plains and the distant hills. With the flames rose the shouts of representatives of the old sun-worshippers. When a boy I have often passed through the fire on Midsummer's Eve. The higher the flame the more daring the act, and hence arose a sort of emulation among the perpetrators of this rite."

It has been shorn of its horrors by Christian civilization. The sons and daughters who "passed through the fire to Moloch" did not leap out hilarious and unscathed.

In many parts of Ireland cattle were driven through the Midsummer fire, and this ceremony was supposed to preserve them from harm during the ensuing year. Antiquarians would see in it a reminiscence of animal sacrifices offered to the sun-god.

Antiquarians tell us that as beacons used to flare across dark valleys, from hill to hill, these Beltein fires have flashed across the centuries, back—back—to a historic remoteness where men look vague and gigantic, like figures glimpsed through mist.

CANADA'S LAST UNMARKED BATTLEFIELD

BY ERNEST GREEN

SOUTHWARD from Niagara Falls the splendid frontier boulevard passes through the historic village of Chippawa, crossing the Welland river just above its mouth, and, continuing beside the Niagara, reaches, in less than a mile, the scene of the battle of Street's Creek, or Chippawa, fought on the afternoon of July 5th, 1814.

The battlefield is a level plain and is less changed from its condition of a hundred years ago than are most Canadian battlefields. Now, as on the day of the battle, the field is open farm land. The boulevard along the river is merely the old frontier road, vastly improved. The dense woods that bounded the field on the west, half a mile distant from the river, and that gave cover to some desperate fighting, have largely disappeared. Street's, or Ussher's, Creek marks the southern limit of the field of action, while to the north the plain stretches back to Chippawa, from whence came the British and Canadian forces under Riall to attack the greatly superior invading army under Brown.

The battle fought here had many features of more than ordinary interest. The United States army had been assembling for months at Buffalo and its main body of regular troops had been trained to a degree not theretofore attained by the forces of the Republic. The brigade led by Winfield Scott was a force of character superior to that of any considerable body of troops that had taken part in previous invasions of Canadian territory. Scott was determined to wipe out in victory the smarting memory of defeat and capture at Queenston Heights.

Here, for the first time in the history of the war, troops of the United States faced, unshaken, the terrible onslaught of British regulars.

The invading force was in perfect health, splendidly equipped, furnished with ample artillery, and flushed with the bloodless winning of Fort Erie and a triumphant march of nearly twenty miles along the Canadian frontier.

The British and Canadian force that Riall brought into the field was greatly inferior both in numbers and in artillery. Two of his three regular regiments had been reduced by years of fighting to almost skeleton strength, while the third, in addition to a like depletion, was weakened by disease to such an extent that it had actually been sent away from the field of campaign, only to be recalled in haste to aid in resisting the new invasion. It reached Chippawa in such a state of exhaustion, after fourteen miles of fast marching under a midsummer sun, that it was only fit for reserve duty when the action commenced.

In militia and Indian forces the two armies were, perhaps, not unequal, but in the preliminary fighting and in

the final struggle the famous 2nd Lincoln showed itself to be the finest non-regular unit in the field and added greatly to the high credit that already crowned its colours.

To the advantages of numbers, equipment and condition, the United States army added that of being able to choose a defensive position and there await the onslaught of its opponents.

How Riall in person led the Royal Scots and 100th regiments across the shrapnel-swept plain and into the sweeping volleys of the unshaken United States infantry, how the colonels of both regiments, with a majority of their subordinate officers and great numbers of their men were cut down by the pitiless storm of bullets so that the charge withered and recoiled before it could be driven home, every student of Canadian history knows. The grim front with which the 8th or "King's" regiment covered the retirement of the shattered battalions, so that the exultant invaders hesitated to charge in their turn, was eloquent of that ancient British morale which holds unshaken in defeat as in victory.

The charge of the British at Chippawa has been well likened to that of the Light Brigade at Balaclava. In the magnificence of its daring, the heroism of its performance and the magnitude of the losses it involved, it ranks with the most famous forlorn hopes in the history of war.

More British soldiers were killed in the fight at Chippawa than in any other battle of the war fought on Canadian soil, with the single exception of Lundy's Lane. The battle of Chippawa was no skirmish, as were many "battles" of that war; it was no bush-fight, as were Chateauguay and Beaverdams; it was no confused midnight struggle, as were Stoney Creek and Lundy's Lane; no ill-advised and badly-executed movement, characterized by failure under battle-test of one of the armies, as were Crysler's Farm and Queenston Heights—but a regular action, fought in an open field, in which both armies displayed soldierly qualities of the highest order and, alike in victory and defeat, won the unstinted praise of their opponents.

Why, then, is Chippawa battlefield unmarked? Why is the battle of Chippawa well-nigh forgotten?

Doubtless the greater and more decisive battle of Lundy's Lane, occurring only three weeks later, and the bitter and bloody siege of Fort Erie, that occupied the rest of the year and ended the war in Upper Canada, overshadowed the contest at Chippawa in those times, and the lapse of a century has not served to readjust our appreciation of the true character of these events. At Lundy's Lane we accomplished what we failed to attain at Chippawa. Lundy's Lane was a British victory; Chippawa was a British defeat. Measured by results, Lundy's Lane is the battle to remember and to commemorate.

But even in this ultra-materialistic age we are not wholly unappreciative of heroic endeavour, even if unaccompanied by immediate success. Reviewing later history we give due honour to the men who bled in the failures of the assault on the Great Redan and on the rocky ridge of Gallipoli. Then we must honour the memory of the brave who were slaughtered in the vain resistance of invasion on the field of Chippawa! Their bodies were given to the pyre, the places where their ashes were scattered are unknown, but the field where they fought and died remains. Part of it is public land. Shall it longer remain unmarked? Shall the thousands who whirl across it every summer go in ignorance of the fact that they pass o'er sacred ground?

I trust that for not much longer will this reproach rest upon Canada and Canadians.

ARTHUR MEIGHEN, CANADIAN

A STUDY IN CHARACTER

BY MARJORY MacMURCHY

BECAUSE the Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen is Prime Minister of Canada, in this year of turbulence and fate, thousands of Canadians want to know what he is like. Interest in his individuality has been increasing since he entered the chief office of the Dominion last July. Canadians ask themselves whether he is a politician or a statesman. What does he care about? Has he a personality that is bound to leave an impression on Canadian affairs? Are his character and ideals set to a mark high enough and bright enough to stand up above the ordinary and commonplace? Has he tenacity and force sufficient to maintain the purpose which he has chosen and reach the point at which he means to arrive?

Imagine, if you will, that we are looking at the stage of Canadian politics, and that part of the never-ending play, the history of human affairs, is about to become visible to us. Our stage represents the immediate present day in Canada, out of which her future must grow. We know that Canada is a country of uncounted possibilities, whose greatest riches by far are her people, a land that is loved dearly, the country which in all the world as far as men can judge is entering on the world's greatest period of expansion. While it is progressing on a steady upward course, this country is affected deeply as all the world is by the huge devastating waves of turmoil through which we have passed and from which we have not yet fully recovered. The most important question that can be conceived for Canadians is who shall be chosen to lead our activities in the immediate future. Who is the leader, head and shoulders above others in endowment, equipment, character, force and personality? As a people, I believe, Canadians are becoming convinced that the Prime Minister answers this description.

The most notable figures in Canadian public life have been ardent patriots, and as we should expect, Mr. Meighen is a devoted Canadian. These are days of new, deeper love for Canada. One would almost risk being misunderstood to the extent of using a word in its literary significance and say of Mr. Meighen that he is a passionate Canadian. Such a Canadian is one to whom Canada in the Empire means practically everything. If he were offered great wealth, the highest position, the widest opportunity and fame in any other country, still he would choose to stay at home in Canada. It would not be for him a matter of choice. A Canadian of this character would rather be a citizen of his own country under any circumstances than live anywhere else. This is the country where he was born, where he lives, where his people live, here

RT HON ARTHUR MEIGHEN

From the Photograph by
Pirie

heaven is nearest to him and life is good and he would rather give his life to the making of Canada than possess most richly elsewhere. Thousands of Canadians to-day feel such love for Canada and they will readily understand the Prime Minister, for he is this kind of Canadian.

The Prime Minister's character is an example of the same national type as that which the Canadian soldier made known to the world in the Great War. What were the marks of a Canadian soldier? He ranked in courage with the British and French and history offers no higher comparison. Mr. Meighen's courage is so natural that what would be called courageous in another in him is no more than an ordinary course of action, something not to be thought about twice. Canadian soldiers, the men and boys who went away, were inventive, aggressive, unaffected, natural and high-spirited. They said little of their own achievements, and had home ideals, honest preferences for what is pure and right and generous. They were kind and affectionate to children, chivalrous to women, shy about talking of their own feelings, the kind of men one can "bank" on right through. The Canadian soldier and the Prime Minister of Canada belong to the type of man that can be reckoned on for action. They possess that force of character, difficult to describe in words, which confronted by the seemingly impossible, overcomes and bears it down. They think out and adapt to circumstances courses of action which do not occur to less able men.

In appearance, Mr. Meighen is tall, slight, light and graceful in action. He enters quickly on any scene. There is no slow progression into his office, the Parliament Buildings, or the stage of a public meeting. He is not histrionic in his gestures, never looks about for a spotlight, does not seek by instinct the centre of the stage, and does not know how to ask for applause. But when he enters, the Prime Minister is there; all his heart is in his work; all that intense and admirable intellect, the rapier-like apprehension of the meaning of a question, the honest, modest and generous desire to do his best, the staying quality which never gives up and never shirks, are given to whatever work is in hand. He is dark rather than fair in colouring, more of a Celt in countenance and physique than Anglo-Saxon (although he is derived from both national strains), with marked eye-brows, straight nose, and the wide, well-cut mouth of an individual likely to be distinguished as a speaker. His eyes are keen, very intellectual, bluish gray, the eyes of a thinker, but not until they have been seen to soften when he looks at a child, an old man or woman, can their range of feeling be guessed at. No one can imagine himself forgetting Mr. Meighen after having once seen him. A distinct and impressive personality is reflected in a distinctive physical type. "Steel-true and blade-straight", nature has fashioned the Prime Minister. Some stimulating quality in his physical and mental constitution makes Mr. Meighen's entrance to any political arena a signal for new and provocative interest. His own interest in great and small concerns of the day is vivid and enabling. He is intensely a participant in human affairs and thinks of life in its demands upon men and women as of transcendant importance.

Mr. Meighen in private life is exactly true to the finer Canadian type. Born on a farm, he began his education in a country school. He is the son of a farmer, the grandson of a schoolmaster. He graduated with honours in mathematics from a Canadian university and was first a teacher, then a student-at-law, later a practising solicitor and barrister. As Prime Minister he is the son of Canada who unites in himself the ideals of the pioneer settlers, the early Maritime and Ontario vision of justice and right, hard work and duty, and the Manitoba and Western indomitable

zest for action, a Canadian of to-day to whom what is best and greatest is always possible. He was married in 1904 to Miss Isabel Cox, whose people came to Manitoba from Granby, in the Province of Quebec, and whose uncle, Palmer Cox, is the inventor of the famous "Brownies". Mr. and Mrs. Meighen have three children, two sons and a daughter, who are being trained in public and high school. Ideals of home life in Canada mean that parents and children live together in the most intimate and affectionate relations. It is an accepted philosophy of the country that children should see and experience a fine simplicity of goodness, should be encouraged to train themselves and benefit from education and mental discipline, and should be surrounded only by the influences of love and care. Such a home is the first preoccupation of the Canadian Prime Minister and his wife.

Mr. Meighen's enthusiasm for great men and political leaders is an outstanding trait in his personal character. He speaks with admiration of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir John Macdonald, Lloyd George, has studied their lives and characters and is familiar with their arguments and sayings. The Prime Minister is of a friendly disposition and has many friends. He has a natural inclination to think well of others, and rates ability highly wherever he encounters it. His intellectual judgments are generous. He combines reserve with confidence and belief in his associates. He has loyalty not often found and is always on the side of those who work for him. His own capacity for hard work has already become proverbial. With enthusiasm, generosity, straight thinking, action which follows the line of duty, enormous capacity for work, and outstanding intellectual ability, he unites a fibre of character which one is inclined to believe "will bear it out even to the edge of doom". In persistence and strength of purpose, Mr. Meighen bids fair to rank with the greatest British statesmen. Yet it is a mistake to suppose that Mr. Meighen's character can be tabulated with exactitude. There is still an element of the unexpected. He is young enough to develop traits which have not been predicted. The boyish and laughter-loving side of his nature may not have become evident in the House of Commons, but it exists and is not far below the surface. Nothing has been said so far of his predominant character, love of truth. Like his courage, Mr. Meighen's confidence in truth is an instinct. He has no wish to hide his meaning in an indefinite mist of words. No sincerer man has ever entered public life in Canada.

After all, in spite of an easy disregard of work on the part of some who should know better how the world is really helped and improved, in spite of the poor opinion that the people who do not work themselves have of the man who stays at his job ten and twelve and fourteen hours a day, Mr. Meighen's equipment for his position as leader and Prime Minister, is of the first importance to the Canadian citizen, to farmer, business man, worker in every industry, and in addition to the women in Canadian homes, or in employment outside the home, who regard with a new interest their political leaders. When it comes to actual work done in government, Mr. Meighen scores heavily. We may be sure that he would have enjoyed travel, social relaxation, public appearances outside office and Parliament, a more abundant opportunity to meet his intimate associates in the friendly intercourse for which he has unusual gifts. But he was young, an ardent, enthusiastic worker, and there was tremendous work to do in Canada. As a consequence, Mr. Meighen has prepared and handled a remarkable amount of legislation of the first importance. Under any circumstances, he is a man who will always carry the heavy end of the load. Mr. Meighen will never look on while he incites others to do their best. Reckoning responsi-

bility, capacity for achievement and knowledge of how to get work done, the Prime Minister as a worker is probably in a class by himself in Canada; certainly there are very few others who can be compared with him.

The legislation with which he has dealt has been of a difficult character, required by circumstances and awarded to the Minister willing to work hardest and ready to face the criticism which may be encountered in the performance of duty. It is the character of this legislation which may be largely responsible for the often met with expression of opinion that Mr. Meighen is a hard fighter, ready in attack, ironical and biting in expression. But his experience has given the Prime Minister parliamentary mastery and has assured for Canada a leader with a thorough knowledge of the business of the country and ability to carry through measures which are well drafted, comprehensive and far-sighted.

Since Mr. Meighen was appointed Solicitor General in 1913, he has had charge of the closure legislation, in which Canada followed the example of Great Britain and the United States; and he has introduced most of the outstanding railway legislation, always of national importance to Canadians. It was he who bore the burden of the Military Service Act in 1917 and of the War Times Election Act in the same year and sustained the bitter attack brought against these measures which were framed to express what proved to be the convictions of the great majority of Canadians. Mr. Meighen brought in the Combines and Fair Prices Act of 1919; and as Minister of the Interior not only was responsible for the drafting of the Soldiers' Settlement Act of 1919, but had charge of its administration, including the framing of the organization and settlement of lines of policy. No one has been more closely associated with the central facts of government in Canada in recent years. He has been in succession Solicitor General, Secretary of State and Minister of Mines, Minister of the Interior and Superintendent General of Indian Affairs, and was sworn in as Prime Minister, July 10th, 1920, having been first elected to Parliament in 1908, when he was only thirty-four years of age. The Canadian Prime Minister is therefore now in his forty-seventh year.

It has been sometimes said by his opponents that Mr. Meighen lacks grace and charm in public utterance. But the Prime Minister in reality is a most artistic speaker and only those who have studied literary expression recognize at their full value the clean-cut balance and purity of his sentences. He is never lost in verbiage. Every word has its meaning and counts at full value. It is true that until now his experience has been mainly parliamentary and that he has not yet had an opportunity to give full weight to that side of his gift as a speaker which must address itself not to members of parliament, but to members, both men and women, of the commonwealth. The promise of what the Prime Minister will yet do as a great speaker may be found in his speech on Sir George Etienne Cartier delivered in Quebec last September, or in such an address as that given before the Law Society of Manitoba in December. That he has something to say to Canadians when he meets them face to face outside the walls of the House of Commons may be learned from sentences taken from his speeches since he became Prime Minister: "I wish we had to-day more plain Canadians, men and women who depended for success upon themselves, on the excellence of their own work, on individual courage and enterprise and thoroughness, and who reasoned out their convictions on public questions in the good old way as citizens of Canada and not as members of any class or group". (Winnipeg, December 1st, 1920). "To serve a young country like Canada, with the fee of half a continent, the heir of the centuries, the first of the British family dowered with wealth and beauty and

every good thing in land and sea and air, everything that speaks of bigness and vigour and usefulness and destiny, this is an opportunity that should gratify the boldest of men. To that opportunity, I address myself eagerly and earnestly, and whether in the post I occupy now or wherever shall be my lot, I am resolved not to be found wanting in trying the best that is in me." (Montreal, January, 1921). "There is as much danger of Canada losing its atmosphere as its autonomy." "Government means the organization of the whole people of the country for the purpose of framing and administering laws for protection against attack from without and disorder from within and for the advancement of the common good."

Although simple and direct, full of force, vigour and virility, the Prime Minister's personality is not wholly easy to delineate. Why is it, for instance, that practically every one who hears him speak or who meets him personally, forms a liking for Arthur Meighen, Canadian? Even a political opponent, determined to say as little for him as possible, will admit that he admires the Prime Minister's type. In the first place, possibly, the reason is that he lacks self-conceit. He knows his own powers, but he is as far as possible from being a self-worshipper. As we say, he does not take himself too seriously. To him the other person is always the important individual. He is deeply interested in the people of Canada as individuals, and he gives his best generously every day to Tom Smith, Hector Cameron, Alphonse LeBlanc, Mrs. Jones, little Johnny Patterson or even littler Sally Robinson, whoever may happen to prove to the Prime Minister that he has a claim on his time. Mr. Meighen has not grown yet to his full powers. He has only begun to show what he will yet become. Time alone will make plain whether he is to mellow into the ripe fineness of the great statesman grown to the last eminence in his country's service; the full wisdom of a profound knowledge of men can come only by and by. Forty-six is the age for action. At the kernel of the Prime Minister's character is a power of determined will which has yet to be revealed wholly and wholly understood. What has been shown already beyond question is that Mr. Meighen is likely to be counted one of the greatest of Canadian statesmen.

Since his appointment as Prime Minister, Mr. Meighen has shown no ordinary attachment to the cause of everyday people. He has great sympathy for Labour, understanding its outlook from the point of view of one who has worked with his own hands. His intellectual endowment appears to be no bar to his sympathy with average citizens; and it is true that in their turn ordinary people, especially women, are showing a strong liking for the Prime Minister. Now, ordinary people and especially women, always know what they are about when they like any eminent individual. The most loyal supporters of two great Canadians, Sir John Macdonald and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, were women. Already Canadian women are indicating significantly that they regard Mr. Meighen with a like approval. The little incident which attracted scarcely any notice at the time, when the Prime Minister at the funeral of Captain Wallace in Woodbridge, took a child who had strayed alone into the service, on his knee and kept her there till the service was over and she had fallen asleep, is exactly the kind of incident that is never forgotten. He knows how to hold a sleeping child because he has children of his own, and he certainly would regard any fuss on the subject as manifestly absurd. Mr. Meighen's powers and character may be above the ordinary. That they are so is beyond question; but he himself is a normal human being who values his own home and those who live in it more than words can express, has a natural fondness for all children, turns to the day's duty, and strives to earn the good opinion of men and women.

Happy is the country that has such men from whom to choose her leaders. They are of rare worth as average citizens, of rarer worth still when they possess the gifts and character of statesmanship. In the latter event, we who are everyday mortals and observe high places from a distance, are provided with seats, reserved, comfortable and easy, remote from political noise and turmoil, while life and nature in that mysterious, delightful, enthralling, vexing process of their own, shape a man larger than the ordinary for his destiny and our service. Mr. Meighen is doubtless ambitious; but it is ambition that is reasonable and controlled, not without anchorage in the saying, "All places that the eye of heaven visits are to the wise man ports and happy havens". It may be, when life, nature and destiny have done their part, and Mr. Meighen himself has given to the task his splendid powers and high resolve, that the Canadian Prime Minister of to-day will become the most eminent political servant and trusted guide that the Canadian people yet have known.

MY WISH FOR YOU

By PEGGY SMITH

IT is not, dear, of riches that I wish
Or of great fame to gladden all your days,
My wish is made of love of simple things
That lead down country lanes, old-fashioned ways.

That lead you past the thorns on to the rose,
And though life's strife and tumult may be great,
I wish for you a sweet old-fashioned home
Where you may enter at the sun-set gate.

I wish for you a fire on the hearth,
A chair drawn near, a friendly book or two;
I wish some merry laughter in the hall,
And then a rush of dancing feet to you.

I wish for you that she will creep so still,
And stand so patiently behind your chair
That when the children's merriment is stilled
Your tired arms will reach and find her there.

A MAN'S REASON

BY BILLEE GLYNN

GRACIOUS!"

"Hello! Oh—I beg—I beg your pardon—I ——"

Kyle was sitting in the place where he had stopped rather suddenly on slipping helter-skelter down the smooth surface of the spur of rock and was looking at her in bewilderment.

Then, realizing his ungraceful position, he blushed swiftly and rose to his feet, doffing his hat—which he had to pick up and put on his head for the purpose.

"Believe me—I didn't mean to intrude—I couldn't know you were here—really I couldn't. I went up the ravine on the other side to see what it was like, and thought I would clamber over and—"

Again he paused—not without an acute inward sense of helpless vexation at himself—flushing and confused before the peculiarly limpid and inquiring glance of her dark eyes, the picture she made in the background of the shaded nook of rock; the rare childishness of her with just a June line or two augmenting the lily-like girlhood; the pure cream of the skin, the touseled picturesqueness of the black, curling hair, the half-fairy, half-passionate aspect of the face with its free-roving eyes, its look dreamily intense.

He had much the same feeling as if he had stumbled unexpectedly on a naiad unclothed.

And yet she had on the fluffiest of white fluffy dresses, with a dash of red at the throat—he fancied it would reach about to her boot-tops if she stood up, a pair of particularly expressive slippers tied with big bows; and just above the glimpse of daintily-filled hose, even the flutter of a white petticoat showing.

All this, of course, impressed itself on Kyle in a glance, while he stood there floundering—without knowing why—before the direct naïveté of her look. Then suddenly—seeming to have decided in regard to him—she came to his rescue, a rich wine of merriment sparkling the pended judgment of her eyes—and with a voice so much like the rest of her that you unconsciously looked at the whole of her when she spoke.

"And you fell, of course," she said, at last breaching the pause which to Kyle was becoming eternal; then added in a manner of old-fashionedness—"at my feet, too—quite natural in a man."

Kyle's eyes opened and he came to himself in such a hurry that he was forced to control a throb of surprise that he had not arrived before. Was she older than she looked? He glanced at her keenly.

"Really," he made haste to say, smiling, "they are pretty feet."

The next instant he was flushing once more with the feeling that he had committed an indiscretion—for her eyes had suddenly gone back to their first expression of pending judgment, despite even the quivering flicker of her lips.

So much depended on that judgment, he felt, and yet writhed under it with a ludicrous anger at himself

for feeling so; for his school-boyishness before a mere child. A mere child!—that was it! A belle of society wouldn't have mattered; but—

He became aware that she had dropped her book in her lap, and was pointing at his hand, her lips forming into a faint "Look!"

He glanced down and saw that he had scraped a finger in his fall and that it was bleeding.

Then suddenly she had risen to her feet, drew him down beside her, and before he could say a word had torn up a perfumed cambric handkerchief of dainty dimensions and was wrapping it around the wound.

Kyle, however, didn't protest. She was too close to him for one thing—too exquisitely near, in fact; moreover, their eyes had a more intimate chance of meeting each other—as they did, indeed, two or three times; and the delicate odour of her hair was an incense to dreams.

So, dreamer as he was, a would-be twanger on the chords of things, Kyle was duly delicately thrilled. A mere child, but——

"There, I think it will be all right now," she said, looking up earnest-eyed.

Kyle would willingly have permitted some one to cut the finger off in order that she might have cause to dress it before he would have belittled the necessity of the courtesy.

"I am sure it will," he concurred.

"You know, I once before dressed my big brother's hand." She leaned toward him confidingly, her elbows on her knees.

"You don't say. Tell me about him—it," squatting near her with interest.

"Oh, there isn't much to tell. For a long time in the long, long age we lived together in a house surrounded by a big orchard. The big brother picked the fruit and I played and sometimes picked fruit, too, and the housekeeper kept the house. Then one day the big brother died, and Aunty sent for me, and she has been trying to make a lady out of me ever since. That's all."

Kyle paused for a moment, silently regarding the tremulous lip and the haze of tears in the far background of her eyes, still meeting his so directly.

"It was too bad," he said at length in low tones. "He was really your 'big brother,' of course?"

"Of course." And the 'of course' was so different that it made Kyle sit up to a distinctly masculine utterance.

"It would be nice to be your 'big brother'," he insinuated.

She laughed almost gleefully. "You would like to, wouldn't you?"

"But of course I couldn't be."

"Still I could let you, couldn't I?"

"But even then I wouldn't be."

"For all that I *could* let you, couldn't I?"—this time with an insistent beating of her ankle.

"Of course," assented Kyle, graciously.

"Then I don't know about it." A distracting lift and downward fluttering of the eyelids.

"Please. Oh, do." His voice and manner all pleading in an instant.

"I'll consider the matter."

"No, now!" He dared to lay a hand on her little one.

She lifted her face. "Let me look into your eyes, then. Hem! Let me see! Yes—I guess—you'll do—in a pinch. Now you'll have to take care of me, mind."

Kyle was leaning toward her — glowingly, peculiarly in earnest about this childish play.

Then she made the moment dramatic with a finger on her palm.

"You'll have to take care of me like a good 'big brother,'" she repeated, "and see that I do not climb the trees."

Only the lips of the laugh which followed belonged to a woman—an arch one— the laugh itself belonged to a sylph that had never grown up and never would. Kyle was startled at the lips and confused at the sound.

She sprang quickly to her feet. "And now I must run away to Aunty—if you won't take me."

He was beside her in an instant. "And who is Aunty?" he asked.

"Aunty! Don't you really know Aunty? She would be vexed if she thought that. Aunty is Mrs. Campbell. Ah, I see you know now."

Kyle did—at least by report. With a face not unlike the military genius, Mrs. Campbell Napoleoned society at the Point. Se had a reputation of being at once a woman of religious ideals and social ambitions and with a capability for never getting them mixed. She had an especial hankering for charity. But she always fed her beggars dressed in gowns of silk, and kept herself quite aware all the time that her gowns were silk and her beggars beggars. That was her reputation.

So this was her niece. Well——

They were away down the path of rocks now near the sandy open, Kyle replying as well as he might to the rather aimless wander of her talk—when suddenly she turned on him.

"You haven't told me what you are—what you do?"

"Oh, I am—a dramatist," he returned stammeringly. "That is, I—mean to be."

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter if you are not. Nobody is anything at the Point in summer time—except Aunty. A dramatist is a poet, I suppose?"

"Sometimes."

"A poet is a poet only sometimes, too, isn't he?"

Kyle laughed. "Most often."

She was regarding him earnestly between half-curtained eyes. "Where do you write?—I mean where do you live?"

"In an attic in New York City when I am at home." He had paused first considerately, then given the words a sardonic tone.

The curtained glance rolled up to one of amusement. "Gracious. I don't think I would like that; I remember trying to pack hay in a mow once."

He burst out uproariously, then checking himself, turned on her seriously. "What would you like?"

It was the parting of the ways—and she stood for a moment regarding him with the old dreamily intense look again in her eyes; till away down from the depths the woman once more came to the surface and flashed on her lips.

"A big brother, of course, "she rippled—and ran away.

. . . . . .

They met in the same place the next day—and the next and the next—till it became the customary thing. The Aunt found it out after it had become the customary thing, and luckily enough saw no reason to object.

She knew Kyle—or, rather, knew of his great grandfather. The great grandfather's wife had been a lady of beauty and much personal charm, standing high in the society of that period—for the great grandfather had been rich! His son, it was true, had managed to make the family hopelessly bankrupt, but Kyle nevertheless was still a descendant of the great-grandfather and the lady standing high in society—even if he hadn't a cent to his name, and was further embeggared by literary tendencies. So if Kitty, the impossible little witch, wanted to call her "big brother," and he wanted to be cadged around wherever she went, it gave only greater opportunity to Mrs. Campbell's own daughter, Blanche, to capture Claude Sifton, the young moon-faced millionaire (not that Mrs. Campbell would have called him moon-faced at all despite his golden colour.) Besides, it was mostly due to Kitty herself—Kitty who was so passionately insistent in her fairy way—and she was altogether too much of a child for anything serious to come of it, either for herself or for this big, strong, tragic-looking fellow who was without

doubt just enjoying her Kittishness, as everybody did.

If she thought there had been any danger for Kitty, Mrs. Campbell, of course, would have immediately stepped in and put an end to the proceedings! for, having taken her niece from poverty she would never under any consideration have permitted her to marry herself back into it again. But there wasn't, and just now it was the crucial time with Claude Sifton —when outside impressions were not the prescribed diet for that young man's heart if he were going to offer it to Blanche Campbell.

So freely the days drifted one by one. The great silvery, purple haze of the islands, splashed with spray, lifted and grew, wreathed and spun; the waves lapped in an insistent, low-tuned melody on the shell-glinted sands and farther reaches of the rock-girt shore; and the mellowed sky looked glowingly down on it all — smiling as only a sky can in August when the earth melts into it and clasps it haze-like with the breath of fruit in its kiss.

And through it all, second-rate society of the Point lifted up its arms and yawned; laughed or tittered and made love; waxed into gossip and engagements; shook hands with its worst enemies and held them up in holy or unholy deprecation behind their backs; in a word, behaved as second-rate society (and first-rate, too), always will when it has nothing to do but lounge at the seaside with its hands jingling the money in its pockets and the devil rampant in a land of nature and an ocean of it, too.

And through it all, as well, the child-sprite Kitty dragged the man-child Kyle—or rather he followed of his own accord so closely at her heels that he must surely have tramped on her skirts had they been long enough. And the summer grew around them, for them, and of them—to the fall!

They, too, laughed and dreamed, made mud-pies in the sands of fate, and bathed their souls in the sparkling waters of a unique friendship. They, too, gossiped and held up their hands in holy or unholy deprecation; did everything, in fact that the second-rate society of the Point did or wouldn't do—even to shaking hands with their worst enemies, which were themselves; everything except make love or engagements.

So let it again be said the days drifted — the golden, mellow days; and on one of these days towards the latter part of the month a boat drifted with it and the child-sprite, and the man were in it—drifting, too!

Kitty had something on her mind, and was wondering how to say it, and wondering, also, why she found it so difficult. As for Kyle, he was silently considering the matter of how much farther he was from the solution of the subtle, wind-blown charm of her personality; to-day (if his senses were any proper guide—which they were not) more subtle, wind-blown and charming than ever. It was on this author's excuse of solving things he had of course begun. And now, whenever self-consciousness became a thing too much for him he always went back to that first excuse, and having taken it off the shelf and dusted it carefully, held it convincingly up to his view—never forgetting, however, to put it back on the shelf again—and drift!

This, of course, because no man can drift and carry his reason with him, and because no reason is half so convincing as Kittishness itself.

So, when Kitty drew herself in from gazing into the opalescent depth of the water, and, flinging the hair out of her eyes, turned her face toward him, he at once quit assuring himself that it was only for a month (when he would be again back in his attic in the city) so it didn't matter, and looked at her as if it were only for a moment and that moment an eternity condensed.

As he was in the habit of sometimes looking that way at other things, however, the look neither said too much to himself nor too much to Kitty. Indeed, it was one of the things she most liked him for—because in the unexplored depths of her youth she didn't quite understand it; though it thrilled her vaguely at times—almost to the point of premonition. It always brought that naked, inquiring, dreamy gaze to her own eyes—there now as she sat regarding him.

"Do you know," she affirmed, with her usual unexpectedness, "I am beginning to like you."

The man who had already written volumes on divers things and was ambitious about plays blushed to his very ears. For an instant his form grew tense, then relaxed itself, while he dabbled an oar in the water and returned her smile.

"Thank you. I began quite a while ago to like you."

"I am so glad." It was a genuine outburst apparently.

He sat up to it with the flash of something again in his eyes, wondering if it were too genuine—but this time to startle her to a vague foreboding.

"I thought Bobby, you know, was the only one who did that—liked me, I mean," she added quickly, almost in an underbreath, the blood for an instant warming into her face.

"Bobby?" He was still sitting there staring at her, now a little open-mouthed, a sort of trouble struggling on his brow. Then he drew back easily again, dabbling the oar in the water.

"Bobby is a girl, of course," he explained audibly to himself.

"Bobby is nothing of the kind," she interposed, a little nervous and not a little anxious, as she leaned toward him, a crimson spot in either cheek. "Bobby is a young man, rich and nice-looking, and we've been in love with one another ever since the day he found me in the big orchard with my big brother—because his father's four-in-hand had broken down on the road."

Then something timid and soft leapt into her voice as she went on. "I should have told you before, I guess — but I just didn't — because men are so funny—and I don't suppose I would have said anything about it now only—well, Bobby's come!"

Kyle turned and looked at her.

"Yes, he's here, or will be to-morrow, I mean. I don't know what Aunty will say when she finds out that—that we are in love with one another. But of course she'll think Bobby's all right."

"Of course. He's rich, isn't he?"

But she missed his point and resounded the phrase eagerly in her praise. "Oh, yes, very rich. That is, it's left to him when he becomes of age, and he will be twenty-one this month."

Then with a queer, sudden shyness at all she had said, she paused, her hands pressed together, looking at him—while his gaze fastened itself inscrutably out upon the pulsating edge of the ocean horizon.

"Of course," she added, after a while, "it will be really too bad that we won't be able to see so much of each other now that Bobby's come—for I suppose he'll take up most of my time, but——"

"Not at all," put in Kyle, turning upon her almost cheerfully. "Shall I take you home now?"

He had already taken up the oars, and she made a slight assent with her head. For all his smile, the harsh, dry note of his voice stirred her strangely—somehow rankled with even stronger note of premonition to depths still in many ways unconscious; depths that flashed out on her at times in a way to surprise even herself, and whose delicate suggestion she always carried; but which nevertheless she had so far only skimmed with the laughing grace of her youth — a youth that asked first as all

youths must for the rainbow glamour of things—the colour of substances and not the substances themselves.

It was this thing so monstrous, so pitiable in it conclusion that leapt into Kyle's eyes when they had separated a few minutes later; eyes which till then had so carried their joy-tone that it was the girl who had wondered and been silent.

As she fled down the path away from him—the gossamer path of her young dream it seemed—he saw it fade and break to the depth and realization of years, and in the swift-running currents of the tragedy she held out her hands in an agony of helplessness. To him? That didn't matter, he told himself; it was because, after all, that he, himself, was the thing monstrous and pitiable. He had not yet seen "Bobby".

. . . . . .

It was two weeks later. Kyle and Bobby stood face to face at last—staring at each other; for nothing less than stare it was, even in the most euphemistic interpretation.

In the first place, Bobby, with his new gold-chained monocle and his still newer title of Mrs. Robert Birks—lately of age and heir to the estates of his father, deceased—could do nothing but stare if he tried ever so hard; and loosed the pane of glass in his eye in the same reckless manner at everything from a common cur on the street to a high-toned lady in a high-toned drawing-room. In the second place, Kyle himself had been waiting to stare—waiting in fact, with a desire so morbid, so intense, that it had been his only reason for staying on at the Point these last two weeks. He wanted to meet the man she called Bobby, to look into his eyes and strike the real estimate of him. If it were a good estimate—and he meant to be fair about it—he was prepared to go away making the best attempt at resignation possible. And if the estimate were not good, he was still prepared to go away, though in a different manner—with something of a grudge perhaps against the fate that cast pearls before swine.

He might have met him before, it was true. He had seen him at a distance, and could have met him a dozen times, perhaps, if he had cared to meet the girl along with him. But such a meeting possessed a peculiar aversion for him. At the thought of it the golden August days he had spent with her seemed to crowd around in a body and suffocate him with their very perfume. So he shrank from the contact, bitterly passionate, yet clung as intently to his idea of meeting the man face to face and alone.

And now the moment had come—or rather had Bobby of his own accord—at ten o'clock at night, and to Kyle's own room—Bobby, with the big flashing diamond in his meagre shirt-front, the big, flashing solitaire on his little left hand, the dapper gold-headed cane in his right, the slight wiggle in his neat, boyish body when he walked, and the smile that showed all his fine white teeth—and was intended to—and that never came off.

Kyle stood staring at him—behind the mask; the outward flush of youth that in its way was rather taking and wholly genial, stood staring and reflecting.

Continued silence, however, was not one of the traits of Bobby's character; moreover, he had a mission.

"So you are Kyle," he said. "Kitty's been telling me about you."

For the instant, Kyle was engaged in the mental struggle to command the blood that threatened to rush to his face. He was frowning unmistakably.

"Kitty!" he emphasized.

"Well, Miss Rogers, of course. She's been wondering why you've been keeping so much to yourself lately. And I've been telling her that you literary chaps always have something or other on your mind to cause you to prefer loneliness."

"Yes, that's it, of course," endorsed Kyle, somewhat relieved. Then for the first time he thought of himself and offered his visitor a chair.

Bobby seated himself in a manner becoming a man of his size of solitaire, and spread his hands on his knees.

"I'm not one of these rum, jealous chaps, you know," he explained, philanthropically. "The girl I go with is as free as the wind. And Kitty is certainly a character to interest one in the literary business."

Kyle was silent. He was afraid to speak lest the other would look up and see what was passing in his face—the wrath which, if he had given it vent, would have liked nothing better than to take this unwittingly impudent, cocksure individual by the neck and thrust him out the open window.

Bobby had no motive to look up, however. He was sitting there, his hands still on his knees, reflecting on the enormity of his own generosity typified in a certain red globular spot in the carpet. Then suddenly he flashed a hand to his pocket, flashed out a jeweled watch, flashed it in again with a snap—and did look up.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed briskly, rising to his feet, "I pretty nearly forgot myself. It's time I should be off, and I haven't yet told you what I came for. The fact is, old man" (he had come over and laid a hand familiarly on Kyle's shoulder), "Kitty and I are going to have a Gretna Green to-night. Going to make a runaway match down to Enderton and back. Only twenty odd miles, you know—four or five hours will do it, I guess—but still, novel, romantic, exciting, and a regular Gretna Green—waking the preacher out of bed, and all that. The old woman, you know, favours my suit, but doesn't want us to get married till Kitty's twenty—three years yet. And I am simply taking the matter in my own hands and have persuaded Kitty to do the trick right off. So we are away to Enderton to-night behind the fastest pair of grays that ever tread mud in this flat-flooted, high-shouldered country. If Kitty would have heard to the auto, we'd do it in half the time; but she thinks they're spooky at night. She's in spirits, though. And Lord, why shouldn't she be! Why, we'll send the Point fairly reeling with gossip, and the old woman, once she hears it's done, will come around like a hen on eggs. She's doing a shirtwaist social or something with the set to-night, and we are taking advantage of it."

He paused for an instant, looking into the other's dumbfounded face, then hurried on.

"Now, what we want you to do, old man, is to jump into your duds and come along with us. There's a girl friend of Kitty's waiting down the road a piece, and you'll make a fourth. You see, we want to do the thing up with all the customary form, even if we are making a stampede of it. And Kitty has great faith in you. She's been talking of you all along. I know it's a little rotten of course dropping in on you at the last minute, and I wouldn't have bothered you myself at all if the other chap I expected had turned up. But he didn't, and we just had to take our chances on you going by. Kitty sent me up whether or no—said you wouldn't go back on us if you were here—kind of hankered for you, indeed. So it's up to you to be up to expectations, old man. She's down there in the rig waiting for us now."

"What!"

The exclamation—so sudden, so storm-laden—cut the other's volubility like a sword-edge, so that he stood slightly gaping and aware for the first time that there was something unusual in his companion's face.

For half an instant Kyle stood glaring at him, then turned with quick steps and swept apart the curtains of the side window. Sure enough, the outfit was standing there, opposite

the ladies' entrance, a boy on the box, and the horses' heads set straight on the road to Enderton. The magnificent moonlight and the electric globe overhead made it all plain. Yes, and she was there, too, her back toward him, dressed in shimmering white, with some dark, fluffy covering about her shoulders. And long afterwards did he recall the pretty nestling look of her as she sat there; a picture that even imprinted itself on his anger—at that moment at boiling heat.

He turned to his visitor with a half-frantic gesture of his hand.

"Yes, she is there waiting," he hurled, "and why is she waiting. Why in the devil's name have you kept her waiting, sir?"

That was the preposterous thing to him—that this moon-faced toy of a fellow should have dared to sit down, rub his hands, and explain himself at such length—while she waited!

Then he stood hot-shod, silent, gradually growing calm, and becoming slowly aware that his own conduct might be appearing a little preposterous, too.

Bobby, in the meantime, thought he saw light. He drew up his cane, twirling it between his hands, and smiled appeasingly.

"Oh, don't mind about it," he soothed. "It's not your fault, you know; I'll take all the blame. I'll go down and tell her now while you dress."

Again something hot flashed into Kyle's face, but went out as quickly. He controlled himself with visible effort, and took a step nearer the other, put a finger on his arm, and then with a sudden shrinking let it fall.

"I'm not going to dress," he said flatly, in a hushed, dry way; "I am not going."

Then as the blood mounted for an instant to his face beneath the other's glance—"I—I have to catch that twelve train to New York to-night."

His visitor gasped slightly, putting his cane to his mouth. "Oh, well, I guess we'll have to do with witnesses, then," he said a little sourly.

"And now"—Kyle had gone swiftly to the door and opened it—"you will not keep Miss Rogers *waiting* any longer. Tell her I wish her every happiness, and that—that—I am *sorry!*"

The other passed slowly out, looking back at him, and he closed the door upon him with a click.

He stood there, however, for seconds afterwards, listening intently. his head crushed between his hands, his senses wonderfully acute. He heard the dull thud of the fellow's footsteps down the stairs, fancied he even distinguished their individual ring on the pavement below, heard him, at least, speak in his glib, gushing voice to some one down there—then a low-spoken word or two at the side floating in through the flowing curtains, the rattle of stirring harness—and in a half frenzy he flung himself to the window and stood peering out.

She had just turned to look back at something, as it were, her white, oval face peculiarly clear in the soft, moon-flecked night; and standing there, framed in the light of the window, she caught a sight of him. So for a long moment they remained regarding each other, her eyes so near in the floating indistinctness that they seemed to be peering into his soul—his face expressing everything, hers a growing wonder; till at length at a word from her companion she drew about again and settled the wrap on her shoulders, her back toward him and her face toward Enderton—while the team spanked gayly out into the night.

He watched it, his hands clenched fiercely together; then with a mad instinct made a race for the telephone. He picked up the book and rummaged the leaves; he traced the names blindly with his finger till he came to that of Mrs. Campbell; then he snatched up the receiver.

Good Heavens, how long they were! His mind teemed rapidly with images of Mrs. Campbell at her shirt-waist social, as the other man had called it; the expression of her face when she would receive his message; the immediate means she would set in motion to stop this ridiculous, yet tragic, affair. For stop it she would, and moreover the fellow would never stand another chance with her—having once over-ruled her authority.

He laughed harshly, then became suddenly conscious that some one had called "Number!"

What devil's joke was this? He had forgotten it. He stood fumbling in his mind, his hand again stretched toward the telephone book; then paused, staring. It was at that white, oval, perfect face he had seen turned toward him with a look of growing wonder the moment before. But now there was a smile of impossible contempt wreathing the lips. Then suddenly right beside it the number he had lost stood pictured in his mind. He read it over audibly—almost unconsciously. Then as the girl at the other end repeated it—"three—three—two"—turned to the 'phone with a sort of choking sound.

"No, no," he stammered; "Two—one."

It was the number of a night expressman which he remembered.

A gruff voice almost immediately sounded in his ear. He answered in low tense tones.

"Three trunks from the Queen's Hotel for the twelve train to-night, New York City," he said. "Arthur Kyle, Room 67."

TULIPS

BY DOROTHEA BIDWELL

SHOULD you walk the length of a tree-shadowed street
In my own home city
(That stands where lake and river meet,
On the northern shore she has set her feet),
At the end of the street you should see outspread
Lake Ontario, blue in the sun.
From the pale sky's edge his long waves run.
His long waves sway in endless motion,
Spaces where colour and light are one,
Infinite spaces endlessly changing;
Sometimes shining, still in the sun;
Sometimes roaring, maddened, foam-flecked,
From the edge of the sky his long waves run.
And on his northern shore my city
Lifts her proud gray towers on high
Towards the blue Canadian sky.

But this one street—should you pass its way
In early May, when the leaves new-born
Cling to the trees, a fairy mist,
Purest, delicate colour, kissed
Awake by the sun at dawn;
Where maples redden with tiny sprays,
Their trunks are silver in the sun—
You should find beauty here, enough
To draw your heart with praise.

All along the edge of the street
There lies a lovely stretch of park.
You know our parks. Here's nothing neat

Nor well-kept lawn, but a forest glade,
It seems a part of the woodland strayed,
The wild grass starred with dandelions,
Shot with gold and dappled with shade.
Where all to speak the hand of man
Is scattered flames of colour laid,
Heaped on the grass . . . they seem to be
Bright isles on a green sea.
Tulip flowers, children of light,
Scarlet and yellow, pink and white.

You might have thought, as I thought once,
Had you seen them there that May morning
Like jewels the bosom of Spring adorning,
That they set forth, expressed in themselves
The proper secret of Spring.
For, sudden, a symbol they grew to be
Of the heart of Spring; they showed to me
A living symbol of Love.

Red was passion, hot as the blood.
White was truth, and will to endure,
To feed Love's strength with Soul's denial
That Love might be pure.
Yellow and pink, Joy's happy daughters,
You were careless, rapturous laughter,
Songs of the heart new-waked, exulting
That recks not yet what must come after,
That tastes of bliss nor yet knows loss,
That shall be crowned with the crown of Love,
Till it comes to its own Calvary
And there it must bear Love's cross.

So thought I, looking at the flowers.
But lightly you might name my thought
The worthless fancy of a fool,
Nor feel the need of what I sought.

That first, unspoiled grace of Spring;
That fresh, transparent, sun-warmed air;
The tree-grown stretches of the park,
The isles of tulips flowering there;
All beauty that besets our way
From dawning light to moonlit dark;

It is not centred in itself
Nor seems itself to be an end.
It rather shadows forth a truth
Which, could we only apprehend,
In Nature's heart-enthralling grace
Would show us a Diviner Face.

We, tracing truth through dim degrees,
In every loveliness should find
Reflection of Eternal Mind,
As quiet water mirrors trees.

I dream I faintly saw that hour
Thoughts of the Godhead, born in flower.

FOREST OF MINE

By MARIAN OSBORNE

FOREST of mine, I yearn to reach thy sanctuary,
Close to thy heart my soul communion holds with God,
Beneath thine azured dome dark pines make tracery
And breathe a classic calm o'er aisles by man untrod.
When Nature was thine architect she nobly planned,
With Gothic art her vaulted branches intertwined;
Cathedral vast, thy giant trees like pillars stand
Upon their fragrant carpet green with moss enshrined,
There have they stood through days of silence, nights of time,
Forest of mine.

Sorrow once found thee, when the serpent tongue of death
Struck down one of thy fairest, born to be caressed;
And when the storm had passed thy leaves with moaning breath
Shuddered their grief and shook cold tears upon the breast
Of Mother earth, until her patient upturned face
Was wet with crystal dew, and from her tender heart
She breathed out odorous balm. Then night crept on apace
And held thee close within his folded wings, apart,
Till pain lay hushed in every slumbering depth of thine,
Forest of mine.

Morn came on silver pinions, crimson-tipped and bright,
And woke thee with her joy. The trees stretched arms above
In worship of the sun, whose sacrificial light
Shone through their rifts of jade upon a Druid grove,
Whose ancient rocks became an altar to the Lord:
Incense was waved by balsam boughs, and birds in choir
Made anthems, with the fluttering leaves as harpsichord.
One chorister on buoyant wing flew high and higher,
To thee on passionate note he thrilled his song divine,
Forest of mine.

Thrice blessed forest, keep my heart and hold my dreams,
Where birches raise their queenly heads, tender and pure;
Where pines like sentinels stand, straight and pure, it seems
Their soul is old as truth and ever must endure,
Where joyous maples, kissed by frost the artisan,
Bear jewelled leaves of splendour, exquisitely wrought;
Where oaks give peace, that peace that cometh unto man
Where men dwell not and where no walls confine his thought.
Teach me, a neophyte, thy mysteries sublime,
Forest of mine.

THE HABITANT

From the Painting by
A. Suzor Cote
Exhibited by the
Ontario Society of Artists

WITH WHAT MEASURE

BY MAUDE HEATH

AT eighteen Angelique Duvois had two great ambitions. One was to live in luxury without work, and the other to be respected and looked up to as a superior order of being. At thirty she had gratified both, according to her ideals, though at eighteen they would have seemed hopeless to a less determined character.

When these two dreams took possession of Angelique, she believed that money would accomplish them both. The question was, where to obtain the money? She had, she considered, made the most of very limited opportunities. Born in the country hospital at Tombstone, Arizona, nothing was known of her mother save that she was a young and pretty stranger, unable to speak a word of English or Spanish. A letter postmarked at New York and addressed to Miss Angelique Duvois was the only clue to the woman's identity, and as she died when her baby was three days old, no one was sufficiently interested to attempt to unravel it.

The mother's name was given to the tiny orphan by common consent of the doctor and the nurse, and she grew up through the happy, good-natured babyhood of a perfectly healthy animal, to the storm and stress of a childhood marked by many a conflict between the powers in authority and an individuality that showed no affinity with her name. In fact, the superintendent of the orphan asylum where her life from three to ten years was spent, was willing to go on record as saying that if Angelique belonged to the family of angels at all, it must certainly be the branch that inhabit the realms of darkness, for a worse child never drew breath. But it was only those who knew her well who gave such testimony. Visitors to the home exhausted their vocabularies in admiration of the child, who looked like a tropic flower, with her delicate little body and dusky hair and eyes.

It was when the matron found her with her pet kitten hanging by its tail to the door knob, while Angelique stuck pins in it, that she declared her patience to be worn out, and vowed that the child should be "bound out", to work as much as she could be compelled to and go to school the rest of the time. So Angelique was handed over to the tender mercies of a New England school teacher who was in Arizona for her health and not averse to doing a little missionary work while the climate was restoring her. She said, when she heard Angelique's story and saw her appealing beauty, that what the poor child needed was love and confidence. She had many reasonable theories on the subject of child training which she had hitherto had no opportunity to fully demonstrate, and they were put in order for Angelique's benefit. When she had been for a week under the prescribed treatment of love and confidence, she ran away, accompanied by all the money and jewels that had been so conveniently placed within her reach. When she was overtaken and brought

back, she gave as a reason for her departure her opinion that "Miss Pillsbury was an easy guy and didn't know nothing about kids", adding with contempt, "she never even hits me".

This good lady having declined any further responsibility in the matter, stating her belief that Angelique was a vessel appointed to destruction, the girl passed rapidly from one place of residence to another, being at times subjected to prayers and tears to "change her wicked heart", and at others to blows and semi-starvation for the same purpose, depending upon the nature and self-control possessed by her temporary guardians. Neither mode of procedure had much effect, Angelique revenging herself as fully as possible upon those who were cruel to her, and deceiving those who were kind.

She attended school only so much as she was obliged to, which was not very much, and it was a mystery to every one who knew her how she managed to acquire such correctness of speech and manner as she displayed. As a matter of fact, her pride was Angelique's one vulnerable point. She was afraid of neither man, woman, nor devil, so far as she knew them. She evinced no affection for person nor animal; but to be laughed at, or to realize that she had made a mistake in speaking, caused her acute misery. As she grew older, she observed every motion, inflection, and expression of every woman she saw that she considered a "grand lady", and practised them painstakingly in private until they became second nature to her.

At eighteen she was strikingly beautiful, tall, slender, and graceful as a reed, with quantities of shadowy dark hair, and eyes the colour of topaz, fringed with long, thick black lashes, a clear, colourless skin, regular features, and perfect teeth. She possessed positive genius in contriving to dress tastefully with practically no outlay, making over garments given her by charitably inclined women into creations quite unlike their former semblance, or evolving from cheap fabrics gowns that in fit and *chic* were the despair of women with more money but no French blood.

At eighteen, after ten years of labour of various degrees of distastefulness, Angelique decided that she would work no more, and in pursuance of this idea unobtrusively departed without leaving an address, and took up her abode in Tucson. Being extremely pretty and unhampered by any moral sense to render her unhappy, she entered at once upon an existence of ease and comparative luxury with little delay. Until she was thirty, and more beautiful than when a young girl, Angelique led a life that seemed good to her, and about the financial details of which probably the less said the better.

Having gratified one ambition, the other cried more insistently for satisfaction, and her desire for respect and deference increased with each year that seemed to make it more impossible to achieve. An irreproachable manner, and the continued refusal to associate with women who might otherwise have supposed themselves to be in her class, were, so far, the most she had been able to accomplish in the way of gratifying her dominant desire, but she never abandoned the idea of sometime being in reality what she had for so many years been in imagination.

Of all the men she had met in her career, only one had in any degree touched Angelique's heart. For Manuel Pedro, gambler, horse racer, general reprobate and suspected assassin, she had felt all the love of which her fiery soul was capable. It surprised at first and rather vexed her—it was so unusual and inconvenient to think of any one but herself; to find that all the money she could spend and all the beautiful gowns she could wear still left a hunger that she could neither define

nor control. When he left her, after a brief companionship that lasted only while it seemed safe for him to remain in Arizona, and that ended without even a pretense of regret on his part, she suffered for the first time in her life a crushing, throbbing, craving for the voice and presence of another human being—the one man who had ever been necessary to her happiness. Mingled with grief at his loss was the humiliation and rage that at times overwhelmed her in remembering that her pride had deserted her to the extent of letting him see that she loved him, unasked and undesired. Her old fear of ridicule tortured her with the idea that Manuel would laugh about her with his companions, and tell the story of her appeal to take her with him in her retreat from personified law. As she brooded over her fancied wrongs and his mockings of her, the love she had for him gradually grew less, leaving in its place a burning hatred that glowed more fervently as the passion that gave it birth cooled.

When Angelique was thirty her second ambition was also accomplished. She was staying at one of the hotels alone, and as her stars ordained, met a man from the east, Richard Legro, who was in the clutch of consumption, and nearly at the end of his unequal warfare. They met, naturally enough. A scant knowledge of the world and the absence of friends to warn him, assisted Angelique in the furtherance of her purpose, and before a month had passed she was safely and securely Mrs. Richard Legro, holding for speedy use a will, properly drawn, and conveying to her sundry stocks, bonds, and moneys, when their present owner should have abandoned them in his departure for a place to which "it is certain we can take nothing away".

She had not long to wait. If it could be accounted to her for righteousness that she made the last few weeks of one man's life happy, it was hers. Her husband's joy in her was clouded by no suspicion, no inkling of the truth, and the brief honeymoon, that was so quickly quenched in the sea of death, was undimmed by any doubt of the wife whom he adored.

Swathed in becoming widow's weeds, Angelique listened to the reading of the will that gave to her a great fortune, with everything to facilitate her speedy possession of it carefully attended to beforehand. As soon as possible she shook the dust of Arizona from her dainty shoes, her former associates knew her no more, and her destination, if intended for a secret, was most successfully kept.

Coincident with the disappearance of Angelique Duvois from Tucson was the advent of Mrs. Richard Legro, a young and lovely widow, in San José. With apparently unlimited means, she soon purchased a fine place about two miles from town, consisting of a palatial mansion and extensive grounds. It had at one time included a large vineyard, but that had been sold, and only a partially ruined and abandoned stone vinery remained to remind the owner of the past industry. A tramp, drunken and disheartened, had crawled into the cellar one night to cut his throat, by way of escape from his troubles, and since that time the building had been accredited with ghastly sights and sounds, and shunned by all passers-by.

Generous and hospitable, Mrs. Legro found no difficulty in making a triumphant entry through the portals of San José society, and the doors, to glance through which she might have pleaded in vain a year before, opened widely and graciously to receive the owner of "Elmcrest". It migh have created unholy mirth in Manuel Pedro and his friends to have seen Angelique on her knees beneath the rose-hued window of "All Saints", where she elected to worship, but the rector saw no incongruity in the devout attitude of his most liberal

parishioner, for whom he experienced an uneasy commingling of respect for her wealth and orthodoxy, and priestly love for her beautiful dusky face, which he mistakenly called in his prayers, her soul.

So, all these preliminaries being satisfactorily arranged, Angelique was pleased with her earthly success and happy in its fruition. Contrary to all maiden lady lectures, she was troubled by no longing to return to her former career of unconventionality. All her life she had bent every energy to attaining the eminence of respectability she now breathed in so naturally, and having reached her goal, she rested on her laurels, content and at peace with all her fellow-creatures. It was only at rare intervals that she even remembered Manuel. The mild passion of the rector, the Woman's Whist Club, of which she was president, the Driving and the Cross-country Clubs, and the various social dissipations, filled her life. She was handicapped by no sense of humour, and it seemed fitting and proper in her eyes that her air castles had formed for themselves a firm foundation, and that the station for which she believed herself to be intended should have materialized itself for her occupation. After two years of this pleasant existence, Angelique had practically forgotten the sordid life that had preceded it, and even to herself never neglected her rôle nor lowered her mask.

In blissful security, she dreamed of no change nor interruption in her life of agreeable routine. It was, therefore, a distinct shock when the maid ushered a stranger into the drawing-room, who proved to be none other than the once-loved Manuel Pedro. He was not the dashing Manuel of old days, but a very dingy-looking desperado, evidently far down on his luck and brazenly determined to mend his fortunes by her assistance. Deciding before she reached him that she must dissemble until she learned his intentions, Angelique took his awkwardly extended hand cordially and professed her great pleasure in seeing him. No one, she said to herself, hotly, should meddle with her laboriously reared structure of respectability, least of all this ingrate, to whom she owed nothing but hatred and contempt. But she talked graciously, careful not to make too apparent her lately acquired culture, and asked with well-feigned interest of the old associates and of his own adventures.

Somewhat thrown from his calculations by this unexpected welcome, Manuel approached his real errand with diffidence, but to his further surprise Angelique acceded to his hesitating request for a "temporary loan" with cheerful promptitude. He confided to her that if he could raise five hundred dollars he could procure a shooting-gallery outfit, and with a little poker on the side thought he could pick up a decent living. She sympathized with his plans and professed herself more than willing to help him. The only difficulty in the way was that she had only some fifty dollars in the house at the time, and would need a week to get the required sum from the bank. If he would come back in a week or ten days, in the meantime getting along on the fifty, she would give him the larger sum "in memory of old times". To say that Manuel was delighted is not to do justice to his sentiments of gratitude to Angelique and felicitation on his own attractions, which it was easy to see still held their old charm. He pocketed the money, assured her of his undying regard for her, and took himself off, pledged to return in ten days.

A sleepless night, passed in formulating various schemes, which were found weak and rejected, finally resulted in a satisfactory one, and the next day, in response to a telephone call, a mason and several assistants journeyed to Elmcrest to build a steel and cement vault in one corner of the

disused wine cellar. It was an expensive job and was done in the most approved style. Mrs. Legro explained that she had many valuable papers and jewels that she preferred to keep at home, rather than in the bank, and the vault was for that purpose. It was about ten feet square, when finished, was scientifically ventilated and provided with the newest and safest locks, guaranteed to withstand the most accomplished burglar. A small door, high up in the wall, provided additional light when opened, and would enable Madame to secure plenty of air when she chose to sit there to clip her coupons. There was no secret about the room, nor its avowed purpose. All the servants knew of it and watched its construction, but as they firmly believed the cellar to be haunted by the disfigured ghost of the tramp who had died there, not one of them could have been induced to visit the spot without plenty of company.

When Angelique had paid the bill and mastered the intricacies of the locks, the secret of which no one but she and the locksmith knew, she congratuated herself on possessing a treasure room fully qualified to retain whatever she committed to its keeping.

Promptly at the time specified Manuel again appeared at Elmcrest. Again he was greeted with cordiality. The money was at hand this time and was counted over to him with polite disclaimer of any obligation involved. His plans were recounted and discussed, and finally, after an evening remarkably like old times, Angelique herself ushered him to the door, the servants, she explained, all having a holiday to attend a fiesta in town.

As he might not call again, Angelique suggested showing him the grounds. The white light of the full moon flooded the garden with its cold brilliancy. Beneath its rays the woman's face looked strangely pale and her dark eyes gleamed sombrely. Manuel recognized, with a reminiscent thrill, how beautiful she was, and half determined to try to revive the old love again. It would be worth his freedom—all this wealth as a premium with so handsome a wife. But there was time enough. He shrewdly remembered that moonlight often developed in his heart symptoms of the grand passion that the next day's prosaic sunshine dissipated.

They were approaching the old winery, black and prison-like in the shadow. A tiny shiver ran down Manuel's spine, but when Angelique shudderingly told him the story of the ghost, and declared that nothing would induce her to enter the place at night, "at least not alone", with an upward glance of appeal for his brave protection, he promptly laughed at such childish fears, and insisted upon exploring the buildinig. Once inside, she suddenly remembered her new plaything, and offered to show him the fittings of the vault. Stooping to examine the cement floor, he did not hear her cat-like tread, and only the heavy clang of the massive door startled Manuel into turning to leave the place.

Dense blackness met his eyes. There was no trace of a door from the inside. Absolute stillness reigned for a few minutes and then a door, less than a foot wide and six or eight inches in depth, opened high up in the wall, and the delicate face of Angelique appeared at the aperture, illuminated by a lantern she held. A mocking smile curved her mouth and she surveyed him in silence while he first demanded and then begged her to release him.

"It is my turn now, mon ami," she said, laughing a little. "You see I am kinder than you were. When I begged you to take me with you to Mexico you refused and made a jest of me." Her eyes shone yellow in the light, like a cat's. "How badly I felt! My poor heart was quite broken. But I do not revenge myself. No. I love

you far too much to part from you. I will keep you here with me. Every day, if I do not forget, you shall see me. Is that not happiness?" She laughed amusedly, as a cat might laugh at a struggling mouse, and before he could reply the door closed.

In the thick darkness of his cell Manuel listened for some sound to tell him that she had gone away. Nothing but a silence that could almost be felt rewarded him. He shouted, and when his fear had reached the point of terror, he screamed and flung himself futilely against the walls, but no one answered, not even the echo of his own voice, which was tossed back to him by the solid masonry.

Ages passed. It might have been years, so far as his own sense of time could tell, when the little door again opened and Angelique's face appeared at the window. She threw in to him a loaf of bread and a leather flask of water attached to a cord.

"I forgot to say last night," she said, "that it will not make any difference how much noise you make, if it amuses you. I do not think that any one will hear you, but if they do it will insure your not being interrupted, as no one in the neighborhood will come near the cellar at any time if they can help it, and if they hear the ghost of the tramp it will go further to keep them away than if they only believe it has been seen. I will bring you food and drink, but do not wear yourself out planning ways of escape, for I assure you this retreat was built with special reference to keeping you safe."

"Why do you not kill me at once, if I am in your way?" he demanded. "No one will know, and I'd rather be dead than shut up here like a rat in a trap."

"That would be wicked," she replied, with a light laugh. "Besides, you might haunt me, like the tramp that I told you of. Oh, no! You will die when your time comes. I shall not hurry nor detain you. One would think you would be grateful to me for providing you with food and shelter for the rest of your life, with no effort on your part. And you have money, too—five hundred dollars. Doesn't it amuse you to count it, and think what you would buy if you were free again?"

Still laughing, she closed the door before he could answer her gibes. After that day he seldom saw his jailor. Scanty food and water were dropped through the door at intervals of seeming centuries. Only the streak of fatalism that had made him a gambler kept him from suicide. He could have taken his own life with his bare hands. At times he planned how it might be done, but always he felt that his luck would change—he could not forever play a losing hand—and when it did—

He kept his sanity by regular mental exercise, after he had proved the futility of hysterically flinging himself upon the stone floor and straining his throat with shrieks that were unheeded by God or man. He planned trips that he would make when he was free, starting from the San José station, and carefully recalling every depot and water tank on the road to Tucson. He built houses in his mind, preparing and placing every plank and joist and shingle. He bought the furniture for it, piece by piece, calculating the cost as he went. He reckoned the years of his life, mentally dividing them into months, weeks, days, hours and minutes.

In all his fancies he learned after awhile to refrain from picturing the revenge he would take on Angelique. It required but a short time to show him that that way madness lay, and to keep himself strong in body and brain against the day of his release became his dominant thought. He saw with maddening clearness Angelique's scheme and her cleverly planned vengeance that prevented any danger to her new respectability, while it satiated her desire to repay his old

slighting of her. He had fallen into her toils as easily as a fly into a spider's web. He raged inwardly as he remembered the fatuous self-conceit that prompted him to reopen the old wound to her vanity. From her he knew he had nothing to hope, but that something would happen to free him he fully believed. He dared not doubt it.

The time wore on. Matters at the mansion on the hill were outwardly the same as before. The mistress entertained the "best people" as usual; she listened to the rector's mixture of love-making and theology with the same cool, tolerant smile, but her acquaintances said she was growing thin, and the servants grumbled amongst themselves that she was nervous, unreasonable, and impossible to please. She no longer went to town to theatre parties nor club meetings. She appeared to dislike leaving the place for more than an hour, and when she returned from even these short absences she inquired of the servants if any one had called, or if anything unusual had happened, in a way they considered veiled a suspicion of them in some ill-understood form.

At the expiration of a year Mrs. Legro had grown worn and faded. The rector's admiration was not so apparent, and her mirror pitilessly showed her faint lines that did not belong in so lovely a face, and gray threads that were dimming the glory of her dusky hair.

Every night she trod again the oft-travelled road of repentance, seeking vainly for some safe way to undo the wrong she was forced to acknowledge to her insistent soul she had done. Fear, livid, and grisly, accompanied her in every waking moment. She feared to speak to Manuel, feared to look upon him if he lived, and feared to learn the truth if he was dead. She dared not leave the place for long, and feared to return lest discovery had preceded her. She counted the minutes of the morning until the time to take his food to the cell, and make the short journey from the house in daily fear of being followed and detected. If she could, she would gladly have liberated him, but fear of death and its judgment added themselves to her other fears, and she lacked the courage to let him out to wreck his vengeance upon her.

The spring came tardily in the year of 1906. Manuel had been in his living grave just a year the 17th of April. That night Angelique sat alone under a magnolia tree near the cellar and listened, as she always did, involuntarily, for sounds from the gloomy building. Nothing disturbed the stillness of the warm night. The air was heavy and sultry, seemingly trying to atone for the lateness of the summer warmth by its intensity when it did appear. Not a breeze stirred the leaves of the trees, that hung limply from the boughs. A feeling of expectancy, as if waiting breathlessly for some horror creeping upon her, enveloped Angelique, and the scenes of her whole life seemed to pass in slow and stately procession before her vision. Like a nightmare, the sins and errors of thirty years marshalled themselves in solid ranks. Long-forgotten delinquencies revived themselves from the past and joined the dissolving view. Nothing was omitted from her individual judgment day, and the ease with which she might have done right, the simplicity of truth and purity, demonstrated themselves, with the irrevocableness of the record. To escape the horrors of memory, she went to her room, undressed hurriedly and drank the sedative that, by judicious additions had come to be her sole refuge from the fears and fantasies that made her waking hours a torture.

In the narrow room that had become his tomb while he yet lived, Manuel paced back and forth the three steps each way that provided the exercise which he never omitted from

his daily programme. Dark and close, with little variation of temperature, he could still feel the intense, unusual heat. The same sense of brooding poise in the atmosphere, of waiting for some crouching horror, was apparent to him, as to Angelique.

He had spoken to no one save his own ears for nearly a year—a year in reality, but to him, shut up in unchanging dusk and silence, it had been a period of time impossible to compute. It was as if he had already entered the state where one day is as a thousand years. For a time he had waited anxiously through the interminable hours, until the little door opened, and begged, threatened, and implored Angelique in a vain effort to make her speak to him, but at last he had given it up. He counted the days, as indicated by her visits, for he reckoned that she came but once a day. For each time that the door opened he scratched a tiny mark on the cement wall. Every seventh day he made a longer stroke, and a dozen times a day he counted these recorded days.

He had no means of knowing if any one had heard his frenzied screams and oaths before he had learned to control his despair and fear—fear lest he should go mad, or that he should be forgotten and starve to death slowly and painfully, like an animal in a trap. He remembered a man brought in from the desert in Arizona, raving mad from thirst, his tongue black and swollen, and he almost feared to drink the water in his flask, lest he should get no more.

Hundreds of futile plans for escape he had made, attempted, and one by one counted them as failures. For a time settled lethargy had gripped him, but the night of the 17th of April his old courage had revived. "Patience and shuffle the cards," had been his motto when playing a losing game. The phrase came back to him now in an almost audible voice, and he made no attempt to sleep. He was waiting for something, he knew not what, but it behoved him to be ready. When matters are at their worst any change is for the better. He walked three steps to the right, three to the left, three forward and three back, over and over, listening almost breathless in the sultry, sullen air for the Thing that was surely coming, eager to meet it, whatever it might be.

And it came. Came with a roar. angry and menacing, a shock and crash, as of falling worlds—a sickening heaving of the earth beneath his feet, a sudden righting of itself and an instant's pause followed by a heavier, more stupendous, reeling, staggering plunge of the earth. The walls rose, swayed, and fell outward. Manuel was hurled to the ground, but struggled to his feet, free in the cool, gray dawn. The cellar that had been his prison for a year lay in ruins. One wall only remained standing and swaying drunkenly. Down the path before him he saw the servants running, mad with fear. Farther down the hill, where the house had stood, was a pile of ruins, heaped in a curiously unnatural way, as if the walls had been lifted by some Titan and flung vengefully about.

It occurred to him for the first time time that in or beneath that mass of debris, Angelique might be imprisoned. He started slowly and painfully down the path. Slight shocks of earthquake followed each other rapidly, but harmlessly. As he drew near the shattered building he heard a faint cry. A smile, the first he had worn for a year, twisted his mouth. My lady was alive then. It was well that she should be. A turn in the road brought her almost immediately before him.

She sat almost erect, straining vainly at a heavy timber that pinioned her legs. Manuel stopped and watched, still smiling. With frantic intensity she struggled with the beam that held her. She could lift it a little, a very little, could hold it a moment while she

tried to pull her limb away, then each time it fell back. Each time she could lift it a little less. It was like the efforts of a fly to pull itself from a sheet of sticky fly-paper. Alone, they two together, beneath the uncaring dawn, they played their small drama, the actor and the audience.

At last he laughed aloud, a weak, quavering, mirthless sound, and she turned her head to look. The possible shade more of deathlike pallor overspread her features. She held out her hands to him.

"O God! Manuel, help me." She began to cry hysterically. "Only a little. I will lift. You can get it off. It is crushing me."

He stood impassive, watching her curiously. She did not understand, or for the moment she had forgotten.

"Hurry!' she cried in her old imperious manner. "I tell you it is hurting me!"

Then, as he still stood motionless, his meaning penetrated her mind. Looking about her, as an animal caught in a trap looks, she saw, at the farther end of the ruins, where the kitchen had been, a little puff of smoke. In a frenzy of terror she implored him.

"Oh, Manuel! For the love of God! Manuel, I am sorry. I would have let you out, truly I would, only I was afraid. Surely you will not let me burn to death!"

Her voice rose to a shriek, as a yellow tongue of flame licked up a pile of loose wooden fragments. She tugged, straining at the timber upon her. Her hands were torn and bleeding. She prayed to the unhearing saints, and all the while Manuel stood, emotionless, with the fixed smile on his face.

The flames crackled and began a tentative roar, as if to test their powers. The sun came up, calmly beginning his day's course, heedless of the misery of the ant-like creatures beneath him as he had been regardless of their mirth.

Exhausted and faint, Angelique stretched her hands weakly to the automaton-like figure before her and whispered: "Manuel, for the sake of the time when you said you loved me, for the sake of all I was to you once, in mercy kill me. You cannot leave me to burn."

He answered her with the same unearthly laugh, unmodulated, weak and quavering, and she saw that he was mad, as she fell back unconscious of swift-coming death.

THE PASSING OF CHINOOK

BY MABEL DURHAM

ONCE, fifteen years ago when but a new-comer to the West, I stood in a general store in a village in the Okanagan Valley and listened with eager curiosity while an Indian woman and a Chinaman talked easily and animatedly in a tongue strange to me. What was this language in which these two representatives of so widely divergent races could converse thus so freely, I wondered. When I questioned friends, who were old-timers, about this circumstance which to me had appeared so remarkable and astonishing, the only surprise they expressed was at my ignorance.

"*Mika halo cumtux Chinook wawa?*" they inquired scornfully. Why, the Klootchman and the Chink were talking in Chinook, to be sure. What else could it be?

That was a question I could only echo, for I very well knew that the native woman had not mastered the complex and difficult speech of the Oriental, and it seemed almost as unlikely that he could know anything of her tribal tongue. But Chinook was then a language unknown to me.

Even at that time one heard it constantly in the rural districts. But since a third trans-continental railway has linked up the provinces of Canada, the East and the West are becoming more and more alike, and with the growth of big cities and the increase of population, many things which until a few years ago were distinctly typical of the Pacific Coast are passing away, and one of them is that strange "Esperanto" of the natives.

In and near large centres of population it is heard now only on the lips of old Indians, for the younger generations of natives in such places speak English. Nor is it in these communities ever spoken now by whites, except, when they foregather, by old settlers, prospectors, trappers, and those who have spent many years close to the natives, for new-comers to the country have no knowledge of Chinook.

But it is still a standard speech among the Indians of different tribes and the traders dealing with them in remote places, and its use still makes possible intercourse between aboriginal races far removed in point of distance as well as in customs and language. And the number of stray words from it that seem to have found a settled place in the colloquial diction of the white dwellers of the Pacific slope shows to what an extent the jargon was once used.

If a stranger on the coast should inquire casually how the Chinook had its origin, he would in all probability be told that it was invented by the Hudson's Bay Company, as a medium for communication with the various tribes among whom their traders went. This is the commonly accepted theory, but it is not correct, as any one will soon discover who takes the trouble to make a study of the vocabulary of the jargon and to trace its sources. Although the officials of the Hudson's Bay Company developed, and as one might say, organized it,

and reduced it to a written form of speech, it really came into being by a process of evolution, and in response to the demand of the time, to meet the need of the curious phase of life which resulted when white men and the primitive races met together on the coast.

When Capt. Cook left England on his third great voyage to the Pacific Ocean, the object of which was to endeavour to find a northeast passage to the Atlantic, philosophers and geographers still believing that although attempts to discover a northwest passage from the other side of the continent had failed the mythical Straits of Anian might be entered from the Pacific and lead to the discovery of the long-sought route, he had in his ship's company a surgeon named Anderson. This man was also a naturalist of considerable attainment, and at each of the strange lands that were visited in the course of the voyage he made a close and careful study of the natives, their customs, language, religion and mode of life, as well as of the flora, fauna, and physical characteristics of the countries.

When in 1778 the *Resolution* and the *Discovery* came ploughing their way across the Pacific from the Sandwich Islands, which they had discovered, they sighted the *New Albion* of Sir Francis Drake somewhere off what is now the State of Oregon. No harbour could be seen, and stormy weather prevented them from making a landing. So they stood out to sea, and when they again approached the land, were off a point to which Cook gave the name of Cape Flattery, because, as he related in his journal, it flattered him with the hope of finding a harbour. But again the fierce March gales beat them out to sea, and the two little ships struggled on against them toward the North. When land was once more seen those on board were surprised at the difference in its aspect from that which they had observed farther south. They were then off the coast of Vancouver Island, and there they found a harbour in which they came to a safe anchorage.

This was Nootka Sound, a place destined to remain idle for a hundred years, until the establishment of saw mills there ten years ago made its name once more heard in the reports of commerce, not, as in its early days, as the source of the coveted sea-otter pelt, but as a shipping point for Vancouver Island lumber.

When the great navigator who was the first Englishman to set foot on the west coast of Canada, finally reached a harbour after his long voyage, his ships were badly in need of repairs. Here he found good water and plenty of good timber. So the forges and mechanics' equipment were set up on shore, some of the tall firs and huge cedars were felled, and the ships were given an overhauling. This work occupied a month.

While it was going forward, the commander and the officers engaged in trade with the Indians, who swarmed about the ships in great numbers with every demonstration of friendship and welcome. They offered for trade the skins of the sea-otter, the animal whose pelt was afterward to become the basis of the fur trade on the coast, and for which it was so furiously hunted that it is now practically extinct. In exchange the white men gave nails and bits of iron and other metals which were eagerly sought by the natives.

But Anderson employed his time in studying the people of the country, a task to which he brought a high degree of zeal and enthusiasm. He made a list of their words in most common use, with their English equivalents. This keen observer, who loved the study of mankind, was even then in failing health, and before the end of the summer he died on one of the barren Aleutian Islands. But the list of words which he had compiled at Nootka was published in the official account of the voyage, together with a lengthy description of the habits and manners of the people which he had prepared in conjunction with

Capt. Cook, and which furnishes a record which will always be of the greatest value to the ethnologist and anthropologist. This account of the voyage also told of rich sea-otter skins which had been purchased for a handful of nails, and which had afterward been sold for a fabulous price to Chinese merchants when the ship was on its way home. It was this that started a long line of trading vessels toward Nootka.

When Capt. Vancouver came fourteen years after Cook, he had with him the list of words which Anderson had prepared. He used them in talking not only to the Nootkans, but to the Indians on the Strait of Juan de Fuca, Puget Sound, Burrard Inlet, the Gulf of Georgia, and wherever else his explorations took him. When he returned to England he had added many words to Anderson's list. This vocabulary was in the hands of every trader who came to the coast, and it was not long before Indians to whom the words were at first strange, began to employ them also.

It was quite natural that they should do so. The well-known word "tyee", for instance, was the Nootka term for chief. When Vancouver met a chief of another tribe, and addressed him thus, he and his people naturally supposed that this was the white man's word for chief, and were prompt to use it when talking to the next whites who came their way. Likewise, another familiar jargon word, "mowitch", was Nootkan for deer. Traders, consulting the list begun by Anderson and enlarged by Vancouver, when they wanted to know if deer were to be found in a district, said, "Mowitch? mowitch?", with a sweep of the arm to take in the surrounding country. When the natives failed to understand, the strangers made a rude drawing of the animal. Instantly the Indians concluded that "mowitch" was the white man's name for it and always afterward employed it in conversing with them.

As this was what happened with most of the words in the list, although many of them underwent changes and modifications, it will be seen that the conventional language which afterward came to be called Chinook, and which has been likened to the Lingua Franca of the Mediterranean, had its origin in Nootka, for the words from the language of its people were those chiefly in use until Astoria was established at the mouth of the Columbia River in 1811, when Nootka ceased to be the rendezvous of the traders.

Upon the arrival of the Hudson's Bay Company on the coast the new language had already some form, although it was then that it received its chief impulse. The principal post of the company being at the mouth of the Columbia in the country of the Chinook tribe, it followed that a large addition of their words should be made, as well as of those of the Chehalis, a tribe occupying the territory immediately to the north.

Many more English words were now brought in and French was introduced for the first time. The French Canadian voyageurs who entered the service of the fur companies came in contact more closely with the lives of the natives than any other class of whites. They not only traded with the Indians but travelled with them, hunted with them, found shelter in their lodges, and for long periods at a time lived with them on terms of close intimacy. Many words, both of pure French and patois came into the jargon.

The words adopted from the several languages, both of whites and Indians were those found to be most easily uttered by all, except that objects new to the natives, such as articles of food, clothing, tools and furniture, were more adaptable to tongues unaccustomed to the sounds. The gutturals of the Indians, which presented difficulty to the Europeans, were softened or dropped, and the *f* and *r* of the English and French, which the natives were unable to pronounce, were modified into *p* and *l*. A number of words were formed by what ethnologists call onomatopoeia, a word formidable in appearance, but simple enough in

meaning, merely signifying the imitation of natural sounds to indicate their source. A good example of this is the suggestive "muck-a-muck", meaning food, or to eat, a meaning it would no doubt readily convey to a primitive people given to the enjoyment of their food without any of the restraints imposed by social amenities. "Liplip" was intended to express the sound of boiling water, and meant to boil; "tintin" signified the ringing of a bell, and hence any musical instrument; "tumtum" supposed to represent the beating of the heart, became the name for that organ.

Grammatical forms were reduced to their simplest possible expression, and variations in mood and tense were conveyed almost entirely by the context.

The advantages of the curious mixed speech was quickly seen by the Indians, and it became a means of communication between tribes of different tongues, as well as between them and the new-comers. It was even used as such between English and French. It was at first most in vogue in the district near the mouth of the Columbia River, which was until 1843 the headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company, but as it continued to receive fresh additions. and began to assume a distinct and settled form, it gradually spread to the North along the coast, and inland along the Columbia and Fraser rivers.

Horatio Hale, a distinguished anthropologist, who was a member of the United States Exploring Expedition which surveyed a portion of the coast in 1841, and gave a report on the ethnology of Oregon, compiled a vocabulary of the trade language, giving it at that time about two hundred and fifty words. The following description, given by him then, has some historical interest:

"The place at which the jargon is most in use is at Fort Vancouver. At this establishment five languages are spoken by about five hundred persons, name the English, the Canadian-French, the Chinook, the Cree and the Hawaiian. The Cree is the language spoken in the families of many officers and men belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, who have married half-breed wives at the posts east of the Rocky Mountains. The Hawaiian is in use among about one hundred natives of the Sandwich Islands who are employed as laborers about the fort. Besides these five languages there are many others, the Chehalish, Wallawalla, Calapooya, Nisqually, etc., which are daily heard from the natives who visit the fort for the purpose of trading. Among all these persons there are very few who understand more than two languages and many who speak only their own. The general communication is, therefore, maintained chiefly by means of the jargon, which may be said to be the prevailing idiom. There are Canadians and half-breeds who have married native women, and can only converse with their wives in this speech; and it is the fact, strange as it may seem, that many young children are growing up, to whom this factitious language is really the mother tongue, and who speak it with more readiness and perfection than any other. Could the state of things which evists there be suffered to remain a century longer, the result might be the formation of a race and idiom whose affinities would be a puzzle to ethnographers. The tide of population, however, which is now turning in this direction, will soon overwhelm and absorb all these scattered fragments of peculiar lineage and speech, leaving no trace behind but such as may exist on the written page."

This prediction has come true only of the district of which it was written, for the language still lives and its usefulness continues, although in a region remote from that in which it received its greatest development.

The discovery of gold in Cariboo brought white men in contact with the tribes of the northern interior over a much wider extent of country than had hitherto been reached by the fur traders, and the use of the jargon was extended proportionately, so that shortly after the middle of the past century it was employed throughout the entire territory from California to Alaska, and from the Rocky Mountains to the coast, and there were few tribes in which there were not to be found some interpreters through its medium.

It had, in fact, become an international speech, widely diffused among the fifty tribes of British Col-

umbia, Oregon, Washington and Alaska, and of great service, not only to traders, but to scientists, missionaries and travellers. It is also easy to believe that the tribes benefited socially and morally through being able, by means of the conventional speech, to come to a better understanding of one another. Mr. James Dean of Victoria, B.C., a close student for many years of Indian folk lore, writing on this subject more than twenty-five years ago said:

"Pride and ignorance of the language of their neighbours were the principle causes of the wars and ill-feeling between the various nations. For example, some ill-timed joke would, through ignorance on the part of the members of another tribe, be construed into an insult, which their pride would not allow to go unpunished."

He stated that this root of mischief had been extirpated by that "made language or jargon, the Chinook, which the traders found necessary to create". And he adds, "I know nothing that has done so much to civilize our native races. It stimulated friendly intercourse between tribes, each other, whence sworn foes became lasting friends".

As the trade language travelled northward and eastward its vocabulary increased. In 1863 the Smithsonian Institute published a "Dictionary of the Chinook Jargon", prepared by Mr. George Gibbs, whose collection comprised nearly five hundred words. Two later dictionaries were published in Victoria, B.C., both of which give about the same number of words. It is almost impossible to state the number now with exactitude, for many which were in early use have become obsolete, while in different districts a certain number have been introduced locally and are not known elsewhere.

In spite of its apparent poverty of words and its lack of grammatical forms the "international idiom" possessed a surprising degree of flexibility and expressiveness, and difficult as this may be of comprehension, it served almost every need of ordinary intercourse in the life of the past century on the Pacific slope. It was given a wider scope through the fact that many of its words have a general sense and may receive different significations according to the context. But what gave it a still greater power of expression was the faculty of combining and compounding its simple vocables, which greatly extended its capacity. Moreover, as in the spoken Chinese, a great deal may be expressed by the tone of voice, the look and gesture of the speaker.

The ease with which it was acquired, and the promptness with which it was adopted by the native tribes led to a prevalence in its use that prevented a knowledge being gained of the original Indian languages, none of them being understood or spoken by white persons, with the exception of an occasional pioneer and a few missionaries. In recent years, however, research work along this line has been carried on by scientific societies in England, Canada and the United States.

The language has not been without its literature. The most notable example was the "Kamloops Wawa", published by Rev. Father Le Jeune, a famous missionary to the Indians in the Kamloops district. This was a little weekly paper which was published for about three years, beginning in 1891. It was in the Chinook jargon and in Duployan stenographic characters. This system was learned by Father Le Jeune as a young man in Paris. After having tried with small success to teach the Indians to read in English characters, he undertook to teach them through this method of shorthand. He experimented with a boy who was a cripple, and who, through a strange sort of intuition learned the system at a single lesson, and afterward helped to teach others. The natives learned it quickly and eagerly until a large number of the Shushwap, Thompson River and Nicola tribes could read in it. The little paper was circulated among

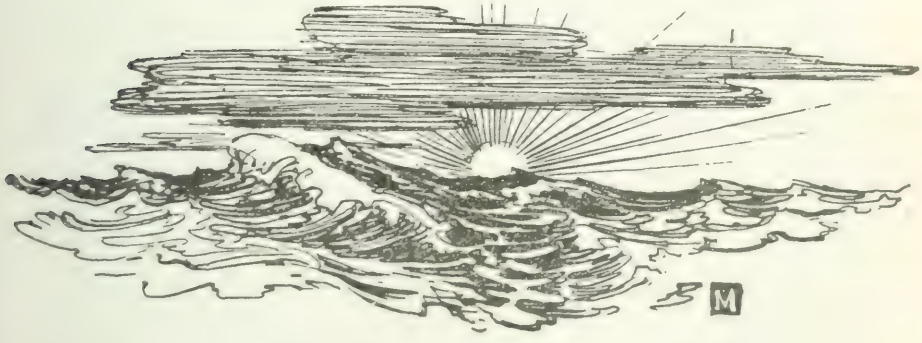
them and was used to convey religious instruction as well as secular information. All the work on it was done by Father Le Jeune who reproduced it on a mimeograph. In the archives of British Columbia in Victoria are to be seen several volumes of this unique journal which might surely claim to be ranked with the linguistic curiosities of this or any age.

Mr. Hale, writing again in 1890, fifty years after he made his first investigations, seems to have changed his view as to the persistence of the jargon, for he says:

> "There can be no doubt that it will remain a living and useful language so long as the native tribes continue to speak their own dialects. Rude and almost formless as it is, the spontaneous product of the commercial needs of mingled races, it has been the source of great and varied benefits. It will serve as a model, at least as a finger-post to direct us to some higher invention for subserving the larger uses of an advanced civilization. Viewed in this light, and also as presenting one of the most curious specimens of a 'mixed language' which philologists have had the opportunity of analyzing, the jargon seems to merit a somewhat careful study."

He is probably right in his assertion that it will long continue as a means of intertribal communication, and it now serves this purpose in the interior of northern British Columbia. But its use is gradually lapsing as civilization advances. It has almost entirely passed from the lower mainland and the Columbia and Fraser valleys where once it was universally employed.

Even fifteen years ago so many of the curious words were still in common use as to make for the Pacific Slope, apart from the large towns and cities, a sort of distinct argot. But since then there has been a great increase in population, especially in Southern British Columbia, and the new-comers know nothing of the strange "wawa", while there has arisen in this part of the country a new generation of Indians who speak English. If a young Indian from one of the reservations near Vancouver or Victoria were to be addressed in the trade language of his fathers to-day, it is doubtful if he would even be able to answer, "Halo cumtux".



MIRACLES AND A GARDEN

By MIRIAM ALICE SUCKLING

DOWNWARD I look, upon a mist of gold,
A bed of tulips, yellow in the glinting sun of spring,
Gorgeous, most wonderful, nodding brilliant cups upon long stems,
And opening golden hearts to greet the day.

Across my little garden, stand tall trees,
Just yesterday—gaunt, black and bare,
To-day—unfolding curls of dainty green,
Pale, moist, most frail and delicate,
E'en as I watch, they more outspread—
And quick become young leaves,
Whose misty shadows fall
On green and gold below.

Over my head, behold blue skies of spring,
Soft azure, blue, O heavenly hue!
All flecked with floating clouds of snowy white,
Which pass, and ever change their mystic shape,
While through their spaces bars of sunlight fall,
Shedding soft gleams
O'er all my garden fair.

Some say to-day no miracles are wrought.
I wonder . . . . . Behold!
These blooms of gold from dusky bulbs of brown,
Leaves of bright green from branches, black and dead.
Gone, drifts of snow and ice,
Wild gales of winter drear,
All flown, as dreams depart at dawn,
And in their place, flowers, blue skies, and clouds so white,
Warm rays of sun and shine
O'er everything.

Marvelling, I gaze upon these wondrous things—
This lovely day of May,
Asking myself, once more, and you
Are these not miracles?
And point they not to hands supreme divine,
Which fill His World with glory,
In the Spring?

RUIN

From the Painting by J. Kerr Lawson — In the Canadian War Memorial Collection

WHEN HUMAN BEINGS WERE REAL ESTATE

BY HON. WILLIAM RENWICK RIDDELL

HE Common Law Villein who, Blackstone says, Comm. Bk. II. p. 92, had "a kind of estate superior to downright slavery but inferior to every other condition", has been thought to be the only person in a servile condition in early England. But the researches of Vinogradoff and others have conclusively established that in addition to Villeins, there were real slaves, the personal property of their masters and bought and sold as freely and effectively as so many cattle. Villeins were real estate and descended to the heir; slaves were personal estate and did not so devolve.

Slavery as such in England died out; villenage regardant was considered to have been abolished by the Statute of Tenures (1660) 12 Car. II., c. 24, although the reasoning in that regard of Lords Talbot and Hardwicke cited by Lord Mansfield in Somerset *v* Stewart, (1772) 1 Lofft. 1, will scarcely recommend itself to the modern lawyer. It was decided by the Court of King's Bench in that case that slavery (including villenage in gross) was not allowed or approved by the law of England. It was, however, admitted on all hands that from necessity, slavery was legal in the American Colonies and that there slaves were "goods and chattels . . . . saleable and sold".

This status of personal estate "goods and chattels" seems to have been changed by statute. The Act of 1732, 5 George II, c. 7., enacted by sec. 4 "that from and after the . . . . 29th September, 1732, the Houses, Lands, Negroes and other Hereditaments and real Estates situate or being within any of the . . . Plantations.... (in America) should be liable to be sold under execution. Personal estate has always been liable to sale under the Writ of *Fieri Facias;* and the Act of 1732 was passed to subject real estate to the like liability in the American Plantations, a liability to which it was not and is not subject in England. This Statute was the origin of our Ontario *"Fi. Fa.* Lands", and it may be remembered that the first reported case in Upper Canada, Gray *v* Wilcocks, was a decision on the question whether land could be sold under *Fi. Fa.*

The Statute of 1732 recognized Negroes as Hereditaments and real estate in British territory in North America.

A number of conveyances, copies of which have come into my hands, show that this status of the Negro slave was generally understood by the profession. E. g., one William Gillchres (Gilchrist) of Vermont, conveyed a mulatto named Dick in 1786 by a deed of Bargain and Sale in the following terms:

"Thuserry octrs 19, 1785.

"Know all men By these presents that I William Gillchres in the County of Rutland and State of Vermont, Yoeman for and in consideration of twenty pound Law Money to you in hand paid by Joseph Barrey of Richmond in the County of Cheshier in State of New hampshier yeoman whereof I

acknoledg the receipt and barggained and sold one molate Boy six years old naimed Dick unto him the said Joseph Barrey and his heirs for ever, to have and to hold the said molater boy, I said Willaim Gillchres who for myself and my heirs promise for ever to warrant socure and defend said promise against the lawful claims or demand of any person or persons in which I have set my hand, hereunto, and seal this nineteenth day of October one thousand seven hundred and eighty-six, in the eleventh year of endipendency.

(*Signed*) William Gillchres

Signed, sealed
in the presence of us
(*Signed*) Elisha Fullan
Lucy Yeomans.

Had the "molate" been considered personal property the conveyance would have been to Joseph Barney, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns, as in the case of the next conveyance. I copy:

"Before the underwritten Notaries residing in the City of Montreal in the Province of Quebec, duly admitted and Sworn personally came and was Present Jean Louis Cavilhe of the Saint Laurence Suburbs Merchant, who voluntarily declared That for and in Consideration of the sum of Fifty six Pounds Lawful Money of the Province aforesaid to him in hand paid by James MacGill of said Montreal, Esquire at or before the Executing hereof the receipt whereof is hereby Acknowledged to have bargained, Sold, released and confirmed and by these presents doth Bargain, Sell release and Confirm unto the said James McGill a Negro woman named Sarah about the age of Twenty five Years To have and to hold the said Negro Woman named Sarah unto the said James McGill his Executors administrators and assigns forever, and he the said Jean Louis Cavilhe his Executors administrators and assigns, and against all and every person or persons whatsoever shall and will warrant and for ever defend by these presents, of which Negro woman He the said Jean Louis cavilhe hath put the said James McGill in full possession by delivering her up to him. Thus done & passed at Montreal, aforesaid on the twenty third day of September in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight and Signed by the said Jean Louis Cavilhe after being duly explained unto him in French by one of the said notaries, and by us Notaries.

(*Signed*) Cavilhe
J. G. Beek
1788 Not. Pub."

The conveyance to the Grantee his Executors, Administrators and assigns, shows that the property conveyed was considered personal property.

By the French Law, slaves were always personal property; but even after the Quebec Act of 1774 which re-introduced the former French law, slaves were sometimes considered as real estate by the English inhabitants of the Province of Quebec. For example, James McGill of Montreal, in 1784 makes the following Bargain and Sale:

"To all to whom these presents shall come I James McGill of the City of Montreal in the Province of Quebec Esquire for and in the name of Thomas Corry of Lassomption in the said Province Merchant being thereunto Authorised by him; Send Greeting; Know ye that I James McGill in the aforesaid name of Thomas Corry for and in Consideration of the Sum of One hundred pounds of the present Lawful Currency of this Province to me in hand paid by Salomon Levey, of the same place Merchant at or before the sealing and delivery of these presents the receipt whereof I do hereby acknowledge. Have bargained Sold and Granted and by these presents do bargain Sell & grant unto the said Salomon Levey, a Negro man named Caesar and Negro woman named Flora.

"To have and to hold the said Negro man named Caesar & negro woman named Flora by these presents bargained sold and granted unto the said Salomon Levey his heirs and assigns for ever freely quietly, peaceably and intirely without any contradiction, claim, disturbance or hindrance or any person or Persons whatsover, and I the said James McGill acting for said Thomas Corry and in his name and behalf for himself his Heirs and assigns the said negro man named Caesar and negro woman named Flora, unto the said Solomon Levey his heirs and assigns against him the said Thomas Corry his Heirs and assigns, and against all and every other person or persons whatsoever shall and will warrant and for ever defend by these presents of which two Slaves above named he the said Thomas Corry has put the said Solomon Levy in full possession before the Sealing and Delivery hereof.

"In witness whereof I the said James McGill have hereunto Subscribed my name and affixed my Seal at Montreal aforesaid this Sixteenth day of December one thousand seven hundred and eighty four.

"Sealed and Delivered in the presence of
(*Signed*) James McGill
(*Signed*) J. G. Beek.
Not. Pub."

That the same rule applied in Upper Canada will appear from a Deed by Eli Keeler of the Township of Haldimand in the County of Northumberland to William Bell of the Township of Thurlow in the County of Hastings "his Heirs and Assigns" in March 1824 whereby he give, grants assigns and sets over for ten years a "Melatto Boy named Tom" (1 Papers and Records, Lennox and Addington Hist. Socy. Napanee, 1909, pp. 41, 42).

To show some of the incidents of slavery, I subjoin the copy of a letter concerning a "Negro Wench named Sarah" in 1785:

Saratoga 20 Feby 1785

Dr Sir

I send by John Brown a Negro Wench Named Sarah my Right & Lawfull property —which you will Pleas Dispose of with the advis of your frinds. I have wrote Mr Thomson on the same subjet—she has no fault to my knolage She will not Drink and so fare as I have seen she is honest—many many upertunitys she has had to have shown her Dishonesty had she been so in Cline—I am sorry to give you the troble—She cost me sixty five pounds should not Lick to sell her under.—

Should you not be able to get Cash you may sell her for furrs of any Kind you think will sutt our market and send them down By the Return sladges; any trobl you my be at shall Pay for these.

I am Dr. Sir. Your as hurede friend &c:

Hugh McAdam.

Mr. Morrison
mercht. Montreal.

Morrison by letter of March 9th, 1785, informs McAdam that he has sold Sarah to Charles Le Pailleur, Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas for £36 currency (£32-8-0, sterling, say $160).

THE UNPAID DEBT

BY EDNA STANTON MICHELSON

T seems to me that nobody nowadays shoulders his wrongdoings in the way that we were made to when I was a child. Everyone makes excuses. There is hardly anything that heredity and environment between them won't excuse. Bad tempers are bad stomachs, and criminality is a matter of defective brains. In my own case, I don't see that heredity will furnish much of an excuse for me, for there have never been any spendthrifts in the family.

However, it is true that my family always had a great deal of money till I came along. Then, in the panic, there were some bad investments, and somehow our wealth just melted down to mere fairish living if one were careful of one's expenses. We were. That is, *they* were.

As far as environment and early training go, grandmother, who raised us after mother died, was one of those capable women who always did everything better than anyone else, and would rather do any task quickly herself than bother to teach a child and then bear with the inevitable imperfection.

"Gracious, that isn't the way to do that. Here, give it to me," she would say, and snatch the stocking I was darning from my hands. She never allowed any of us children to enter the kitchen for fear we would upset the cook, so that, while the cooks preserved their tempers in her household, not one of us three girls could so much as fry an egg.

And as far as learning to manage money and expenses, everything I wore was bought for me and charged to the house accounts without my even knowing what it cost.

As I was a booky child, without any natural practical bent in my nature, it would in any case have been difficult to make household economy interesting to me, and grandmother was too old and had too many other worries to try. No one ever came to the management of a household more unprepared than I did.

It was not long after I was married and free from supervision that I discovered I was afflicted with a great failing, though at that time I had no idea to what dreadful lengths it would lead me.

I pretended that it was a new disease, and christened it the "Buyphobia". The symptoms were a morbid and irresistible desire to buy things, whether I really wanted them or not. Sometimes it overtook me in front of a hardware store or a drug store, and I would try to persuade myself that there was something there that I neded that I should buy. Of course it was worse when I was in the shops where they sold things that I did want and could use, but could not afford. I soon got so that without a painful self-denial I could not pass a bargain-counter in a drygoods store. In the magazines I have always read the advertisements first, and sometimes I have had a real sense of loss when they contained nothing but advertisements of guns, harvest machinery and heating plants, things which I could not by any stretch of the imagination want to own.

The worst feature of my shopping was that, the very moment that any purchase was charged to my account, I had the feeling that it was settled for. At any rate, it was off my mind. And long before the bill came in, the money that should have paid for it had been spent and spent again. Of course, the stores make a diplomatic effort to entice just such weaklings as myself, knowing that there is back of them a father or a husband who will eventually settle the account. And it is not their concern to prevent the scenes that ensue in the family when these debts are at last discovered.

When I first started housekeeping, there were two ideas of living foremost in my mind, though I did not formulate them then. One was to live as "everyone else" lived. By this I meant the young people in my own set, whom I felt that I must compete with, whether I could or not. That "having to have a thing" is the curse of most young households. I constantly compared my house with the houses of my friends, omitting the consideration that most of them had married wealthy young business men, while my husband's profesison—he is a newspaper man, a writer on international law, and was at that time writing the book which has since made his reputation and put us on easy street as far as money goes—excluded the idea of ever making a big fortune. I did not take into account the fact that he found his equivalent in the love of his work and the honours and interests it brought. I did value these things, but I wanted money, too.

My other idea was that the laws of good taste and immaculate hygiene should be the supreme guides in the matter of the house. The fact that mere cleanliness is one of the very gratest luxuries, and that many people do not have it simply because they can't afford it, I did not know and would have declined to believe.

If we were to have a home, it was my business to have that home as perfectly run and as charmingly furnished as it could be. It was my husband's business to pay for it. As far as economy went, I did not want a charming chintz to a silk or velour upholstery, a quaint bit of pottery to a piece of cut glass, a good, plain square-meshed net to an elaborate lace curtain.

I come now to a point in my history which was to work out most unfortunately for me. I might have found some moral support in the help, advice and example of my husband, who is, and always will be, the dearest thing in life to me. But my husband has a curious attitude on the subject of money. In the first place, I have never seen anyone of such Spartan simplicity of taste. Luxury does not appeal to him. He takes neither pride nor pleasure in the beauty of the house, but lives in the freer atmosphere of thought and idea. Much of the time he is absolutely unaware of his immediate surroundings. I could change the places of all the living-room furniture and he would not notice it for weeks, provided his own particular chair and bookcase were not changed.

The one and only luxury he craves is an untroubled mind about money matters. He truly feels and believes that our posesssions not only exact of us far too much in time and thought and money, but are in every way our encumbrances and impedimenta, which hold us back from the free, noble, truly important life of the mind. He dislikes intensely to see me worrying about the pretty things with which I have surounded myself. He resents even the housekeeper's instinct of preservation. He even feels that it is hampering our pleasant intercourse with our children to remind them not to kick the chair legs, or brush their buttered toast against the living-room sofa.

The moment the question of household economy comes up between us, he is depressed, his whole face clouds, his manner grows irritable and there seems to be nothing in him to which I can appeal or explain my ideas or ask advice. Gradually I have learned to suppress all money talk between us.

On every other subject he is indulgent and kind—the ideal husband. If only I can keep this one thing from intruding on our peace.

My position was difficult. From the very first he made me a housekeeping allowance, which was to cover all house expenses and every possible cost of living.

From it I was to pay all monthly bills and all extras—coal, taxes, all repairs on the house, doctor's bills and the annual Christmas expenses.

Now, as I had neither experience nor advice, I naturally began on a scale of living which was enirely beyond our means. I left wholly inadequate amounts for doctor's bills and coal and such essentials, and sometimes I didn't have anything left of the sum I intended to appropriate for such purposes. By the time the taxes were due, their appropriation would be spent refitting the linen closet, or in buying a new carpet for the guest room, because we simply had to have one.

I never kept a book of expenses, because nobody had ever showed me how to do so, nor would my husband have looked it over or showed any interest in it if I had done so. And as for myself, I wanted no record of my bungling; my object was always to try and forget my worries as much of the time as I could. I opened accounts everywhere, and bought what I thought we needed and then forgot, and bought other things before the bills of the first purchase were due.

My milk and grocery bills were frightful and ran from month to month, so that when I did pay a bill it was always so old and long outstanding that I could not have told whether I had really had the goods and whether the charges were right.

Year after year I would run into debt, stuff away the bills I could not pay in the back of a drawer and try to forget about them. As long as I did not bother him with money matters, my husband and I were very happy together. When, finally, after many sleepless nights, I would burst into tears and confess my debts and my inability to handle the problem, there would be a scene; my husband would look and feel incredibly grieved and misused, and would finally ask sternly how large a sum would set me right again. He never could bring himself to take a look at the bills themselves, or to look over my muddled calculations. I invariably named a sum much smaller than the one really needed to start me free from debt, and with indication and attitude of martyrdom my husband would sign a cheque to that amount.

Of course, it would only be a little while before the same scene would be repeated, usually with the sum a trifle increased. At last, after several years, when the arrival and needs of our two children had greatly increased the expenses of living, and more than doubled my share of the worry and burden of the household, we had a very serious clash. My debts this time were so large that my husband had to sell one of the bonds that constituted his savings in order to meet them. He did not this time forgive me as quickly, and I realized that it must never happen again; that if it did happen, I could not fling my arms around his neck and win his forgiveness.

Then I began a frantic attempt to cut down our living expenses. And still we ran behind, and I wrote to each creditor in turn that we would surely pay him next month, or sent small, partial payments to appease him. My allowance, paid to my bank on the first of the month, was always used up by the third, and sufficed scarcely to keep things going at all.

And yet there were times when I would forget all this misery and my mania would take possession of me. I bought what tempted me, regardless of everything except that they were lovely and that I wanted them. I remember a lot of exquisite Irish lace that I bought once after I had spent a sleepless night of worry over my debts. It was a wonderful bargain, and I knew that I should not have to pay the bill for months. Another time I had the

carpenter put a gymnasium in the attic for the children, for a rainy-day play place, although I knew that all my allowance for months ahead was pledged to pay back bills for actual necessaries.

One day I picked up a newspaper and my eye fell on an advertisement that seemed to hold the promise of a way out.

DO YOU NEED MONEY?

it said in fat black print. Did I indeed? Who could need it more? I read on with a beating heart, and the fear that my husband must see my excitement and guess the cause. But he was deep in his international law.

"Money will be lent with greatest privacy to all responsible persons, salaried clerks, or ladies with allowances, etc." That was the announcement.

The next day I started the minute my husband was out of the house to follow up the advertisement. I had never before stepped out of the usual routine of a woman of my class, interested in her house, in charitable work, social duties and pleasures, dress-makers and shopping. This round makes a very limited district on a map of the city.

I was nervous in the feeling that I was slipping outside of this charmed circle, and yet I never wavered. I telephoned to an old school friend, whom I knew to have rather easy-going standards and who was somewhat under obligations to me, telling her what I was going to do, and asking her to go with me. We took the street car to a part of the city I had rarely seen. It was a street far from the center of the town, a street of small but prosperous shops, running through a district of flat houses and small frame houses with pleasant yards. Quite unfashionable, but by no means a slum. The elevated road ran overhead.

Our destination turned out to be what at first seemed to be a harness shop, from the saddles, whips and child's pony cart that filled one window. But the other window exhibited a cooking stove and a baby carriage and inside we saw a lot of apparanetly quite new furniture of the cheaper sort.

I asked for the Mr. Hancock. There were no clerks in the store. I had to ask a woman at a little cashier's window for the man I wanted.

She stared hard at me for a moment. "Private business?" she asked significantly.

She took in my name herself, and while we waited I had time to notice that almost all of the wares were in or close to the windows. A partition closed off the main body of the large store. The real business of the shop went on behind the partition.

Presently a sallow little clerk appeared, and with a funny, solemn, secret manner motioned us to follow him. It was all too much like a cheap melodrama mystery to impress me. With these people I still felt myself to be Mrs. John Worthington who would presently call a cab and drive back to her quiet smart street and her pleasant home.

The queer little clerk took us to a dingy place, a sort of oasis among bookshelves and what seemed to be thickset, clumsy wardrobes, all labeled with gummed paper labels which I afterwards made out to be geographical names, for the most part of the states from Maine to California, though there were several Long Island labels among them, and two labeled "Atlantic".

The cubby-hole we were in reminded me of the stalls of some of the German restaurants, only there were no Gothic decorations. An old sofa and a chair furnished our stall, and when we stood we could see over the low partition and catch a glimpse of the mysterious clerk, ushering in other people, mostly men, though there was one nice looking old lady in a remoter stall among the wilderness of bookcases and wardrobes.

We waited no end of a long time, and I really got quite cross, for I did not see why, just because I had come to make a loan, I need be treated without courtesy or consideration.

At last the clerk reappeared, more mysterious than ever, and took us into a little office at the very back of the store. It was almost filled by a huge roll-top desk, behind which sat a man the kind who might have had a little upholstery business on a side street. He motioned us to the sofa, and at once plunged into a queer lecture on the advantage of being perfectly frank and honest with him, just as he would be with us. He did not give me time to speak, nor did he wait to see whether I would be businesslike or not.

At last he stopped and I told him that I wanted to borrow the sum of seven hundred and fifty dollars, and that as security I offered an allowance paid into my bank on the first of each month by my husband.

He then asked me who my husband and my father were, and with much blustery talk looked up their standing in some business directory. For the most part he talked in a very voluble and affable way, but although I was utterly inexperienced in actual business, his talk did not take me in for a minute, it was so very different from the quiet manner of any member of even a reputable retail firm. I knew that he was in a shady kind of business, though he argued much to prove to me that he was not, and told unending tales of the many people whom he had helped.

He finally assured me that he considered the moral responsibility of my case so good that he was willing to lend me the money, although it was a larger sum than he usually lent, and the actual security was poor. He talked a great deal and very chattily about his various customers, and told me that while wives came to him in fear and terror lest their husbands find them out, often these very husbands were deeply in his debt for three— What am I saying? five times the sum. He said this very slowly and pointedly and wagged his head at me, leering synically, so that I knew he wanted me to think he meant my own husband. I had to laugh inwardly, to think what a poor guess that argument was in my case. No doubt he has often found it will work.

At last I was able to pin him down. I was to receive the sum outright, and to pay him back fifteen dollars each week, until the whole sum and seven per cent. interest were paid off. This was to be paid by cheque and each month I was to send back the cashed cheques, returned to me by the bank, of my payments to him of the preceding weeks. Further, I was to sign two papers, one a contract of which I could make nothing at all, though I read and reread it. It was so involved and full of legal jargon I did not understand it. I asked him whether he would let me take this document home to show to a friend who was a lawyer, but he would not allow it to go out of the office. The other document was an informal letter I was to write under his supervision but in my own words, telling my husband of my difficulty and acknowledging my debt and asking him to pay it. This, the man assured me, was merely a small matter of form, to be used only in case of my sudden death.

I knew, of course, that it was this and that moreover should I at any time fail in my payments he would present it. I guessed moreover that such a paper could not stand legally, but that any respectable man would pay it if threatened with the publicity that refusal would entail.

It was the sordidness of this letter to my husband that I could not bring myself to consent to. It seemed too terribly deceitful. I rose immediately to go.

The money lender rose too, and seeing his prey slip away he quite changed his tone and became rude and bullying, and called me weak and cowardly. That disgusted me entirely and we hurried out of the place.

At first I was so glad to get away from the odious man that I did not realize that my mission had failed

and that I was once more face to face with my hopeless debt. But slowly the shadow of my anxieties overtook me again, and as we walked along the crowded streets I could have screamed aloud in agony and fear.

I began to feel that I was going to lose my mind. I began to see my own trouble reflected in others. I pitied all business men, who, I fancied, had worries like mine, and when I went into a grocery or butcher shop I would look to see whether the proprietor appeared careworn or worried. My whole life was undermined, and I walked through the day like an automaton, glad to be let alone.

One day I was walking in the park, in a very depressed mood, wondering whether I ever would have the courage to kill myself, and whether they would bring up my children properly without me, and whether my husband would forgive me after I had expiated my folly by death.

I slipped out on the pier and stood looking at the lake, dappled over with cheerful little rippling waves. The free horizon and the sunshine and the clear bracing wind cheered me in spite of myself. Behind me the park looked radiant in the fresh leaves of the young season. A large touring car came bounding along the drive that edged the shore. The horn honked joyously as it passed. I looked closer. If I had not known that Dubarry Boynton was in the city I could have sworn that was his big new car.

I stood up to make sure. The man driving the car must have recognized me, outlined against the lake and sky, for he stopped it suddenly and came down the pier toward me. It was Dubarry Boynton.

"Well, when did you come back," I said as he came up. "John will be awfully glad for they have been shorthanded at bridge lately."

Dubarry Boynton was one of my husband's bachelor friends, and came at least once a week to play cards. Though their friendship dated from boyhood, of all John's friends I knew him least, but he was always very courteous and rather flattering in his manner. Perhaps that was the reason that he was more of a stranger to me than the others, who had adopted a sort of brotherly tone of teasing familiarity. Dubarry Boynton was always very polite, but something told me he was not the man to be interested in any woman who was the wife or the sweetheart of another.

To-day I welcomed any diversion from my troubles. We sat down and began to talk. Pretty soon he told me that something had happened to alter me, that I had changed completely since we had met last. He said he could see that something was on my mind, and that there was a look of patience and suffering about me that it hurt him to see. I realized with a pang that my husband had been living beside me day after day, and had never noticed that anything was wrong, while Dubarry had noticed it the very first moment.

I admitted that I had been troubled, and, he was very kind and very tactful. I felt sure that I could trust him absolutely—I told him the whole story. No one will ever know the inexpressible relief of unburdening my mind. He listened quietly but with the keenest attention and muttered "Poor little girl," "Poor child," several times while I was talking, and of course this fed my self-pity and gratified me very much.

When I was through, he was quiet for so long a time that I feared that, after all, he was bored or shocked with my confession. At last he spoke.

"Do you know why I went East?" he said.

"No."

"John didn't tell you?"

"Oh, yes, he did, but I forgot. I can think of nothing but my troubles—I remember now, an uncle of yours died. I am sorry."

"Yes. He left me four hundred thousand dollars."

"That was nice of him," I managed to say naïvely.

"Well, I did not need it, I have

been making over twenty thousand a year lately, and poor old dad left me quite a bit too. I suppose you think I am rather vulgar in the way I am telling you all this, but I am coming to the point. If you had all this money, much more than you could use, so that your miserable little debt looked like fifty cents beside it, and I was in a sickening need of some small sum that you could lend me and never feel at all, wouldn't you feel hurt if out of distrust and false pride I refused to take it from you? I know you would. And yet that is just what you would do if I should ask you now to let me help you out. Isn't it?"

I laughed and nodded, but I put out my hand to him and told him that anyway he had comforted me very much already.

Of course I was quite decided not to accept the money from him, but it undoubtedly was very comforting to know that there was money that I could have for the asking. Above all I liked his kind and gentle way of talking to me, and his clear-headed questions and grasp of every detail of the situation. He seemed so strong and executive. We really had a very helpful talk, and he scolded me, in a gentle laughing way, for having been a little spendthrift and for having let all sorts of tradesmen cheat me.

And after a while he told me about his early life and a lot of his own money troubles, which turned out to have been much worse than mine.

He said that he had never told anyone so much about himself before, but that now we were trusted friends and would share each others' secrets.

Then he spoke very nicely about John and their lifelong friendship and how he admired John's work and his fine mind, and still I could see that he thought that John and I were so different that it must somehow be hard. He said that John was a wonderful old Spartan, and that it was strange that that severe temperament was always lacking in the æthetics of living and the sense of beauty as applied to daily life. Of course that is very true. John has not got one bit of it in him.

"And that is where you beat everybody I have ever known, little woman," said Dubarry. "You are an artist, and your medium is life."

This flattered me very much. It was true in a way, too, but I did not know that anyone had understood it.

Dubarry Boynton took me home in his car that day, and after that he used to come quite often, and talk over my troubles with me, and insist on going over all the old bills, and beg me to let him help me out. He knew a lot about clothes, too, and praised or criticized mine. Sometimes we would make the dinner together, and even run down to the big down-town markets to buy more cheaply and bring meats and vegetables for a week home in his car. He was so helpful that I really felt I was learning a lot, and began to see hope ahead, if only I could start clear once more. So in the end, of course, I was weak enough to let him lend me the money.

He brought out the seven hundred and fifty dollars in fifteen crisp fifty dollar bills and told me to pay off my debts in cash. I never spent a happier day than the one on which I went around in a taxicab and paid off all my astonished creditors. I had ten dollars left. I got theatre tickets with it, and that night John and I had a better time than we had had together for ever and ever so long. I flew to meet him the moment he came home, and he teased me all evening about my sudden relapse into youthfulness. I was dying all evening to tell him of Dubarry's kindness, only it was one of those matters that I had learned to keep to myself, for it would have involved admitting my debts. I kept my own counsel.

My plan was this: In the first place I closed all my accounts, and frankly admitted that I hadn't brains enough to manage a charge account. I resolved never to buy a single thing that I could not pay for right out of

my purse. I was so afraid that I might at some time be tempted to break this resolution that I wrote to all the stores that I was leaving town, and formally closed my accounts. And I changed my grocery and started dealing with a cash market. I gave up telephoning the order and marketed every day myself. I was amazed to find how exciting it was, trying to keep to a certain sum each day.

One night, I went through a sort of a childish solemn ceremony, standing beside my children's beds barefooted and in my nightgown, and solemnly promising God, by my love to my babies, that I would never charge anything again.

As to my debt to Dubarry Boynton, I intended to open a savings acount and put in five dollars every week, till it was paid off. He was in no hurry for it, being a rich man, and I comforted myself by thinking how gladly I would have done the same thing for him, if I had been rich and he poor.

The amazing thing that happened now was that I suddenly discovered that, where actual money itself was concerned, I was not at all wasteful. In fact I was often almost stingy, and hated to part with the nice crisp bills, or the fat prosperous silver dollars. I would deny myself for days and days in order to keep a certain bill intact. Dubarry would bet me a box of candy or theater tickets on the sum I would need to feed the family for a month, and then praise me wonderfully when I had made him lose his bet by spending eleven cents less than the sum mentioned.

It seemed incredible that I could become interested in the problem of economy, but it is certainly true that I did. Dubarry said all I needed was to be taught to use my imagination in the problem. All these weeks I was steadily saving up to pay what I had borrowed, and adding my birthday check and half my dress allowance to it to make the time shorter. Everyone said that my health and looks were so improved. It was just having no worries, and being able to talk over with somebody the things that made up my life. I was happy all the day long, hummed around the house as I used to when I was a girl, and was never cross or impatient with my babies.

I used to think sometimes that Dubarry looked at me in a strange way when he was with us, and that he used to sit and watch me. I wondered what he could be thinking about. I knew he could not possibly be worrying about his money.

I did not think that my not telling John shocked him, for he knew John so well that he understood perfectly that one could not treat him quite like other people.

One day I was sitting sewing, when I saw Dubarry's machine pull up in front of the house. It was only ten o'clock in the morning, a most unusual time for him to call. I smoothed my hair, and stopped to put on a prettier collar and a new lace jabot and my afternoon slippers. Then I ran downstairs.

The moment I saw Dubarry's face I knew that something serious had happened. He was so quiet and businesslike, tactful, and watched me so carefully.

"Alice," he said, watching to see how I would take it, "John has met with an acident. He has been struck by an automobile."

I felt as if the world were whirling round me. I held on to the back of a chair, so as not to whirl with it. Then I heard my voice say quite distinctlly and quietly:

"Is he dead?"

"No, but he is badly hurt. They have taken him to a hospital, and I have come to take you to him." I did not ask another question, but flew upstairs, and came back, putting on my hat as I came.I forgot my gloves. Dubarry held the door open for me. Then we jumped into his car.

And all the time I felt he was watching me closely.

"You needn't be afraid I am going

to faint," I said, "I am not that kind. Now tell me how it happened."

I saw that he hesitated, and seemed strangely to be thinking of something else. But all that I wanted to know was that John was still alive, and that I was hurrying to him.

"Tell me everything," I urged impatiently.

Dubarry seemed to shake off some preoccupation. "Your husband stepped out into the street to save a child that was in front of the car. The machine struck him. We were walking along on Monroe Street. We had met by accident at the bank. I went with him to the hospital, and then came out to fetch you. I wanted to tell you about it myself—" he added as if to himself.

"Is he . . . has he suffered much?" I could hardly bear the thought.

"I doubt if he regains consciousness before the operation. After that, no doubt, you can nurse him through the tediousness of convalescence."

"You're quite sure, Dubarry, that he will recover? You're not keeping any worse thing from me?" I gripped his arm till it hurt my fingers, and leaned forward to force him to look me in the eyes, and make him give up the whole truth.

His eyes were hard, it seemed to me, and pitiless, but I saw he was telling me all that he knew. I wondered that he was not more affected.

"Oh, he'll pull out of this," Dubarry said. "Lucky dog, he's a hero now, and you'll live happy ever after." It almost sounded like a sneer.

All through John's long illness Dubarry was awfully good to us. He sent his car every day to take me to and from the hospital, and he came and sat with John and talked international law with him by the hour, and read to him or played casino or cribbage.

One day when he was nearly well, John said to me: "We'll miss old Dubarry awfully, won't we, when he goes? He's a conceited sort of chap and has a narrow outlook on life, but he's an awfully good sort, just the same."

It was time for John's medicine, and I gave him that first. He insists that it gives me endless satisfaction to have him where I can overrule his independence, and make him take naps and cups of broth at all hours, and that I love to pour out the vilest tasting medicines and make him swallow them. It is odd, but if it had not been for John's inevitable suffering, these weeks would have been the happiest ones in many years. It was so splendid to be together all day, and to feel that I was really necessary to my husband. When we were settled again, I remembered about Dubarry.

"Where ever is he going to?" I asked.

"Oh, he's going to break away from civilization. Call of the wild, and all that. He's done it before. This time it's South America. He has interests down in Argentina, went in with a lot of English fellows, something on quite a monstrous scale, I believe. I wonder he hasn't talked to you about it."

Then, for the first time, it struck me that it was weeks since I had talked to Dubarry Boynton alone. He usually came and sat with John, while I went for a short walk or drive, or else John and he would talk and I would sew. And then Dubarry came in.

"We were just talking about you," said John. "Alice didn't know that you were going away. Poor child, she thinks of nothing but medicines and bandages."

Dubarry did not answer. "Are you going away," I said—the thought of my debt to him occurring for the first time in weeks.

"Yes, I'm off sooner than I thought. I go to-night." He hesitated a moment. "I was going to ask Alice if she wouldn't come out for a short run in the machine. It's a corking day and will do her good."

I went. At first Dubarry seemed to be in a very bad humour. When we were way out on the beach, he made me get out and we sat on a fallen log, while he poked in the sand morosely with his cane.

Then suddenly he turned toward me almost fiercely, and said, "Look here, do you know why I am going?

"I'm off because I can't stand this any longer," he went on without waiting for an answer. "I love you, Alice, and any other woman on God's earth would have known it long ago. You're such a confounded baby. I can't tell whether I hate it in you, or adore you for it. But I can't go off and have you go on doing the things you have been doing, and getting yourself into trouble. John is more of a child than you are, and I am going to give you a lesson and a lecture. You will be angry, but that does not matter, if it does you any good. Now, listen to me: That money lender would have hounded you down without mercy, if you had borrowed from him, till you would have had to tell your husband, or he would have done so. But, just the same, it would have been infinitely better that you should have borrowed from him than let a man of your acquaintance lend you money without your husband's knowledge."

I felt as if Dubarry had struck me.

He put out his hand and held mine a minute, and looked at me so kindly and gently, that I let him go on. His face looked older, and so very serious that I felt like a child.

"When you told me about your troubles, that day on the pier," he went on, "I welcomed the idea of putting a very pretty and charming woman under obligations to me, and I fully intended to use any advantage that might come to me from the situation. Now, listen, Alice. I am not as good a man as your husband, but I am no worse than the majority of men, and the majority of men would have sooner or later abused the situation.

"Then, in the days that followed, I began to understand you, perhaps better than you understand yourself, and I saw that while you are weak in some ways, you are strong in others, with an unconscious strength that is almost superhuman. And then I found that I loved you. Alice, I have always had what I wanted, before. And to know that in this supreme thing I was not to have what I wanted, and that John, a dreamer, and one who seems to me never more than half alive, should stand between us, nearly killed me.

"Alice, what I want to tell you is this: I know that I could make you love me. I know that I could. I am never fatuous, no matter what my faults are. You are my kind. But I know, too, that you would not be happy. I've seen that in your own way you love John. I am giving you up, Alice, for your sake and for his, and though it won't kill me it's no easy thing to do. But you must promise me to take care of yourself. Don't go on being a child. For I can't stay here to look after you. But I tell you this: I will always know about you, and if you throw yourself away, if you put yourself in another man's power as you did in mine, if you make my sacrifice useless, I swear to you I'll come back and kill the man, no matter who he is."

By this time I was quietly crying to myself. All that he said was so dreadful and hurt me so fearfully. Yet I was so sorry for him, and I saw that it was all true, he was suffering because he cared for me, and I did not know what to do about it.

"Will you promise?" he asked.

I nodded through my tears and held out my hands to him.

He took them, and held them so tight he hurt them.

"God, Alice," he said, "you don't care at all, do you?"

And I answered: "Dubarry, I am awfully fond of you."

He stood gazing at me for a moment, my hands still in his, then he laughed and flung them away almost roughly.

"Alice," he said, "you do see that I am trying to do the white thing?"

"Of course."

"Well, I want you to do me a favour that is always going to give me pleas-

ure as often as I think of you. Will you do it?"

I nodded. "If I can."

"I want you to promise to never repay that money. Keep the savings for your children, if you won't take it in any other way. You have learned your lesson, I think. And promise me never to tell this affair to John. You can afford to be generous. Leave me this memory of the one secret that we share, Alice, you and I—the memory that I was once useful to you in trouble, and that you trust and like me well enough to let the matter rest so."

His voice was so gentle and sad now that I would have promised almost anything. Besides, it would have seemed unworthy and petty to have refused him at such a moment.

We had reached the place where his car was waiting. The sun had set and the park looked suddenly bleak and bare. Dubarry folded the robes around me with the same care that he gave to every detail that made for comfort.

"I am going to leave you here, Alice," he said. "Say good-bye to John for me. Good-bye." He looked at me once, imploringly—tenderly—then he added before I could speak, "To the hospital, Murray."

And the last I saw of him, he was standing under the bare leafless maple trees in the darkening park.

On the way home a poor miserable little street cur jumped right under the car, and was instantly killed. At that, my nervous tension broke. I cried openly like a child all the way home. When we got to the hospital I threw myself in John's arms, a woebegone, disheveled creature. And he comforted me as he would one of the children.

"The automobile ran over a little dog," I sobbed, "and Dubarry wants me to say good-bye to you. He's gone."

Later that evening, when we had had supper on a cozy little table by his bedside, John said thoughtfully:

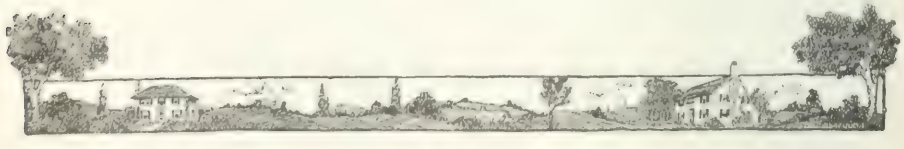
"Do you know, Alice, I shouldn't be at all surprised if it were partly on your account that old Dubarry got out of here? He's been kind of odd lately, moping and jeering at life, and I have thought once or twice that he might be beginning to care for you too much. He's a queer, romantic sort of chap in certain ways. Did he intimate anything of that sort to you this afternoon?"

"Yes, John, he did," I said. That isn't the sort of thing I could deceive John about, ever.

He drew me closer to him, and kissed me and patted my back. "You poor solft-hearted little girl," he said. "And then you ran over a dog on top of that."

And there is no use talking, I love to be petted and babied, although I have kept my promise to Dubarry and taken the serious side of life seriously. And I have always kept the secret that he asked me to.

I am still saving five dollars a week, and the account now stands, in the children's name, at six hundred and fifty dollars.



FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

I

There is reason to think that the renewal of the Japanese Treaty will be the subject of chief interest at the Conference of the Prime Ministers of the Empire in London. Mr. Meighen has not made any definite statement of his own position. It is believed, however, that the Canadian Government will not agree to any contract which could involve Canada in complications with the United States, and no doubt will insist upon control by the Dominions over Asiatic immigration. British Columbia and the Western States have a common objection to the unregulated admission of Chinese and Japanese, while a "white Australia" still expresses the resolute and settled determination of the Commonwealth and the younger Dominion of New Zealand. That the British Government will attempt to coerce the Dominions in obedience to any Japanese demand is inconceivable, and it is just as inconceivable that British statesmen will consider any treaty with Japan that could ever require the British fleet or British armies to intervene against the United States in any quarrel between the Republic and Japan.

On the other hand an alliance between Great Britain and Japan goes far to assure the security of India and the Australasian Dominions and may even increase the moral power of the British Empire to maintain good relations between the United States and Japan. Refusal by Great Britain to renew the treaty would have a grave significance for Japan and would practically amount to a declaration of distrust of its good faith and pacific intentions. There are those who fear that a rebuff by Great Britain might turn Japan towards Russia, but that is a contingency which cannot receive undue consideration. If Japan should insist upon conditions which would menace Washington or involve any disregard of the interests or even of the susceptibilities of the oversea British countries, the treaty simply could not be renewed. But there is no evidence that Japan contemplates any demand which the British Empire cannot concede and if that be so the advantages surely outweigh any disadvantages which may arise from the renewal of the treaty. There is no prospect that Canada will be asked to make any sacrifices for Imperial interests, or agree to any compact which could make trouble between Ottawa and Washington.

No other question to come before the Conference can be regarded as of first-rate importance. No constitutional changes will be suggested or considered and nothing will be done to check our industrious nation-makers or to give comfort to the "conspirators", who, it seems, are still "plotting" to capture our "autonomy" and "centralize" power in London. The agitation for "national status" and "equal privileges" in the Empire may continue with unabated fervour and energy, and we may still refuse to remember that "equal privi-

leges" in the Empire may involve "equal responsibilities", and even the assumption of some part of the burden of defence which for generations has been borne chiefly by the taxpayers of the United Kingdom.

It is curious that there should be so much of menace and reproach in so many of the articles that are appearing in Canada on the Conference and the attitude of the British press and Imperial ministers towards the Dominions. One fails to find any signs of a conspiracy to reduce Canada or any other portion of the outer Empire to colonial status or to impose any obligations upon the Dominions which they do not ask to accept. We enter the League of Nations and assume world obligations at considerable cost with confidence and enthusiasm. We want to appoint ambassadors to foreign capitals and make treaties with other nations. Is Great Britain the only country with which we cannot safely negotiate? Is there danger to a Canadian statesman in the Imperial capital? Are we an Empire or a group of suspicious, querulous, uneasy, independent nations masquerading as an Empire and anxious to get rid of bonds which have become intolerable? If not let us use language that Great Britain will understand and that the rest of the world will not misunderstand.

II

It is not easy to believe that Parliament will restore the patronage system. The pledge of the Union Government to abolish patronage was as definite and unequivocal as was the pledge to establish conscription. But we have a Bill before Parliament, submitted by a member of the Cabinet, which goes far towards the old system of political appointments. Possibly the existing regulations are too rigid and absolute. It is seldom wise to go far in advance of public opinion. But the provisions of the Spinney Bill are extreme and reactionary, and if adopted will restore the ascendancy of the old patronage committees over many outside appointments and even re-establish some of the old evils in the inside service.

It is idle to pretend that there is any general public demand for restoration of the old system of partisan appointments. Parliament knows what forces are behind the Spinney proposals and why it is desired to restrict the jurisdiction of the Civil Service Commission. Doubtless the Commission has made appointments which are open to attack. But no one can seriously believe that the bulk of the appointments made by the Commission are not better for the service and better for the country than the appointments that would have been made under the old system. At the moment the country is staggered by a deficit of at least $70,000,000 on the Canadian National Railways. There are few members of Parliament who do not possess some knowledge of the extent to which the Intercolonial Railway has been bedevilled for a generation by political patronage. If like influences are to prevail in the operation of over 20,000 miles of public railway is there any hope of efficiency under "public ownership".

One would think that every advocate of railway nationalization would set himself resolutely against the patronage system as a vital menace to the principle and policy to which the country has been committed. It is very apparent that public operation of railways is very much on its trial in Canada and one can think of nothing more likely to destroy confidence in "public ownership" than an extension of partisan control over the civil service. In its own interest and in the public interest the Government should abandon or greatly modify the Bill which Mr. Spinney should never have introduced. Not five per cent. of the people are interested in the distribution of patronage. Most of those who

are interested are the managing partisans who plot to control conventions and own members of Parliament. They are the leaders of the small but busy groups who commercialize politics for their own purposes and make "government by the people" a humbug and an imposture.

III

But the chief evils of the patronage system do not lie in appointments to the public service. They lie in the distribution of contracts and the purchase of supplies. For many years under both parties contracts were confined, so far as was practicable, to supporters of the government in office and supplies purchased chiefly from those in sympathy with ministers and members of the ruling party. Surely under such a system it was difficult to have honest government and impossible to get the best value for the public money. During the last twenty years at least $500,000,000 of public money in Canada has been wasted. One makes the statement after mature consideration and with complete deliberation. It has been wasted in foolish duplication of railways, in political wharves and breakwaters, in providing $5,000 and $10,000 towns with $50,000, $60,000, and $70,000 buildings. And the people would have it so. If we are honest with ourselves we must admit that we have valued our representatives in Parliament according to the amount of money they could secure for their constituencies, according to their ability to break into the Treasury and the amount of loot they could carry away. If they proved themselves inept at national burglary they were likely to be discarded for some more expert craftsman. We cheered tremendously when they preached economy in opposition; we rated their statesmanship low if they practised economy in office. And it seems impossible for a democracy to remember that it has to pay the bill.

IV

It is natural that organized workers should protest against Judge Gary's savage denunciation of labour unions and labour leaders. No doubt his utterances are explained by the movement of the union leaders in the United States to organize the steel industry. It is not true, however, that a man who joins a union necessarily becomes an "industrial slave". Before there was organization of labour there was actual industrial slavery and it is vain to deny that through the efforts and sacrifices of labour leaders the general position of workers has been greatly improved. Moreover the great multitude of workers who have held aloof from unions have profited by what unionism has accomplished.

It is not true that "the end sought by labour leaders, that at least to which their efforts tend, means disaster and destruction". There are leaders of labour to whom this language fairly applies, but Mr. Gompers and his responsible associates in the United States and Canada cannot be so described. The right of unionists to exclude non-unionists from employment in any particular factory or industry will always be open to challenge. So will the right of employers to deny work to members of unions. The sympathetic strike must always exasperate employers and endanger trade unionism. The assumption behind agreements with employers is that contracts will be respected. But if an agreement affecting one industry may be set aside because trouble arises in some other industry, not only will contracts have no meaning but the employer will actually prejudice his own position by making an agreement which may be set aside by outside pressure upon his employees and for causes over which he can have no control.

Nor does "collective bargaining" necessarily involve a "closed shop" or a contract with a union. An employer may fairly bargain with his own workmen whether they are unionists or non-unionists, if labour enters freely into the agreement and the right of workers to organize is not denied. There are leaders of labour whose first object is to control employers by direct coercion and who are far more concerned to create industrial revolt than to produce harmonious and profitable coöperation between the essential partners in industry. Such leaders drive employers into combination for self-protection and weaken the whole structure of union organization. On the other hand there are employers whose chief object is to destroy unionism and who bargain collectively only in order that they may disrupt the forces of organized labour. A good deal of the world's immediate turmoil and distress lies at the door of these rival fomenters of mischief.

Neither employers nor leaders of labour can hope to establish a single type of collective bargaining, nor can a form of agreement peculiarly applicable to one factory or occupation always be applied with equal advantage to other industries. The coercion which is attempted by "direct action" must always be resisted beause all classes are attacked and the very basis of free constitutional government is assailed. It must, however, be said for the American Federation of Labour, which is represented by international unionism in the United States and Canada, that it rarely, if ever, sanctions violation of agreements, that it resists Bolshevism and communism, and that it even faced the stern test of war with high courage and patriotic devotion to free institutions.

But there are elements in labour bent upon destructive and revolutionary projects which come under Judge Gary's condemnation, and there is some danger that the whole position of organized labour will be endangered by their violent counsels and desperate enterprises. If labour will concern itself alike with the quality and quantity of its product, will coöperate with employers to reduce the cost and increase the volume of production, and will observe agreements and be content to achieve its objects by open organization and constitutional political action, it will command the goodwill of the great body of employers and that immense support which lies in public sympathy and confidence. For when all is said only by greater production can wages be increased and the cost of living reduced to workers themselves and all those other classes whose interests are so vitally involved in the peaceful coöperation of Labour and Capital and the productive results of their common achievements.

V

There has been vigorous criticism of Provost Macklem of Trinity College, and Dr. Stephen Leacock of McGill University, because they have dared to oppose "bone dry" Prohibition. In the case of Mr. Leacock it is even suggested that he should be disciplined by McGill or removed from its staff of teachers. There was a like attempt to excite feeling against Queen's University years ago, because Principal Grant ventured to disagree with the Prohibitionists and to advocate sale in packages by public vendors as the better method of regulating the traffic in liquor. On the other hand there are not a few opponents of Prohibition who are brutal and intemperate in their attacks upon the churches and denounce all Prohibitionists as weaklings, bigots and hypocrites.

The truth is that Mr. Macklem and Mr. Leacock are honest and sincere in their dislike for Prohibition and in their belief that prohibitory legislation infringes upon individual freedom, that the law cannot be enforced, that

thousands of those who vote for Prohibition will continue to take liquor if they can get it, that they will be able to get it if they want it, that prosecutions for violation of the law are prolific in evasion and perjury, and that failure to enforce breeds contempt even for law which has a common public sanction behind it. Just as sincere are the leaders among Prohibitionists who know the evils of excessive drinking and believe that the advantages of prohibitory legislation are far greater than any evils which can come from defective enforcement or disregard of its provisions by that considerable element of the community which cannot be reconciled to sumptuary measures. The position of Mr. Macklem and Mr. Leacock may be sound or unsound, but surely they have a right to hold and express their opinions. It takes courage to challenge a majority. And few of us do it. Any honest opinion, come from where it may, has a right to be uttered. We are all bound to observe the laws which majorities impose upon us but we have a right to appeal and argue for a reversal of judgment if we think such laws unjust and unwise.

It has been said that nothing is settled until it is settled right, but one who proclaims the infallibility of majorities has read history to no purpose. If Prohibition justifies itself it will endure, but one doubts sometimes if the final judgment has been pronounced. There is no law so difficult to enforce except where there is a very decisive public opinion in its favour. In too many centres of population in Ontario there is not even a majority behind Prohibition, and one feels that a hard task lies before the enforcing officers. It is a fact, too, that resort to extreme measures in the effort to enforce only excites a more bitter public feeling and strengthens the opposing elements. It cannot be doubted that the abolition of the public bar has had good results. One doubts if twenty per cent. of the people would consent to have the old system re-established. In time a public opinion just as strong may be developed in favour of complete Prohibition. But as yet it is doubtful if an actual majority of men in any American State or any Province of Canada are observing Prohibition, and whatever the law may say, we are not yet in sight of a bone dry continent.

VI

There is an element in the old Conservative party which does not like the alliance with Liberal Unionists. They would like to put out the sign, "No Grits need apply". They have no joy over a sinner that repents. There is room in the Temple only for those who have always worshipped at the Tory altar. This was not the attitude of Sir John Macdonald nor of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Both of these great party leaders could see a sheep straggling over from the other fold a long way off. Apparently they believed that votes were valuable and that to attract voters from the other party was good strategy. But there is a faction among Conservatives which would establish new tests and will have a working alliance only with those whose grandfathers voted for Sir Allan MacNab. Possibly Mr. Meighen occasionally utters the old prayer to be saved from his friends.

Whoever we may put second, there is substantial agreement among Canadians of this generation that Sir John Macdonald stands first among the governing statesmen of Confederation. But we forget his methods and his achievements if we think that coalition is a new word in the politics of Canada. He never was afraid to yield to a settled public opinion or to unite with elements with whom he could coöperate for party or public interests. In these days of confusion and uncertainty, of chance and change, it may be worth while to recall some of his utterances.

He said in 1860, "The Government that was formed in 1854 was a Coalition Government—coalition in one sense but not in another—coalition in its proper but not in its corrupt signification. It has been said that neither England nor Canada likes a coalition government. If coalition between two parties means that for the sake of emolument or position they sacrifice principle, then coalition ought not to receive the confidence of the people. But if a coalition government means what I contend the coalition of 1854 was, the junction of a number of men, who, forgetting old quarrels which have been wiped out, and who, instead of raking up the ashes after the fire of dissension had burned away and endeavouring to rekindle it, finally extinguished it and refused to prolong discord and the ruin caused by it—then I say that coalition is the act of true patriots. It is well known that I have always been a member of what is called the Conservative party. I could never have been called a Tory, although there is no man who more respects old fogy Toryism than I do, so long as it is based upon principle. I have always been a Conservative Liberal, and when I found there were very many called Reformers who agreed with me I did not hesitate to enter into an alliance with them." Recalling that in consequence of internal dissension and the desertion of many of its supporters, the Hincks Government was forced to abandon office, he further declared: "There was really no great question to prevent the Conservative party from coalescing with men of constitutional and moderate views, although they had previously belonged to what was called a different party, and from that time until now, men brought up in the Conservative school have acted with those brought up in the Liberal school—acted as a united government—acted together because they think alike." If he had spoken a few years later he could have told how Hincks himself became his ministerial colleague after Confederaton.

It is hardly necessary to recall the coalition between John A. Macdonald and George Brown by which Confederation was accomplished. If Brown separated himself from the Coalition Cabinet there were thousands of Liberals in the constituencies who adhered to Macdonald. We honour John Sandfield Macdonald for his high integrity and resolute devotion to principle, but he was a pre-confederate Liberal, and yet the first Liberal-Conservative Premier of Ontario. Sir James Whitney was reared in the school of John Sandfield Macdonald and became a member of the Liberal-Conservative party without sacrifice of principle or conviction because, as Sir John Macdonald said, they came to think alike and therefore must act together.

When the National Policy was adopted a multitude of Liberals responded to the appeal of the Liberal-Conservative leaders and thenceforth had honourable and influential standing in the Liberal-Conservative party. It was so again in 1911 when the trade agreement with Washington was before the country and one may not foget that in 1905 thousands of Liberals united with Liberal-Conservatives to transfer the government of Ontario to Sir James Whitney and his associates. In 1896 thousands of Conservatives voted for Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Sir Robert Borden began life as a Liberal and some of his recent speeches suggest that he has gone back to the faith of his fathers. Indeed his Liberal tendencies were revealed all through his term of office. It was the fashion to denounce Sir Wilfrid Laurier as a doubtful Imperialist but the speeches of Borden on the appointment of a Canadian ambassador to Washington and the pending Conference of Premiers in London would have come very naturally from Laurier. So the speeches of Borden and Rowell reveal complete and remarkable agreement in argument, temper and outlook.

VII

One of the faults of the Canadian Parliament, perhaps of all Parliaments, is that so much of the criticism to which Governments are subjected is purely vexatious and destructive. There is nothing extravagant in the statement that the national situation to-day is more serious than it has been at any time since Confederation. War obligations and railway deficits have laid an immense burden upon the people.

It is necessary to find new sources of taxation to replace taxes which have unfortunate effects in a season of depression and unemployment. New tariff duties are to be imposed at Washington which will restrict the American market for many Canadian products. Political demoralization in many European countries has greatly affected the foreign demand for exports from Canada, while domestic industries are embarrassed by an ever-increasing volume of importations. There is as urgent need for coöperation among all classes to meet these conditions as there was for united and confident effort during the war to maintain production in field and factory and provide adequate revenues for a great emergency. Surely under such circumstances the interests and exigencies of parties are subordinate to the national welfare.

There is ground for concern over the magnitude of the railway deficits but what the country has to consider is how deficits can be reduced, how traffic can be increased, how the national railways can be so handled as to give the maximum of efficient service, and what system of control shall be established for the future. If duties affecting Canada are raised at Washington to a prohibitory level where can we find the best markets for products excluded from the United States, and how increase the consuming capacity of home markets? Mere retaliation would be foolish; self-defense is a vital national duty. By what means can we best develop the natural resources of Canada and decrease the dependence of key industries upon imported raw materials? If importation of goods which can be made in Canada continues to increase how can the output of Canadian factories be maintained, and unemployment and reduction of wages prevented?

For every dollar's worth of goods that we buy in the United States we pay $1.15. Imports produced by cheap labour under the depreciated currencies of Europe displace domestic labour and deepen depression in the industrial communities of Canada. Taxes which unduly absorb reserves of capital check production and compel reduction of wages. No special pleading for the rich should receive a moment's consideration, but there is nothing to be said for taxes which are aimed at wealth and in their final incidence produce only general hardship. Surely we need immigration and cannot afford to establish regulations or methods of selection which in practice will be equivalent to prohibition.

In seven years the public debt has been increased from $336,000,000 to $2,300,000,000. The fact calls imperatively for economy, production and immigration. In the situation in which we find ourselves there is no salvation in pre-war quarrels and ancient partisan controversies. We have to write a new chapter in Canadian history and public men have to think less of what is theoretical and more of what is practical, less of what is for the immediate advantage of party and more of what is urgent and essential in the common national interest. There are signs of weariness among the people over partisan debates and snap divisions in Parliament. During the war they were not patient with theorists and obstructionists and they are beginning to show a like impatience with the professional political wranglers who busy themselves with moth-eaten controversies that have no actual relation to the present situation.

IX

THE PIONEERS

They crossed the wide inhospitable seas,
Intrepid Pilgrims of adventurous soul
And restless blood, the couriers of the race
Who rode tumultuous rivers to their source
And tracked the winds across uncharted wastes
And plucked the very mysteries of God.
They came to find a rude and virgin world,
Of ominous woods and cold and vacant shores,
An eager air and gray reluctant skies,
With prophecy of winter in the winds,
Nor smiling fields nor welcoming village bells,
Nor smithy's smoke nor clustered cottages,
Nor touch of hand nor sound of human voice,
But only the hoarse boom of sullen seas,
The forest's awful gloom and mystery,
Deep valleys of eternal silences,
Where God Himself could sleep and rest awhile
And the vast loneliness of earth and sky.
Of such were they who wooed this stubborn land,
Not its own offspring but an alien brood,
Chilled by its sterile breast and stern embrace
And vexed by its capricious tempers. But
They wrought with infinite strength of heart and hand,
And through the lonely and laborious years
They drove the forests back and made them fields
And reared their huts and gathered corn and kine,
And built them temples to their fathers' God,
And villages with dear familiar names
And kept the love of England in their hearts.
In quiet beds upon the hillsides they repose,
But if there be a resurrection of the dead
Their souls have gone where there is spring and flowers
And the light that never was on sea or land.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

FIGURES OF EARTH

By James Branch Cabell. New York: Robert McBride and Company.

OMANCE, myth and legend and delightful satire compose this story of Manuel, who as a humble pig-tender had thrust upon him by his dying mother a *geas,* which as a youth he sets out to accomplish in the great world that lies open before him. And that geas is to make a fine figure in the world, which the youth accepts literally, and attempts to make it out of clay. But always he is disappointed with the result, which is the fate generally of all who enter the realm of art. He says farewell to his pigs:

"I shall not ever return to you, my pigs, because, of course, to die valorously is better than to sleep out one's youth in the sun. A man has but one life. It is his all. Therefore, I now depart from you, my pigs, to win me a fine wife and much wealth and leisure wherein to discharge my years. And when my geas if lifted I shall not come back to you, my pigs, but I shall travel everywhither, and into the last limits of earth, so that I may see the ends of this world and may judge them while my life endures. For after that, they say, I judge not, but am judged: and a man whose life is gone out of him, my pigs, is not even good bacon."

He goes forth and has many wonderful encounters and adventures. He has many love affairs, but no fine lady, no princess, no fairy even, quite takes the place in his affections that was taken and has been held by Niafer, a kitchen wench whom he knew and loved in the early days when he was but a swineherd. Sometimes the action is a little wearisome and many times the reader is not sure just what he is reading or whither it is tending. But in time Manuel, who has become Count of Poictesme, falls in with Misery, a bodyless head that professes much wisdom, and after he has sojourned with Misery for a season, he is about to depart. Of this juncture it is recorded:

So Count Manuel's youth went out of him as he became more and more intimate with Misery, and an attachment sprang up between them, and the two took counsel as to all Manuel's affairs. They often talked of the royal ladies whom Manuel had loved and loved no longer.

"For at one time," Manuel admitted, "I certainly fancied myself in love with the Princess Alianora, and at another time I was in love with Queen Freydis. And even now I like them well enough, but neither of these royal ladies could make me forget the slave girl Niafer whom I loved on Vraidex. Besides, the Princess and the Queen were fond of having their own way about everything and they were bent on hampering me with power and wealth and lofty station and such other obstacles to the following of my own thinking and my own desires. I could not endure the eternal arguing this led to, which was always reminding me, by contrast, of the quiet dear ways of Niafer and of the delight I had in the ways of Niafer. So it seemed best for everyone concerned for me to break off with Freydis and Alianora."

"As for these women," the head estimated, "you may be for some reasons well rid of them. Yet this Alianora had fine eyes and certain powers."

"She is a princess of the Apsarasas," Manuel replied, "and therefore she has power over the butterflies and the birds and bats, and power over all creatures of the air. I know, because she has disclosed to me some of the secrets of the Apsarasas. But over her own tongue and temper the Princess Alianora has no

power and no control whatever, and if I had married her she would have eventually pestered me into being a king, and giving my life over to politics and the dominion of men.''

''This Freydis, too, has beautiful black hair—and certain powers—''

''She was once Queen of Audela, and therefore she retains power over all figures of earth. I know, because she has disclosed to me some of the secrets of Audela. But the worst enemy of Freydis also goes in red, and is housed by the little white teeth of Freydis, for it was this enemy that betrayed her: and if I had married her she would have coaxed me by and by into becoming a great maker of images, and giving my life over to such arts.''

Misery said: ''You have had love from these women, you have gained power and knowledge from these women. Therefore you leave them, to run after some other woman who can give you no power and knowledge, but only a vast deal of trouble. It is not heroic, Manuel, but it is human, and your reasoning fits your time of life.''

The book is withal entertaining, if puzzling, and it contains many spirited passages.

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THE MAN WHO DID THE RIGHT THING

By Sir Harry Johnston. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

SIR Harry Johnston has a funny way of writing a novel. He has a knack for making the reader feel queerly suspended between fact and fiction. At one time, talking of regulations in Africa, he throws parenthetically in the phrase "My own, for example", and, all at once we see Africa in the hands of the explorer and traveller—Sir Harry Johnston that explorer and traveller. At another time he says: "I forget whether in August-September you fish for salmon in Scotland with a rod and line, but if you do you may be sure Captain Bretham . . . ." and at the hands of such a casualness the reader makes two swift and somewhat dislocating transitions, from fiction to fact and into the realm of fiction again. This method may grow out of Sir Harry's particular kind of preparation for novel writing, and its success with the reader may be explained by the reader's readiness to accept Sir Harry Johnston as one who knows Africa and knows certain circles in England and therefore may talk of what he knows through whatever puppets, casually taken up, he chooses to employ.

It is hardly fair to suggest that Sir Harry's people in this latest book of his are puppets, but they are puppet-like; they are governed, obviously governed. It is Africa one gets in this book, and England, Africa and England surely, firmly, clearly, in terms of colour and form and place and social stratas and religous doctrines and political mechanics. One does not get character in aggressive shaping predominance. It is doubtful if one gets it at all, even in acquiescence. And, curiously, wanting it does not even go so far as to notice its lack. One is satisfied with the Foreign Office and the dim figures moving there, and with rural Nonconformist England, and with African roads and mountains and Embassies. True, there are in the book Lucy, and Roger, and Ann, and the shadowy sister, and Lady Sibyl, and Mrs. Barnes; one has a look at each of these. But the look does not get inside particularly. It is the look at missionary methods and Colonial or Foreign Office doings and English society, and African life that is an inside look. The people are not significant. But England is, and Africa is, and missionary enterprise is, and Imperialism is. The book is about England and Africa and missionary work and Empire building. Sir Harry Johnston knows these things. They remain for him, seemingly, after he has become a bit tired of individuals and has thought beyond the queer, futile, variant human equation. It is a book essentially above the battle of the biped units . . . England goes on. Africa goes on. It doesn't really matter whether Roger Brentham did the right thing or not.

POEMS

By Arthur L. Phelps. Toronto: The Ryerson Press.

THIS is the first "collection" of poetry by Mr. Phelps that we have seen. It consists of about a score of pieces selected by the English Club of Cornell College, in which the author is associate professor of English. Of present Canadian poets Mr. Phelps certainly stands with the first group, and indeed his work entitles him to a place, which has been acknowledged more than once, in a much wider field. His vision is lofty and penetrating and his sense of beauty very keen. Indeed, beauty seems to be his god. As an example of this and of his splendid artistry we quote:

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

Shy, amorous,
The brown haired dryads of the apple trees
I saw this day;
Shy were they in among the blowing blossoms,
Their white knees
Hidden by blossom tapestries
The winds had woven, weaving cunningly.

Yet their arms and faces,
And shoulders bloomy pink, by swaying spray
I saw; and their long glances
In the sunny garden places
Where the sunlight dances
Held me in sweet trances;
While they begged me come to play,
Bathe with them in blossoms,
On a white Spring day!

ALICE ADAMS

By Booth Tarkington. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

DIRECTLY opposite to the romantic "Monsieur Beaucaire" is this realistic study of American life, especially the life of a typical American family of the beetter class, and more especially of Alice Adams, the daughter, who has her love affairs, her joys, her despairs, but who passes from the reader's view as she enters a business college for the purpose of putting a face on the family's reduced circumstances. That often happens. And that is one thing that makes the book vital. Other things that attract are the descriptive passages. Here is one of them:

Night sounds were becoming day sounds; the faraway hooting of freight-engines seemed brisker than an hour ago in the dark. A cheerful whistler passed the house, even more careless of sleepers than the milkman's horse had been; then a group of coloured workmen came by, and although it was impossible to be sure whether they were homeward bound from night-work or on their way to day-work, at least it was certain that they were jocose. Loose, aboriginal laughter preceded them afar, and beat on he air long after they had gone by.

The sick-room night-light, shielded from his eyes by a newspaper propped against a water-pitcher, still showed a thin glimmering that had grown offensive to Adams. In his wandering and enfeebled thoughts, which were much more often imaginings than reasonings, the attempt of the night-light to resist the dawn reminded him of something unpleasant, though he could not discover just what the unpleasant thing was. Here was a puzzle that irritated him the more because he could not solve it, yet always seemed just on the point of a solution. However, he may have lost nothing cheerful by remaining in the dark upon the matter; for if he had been a little sharper in this introspection he might have concluded that the squalor of the night-light, in its seeming effort to show against the forerunning of the sun itself, had stimulated some half-buried perception within him to sketch the painful little synopsis of an autobiography.

In spite of noises without, he drowsed again, not knowing that he did; and when he opened his eyes the nurse was just rising from her cot. He took no pleasure in the sight, it may be said. She exhibited to him a face dismodelled by sleep, and set like a clay face left on its cheeek in a hot and dry studio. She was still only in part awake, however, and by the time she had extinguished the night-light and given her patient his tonic, she had recovered enough plasticity. "Well, isn't that grand! We've had another good night," she said as she departed to dress in the bathroom.

"Yes, you had another!" he retorted, though not until after she closed the door.

However, he did sleep intermittently, drowsed between times, and even dreamed; but, forgetting his dreams before he opened his eyes, and having some part of

him all the while aware of his discomfort, he believed, as usual, that he lay awake the whole night long. He was conscious of the city as of some single great creature resting fitfully in the dark outside his windows. It lay all around about, in the damp cover of its night cloud of smoke, and tried to keep quiet for a few hours after midnight, but was too powerful a growing thing ever to lie altogether still. Even while it strove to sleep it muttered with digestions of the day before, and these already merged with rumblings of the morrow. "Owl" cars, bringing in last passengers over distant trolley-lines, now and then howled on a curve, far-away metallic stirrings could be heard from factories in the sooty suburbs on the plain outside the city; east, west, and south, switch-engines chugged and snorted on sidings; and everywhere in the air there seemed to be a faint, voluminous hum as of innumerable wires trembling overhead to vibration of machinery underground.

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THE HEART OF THE RANGE

By William Patterson White. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

THE author of this stirring tale makes a specialty of Western stories. He is particularly effective in dialogue, with vernacular, and continuous action. Of the dialogue we give this example, which is an example also of the somewhat dry humour:

"What am I talking about, huh? I'd ask that, I would. Yeah, I would so. Is she pretty?

"Poor feller's got a hangover," Racey murmured in pity. "I kind o' thought it must be something like that when he began to talk so funny. Now I'm shore of it. You tie a wet towel round yore head, Swing, and take a good pull of cold water. You'll feel better in the morning."

"So'll I feel better in the morning if you jiggers will close yore traps and lemme sleep," growled a peevish voice in the next room—on the Main Street side.

"As I live," said Racey in a tone of vast surprise, "there's somebody in the next room."

"Sounds like the owner of the Starlight," hazarded Swing Tunstall.

"It is the owner of the Starlight," corroborated the voice, "and I wanna sleep, and I wanna sleep now."

"We ain't got any objections," Racey told him. "She's a fine, free country. And every gent is entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, three things no home should be without."

"Shut up, will you?" squalled the goaded proprietor of the Starlight Saloon. "If you wanna make a speech go out to the corral and don't bother regular folks."

PROPOSED MEMORIAL

A Committee composed of F. A. Acland, J. E. Caldwell, James H. Coyne, A. G. Doughty, Thomas Gibson, W. T. Herridge, W. L. Mackenzie King, W. D. Lighthall, with W. J. Sykes, Carnegie Library, Ottawa, as Secretary, has been formed for the purpose of seeing whether it is not possible to obtain, from among the friends and admirers of Wilfred Campbell, a sum of money sufficient to erect a suitable memorial at his grave in Beechwood Cemetery, Ottawa.

They have succeded in enlisting the good offices of Dr. R. Tait McKenzie, the eminent sculptor, a lifelong friend of Wilfred Campbell, and of Mr. John A. Pearson, the Architect of the Parliament Buildings, in the preparation of a design and the execution of a model of a memorial seat which, in the opinion of these gentlemen and others who have seen it, constitutes a most appropiate memorial, for erection on the brow of the slope of Beechwood Cemetery where Campbell is buried. The slope commands a magnificent view of the Laurentian Hills, of which Campbell has written so frequently and so beautifully.

It is obviously desirable that the memorial should be regarded as a public one, but it is hardly to be expected that more than a limited number of Campbell's friends and admirers will volunteer subscriptions. Whilst, therefore, no amount will be too small to accept, generous donations from individual sources will help materially to ensure the erection of the memorial. Once it is found that it is possible to complete the memorial through the subscriptions promised, a statement of the latter will be sent to each subscriber.

THROWN IN

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

CROQUET

We had our simple games

WE were a law-abiding, neighbourly, considerate, even forbearing community. We had our simple games, our innocent amusements, our tests at skill, our pleasant pastimes. In winter, those of us who were not debarred by the footnote, had cards and dancing, and everybody, according to sex or inclination, had skating or shinny, football or forfeits, and indeed all the kissing games that we could invent, which always were a source of great satisfaction to both old and young. In summer we had duck-on-the-rock, shoulder-stone, boat-swings, horseshoe, and evening rambles through the graveyard.

And then, one warm afternoon in June, Miss Cherry, our esteemed dressmaker, introduced the elegant and picturesque and withal bedeviling game of croquet. I refer to it as being bedeviling, because from that time onward, until the fever reached its height and then slowly abated, our erstwhile peaceful village, our scene of homely industry and contentment, became, if not a bear garden, at least a place of wrangling and discord and strife and bitter rivalry. Miss Cherry herself, a woman of years and discernment, and I am free to record, of discretion, became perhaps not a termagant but at least a stickler and a crank. A crank, I write, and yet perhaps I should ease the term with balm of Gilead. For Miss Cherry, with all her meagre waist-line and extraordinary bustle, was fair and honest and above board. The ground she chose for setting out her stakes and hoops was in a sense neutral. It lay back from her dress-making shop, which was the corner room of what had been the old frame tavern, between the end of the lane and Tufford's barn. It was not common ground, and yet we used it as such, playing there afternoons and evenings with a gusto and fidelity that at length prompted old Mr. Brown to drive over to Seaforth and buy for himself all the implements of the game. None of us will forget that day. For when Miss Cherry saw the old

Mr. Brown got a set

A Match Arranged

man driving his stakes and setting out his hoops she regarded it as being not so much of an affront as of a challenge. She retired forthwith and consulted her minions. And that very afternoon she took up the gauntlet and stipulated the conditions. She and Henry Perkins would play against Mr. Brown and any other player he might choose within a radius of five miles. That seemed to be fair. Nevertheless the old man was nonplussed. For he was, if anything, gallant. And therefore he felt impelled to choose a member of the fair sex. Nothing, acording to the farrier, could be fairer. But whom could he choose? The game was new to us. Someone suggested Nellie Newcombe, who taught music between times and had made one or two excellent shots by striking, according to criticism, at random. Others thought of the doctor's hired girl, an English maid, who said that she had seen them playing the game on the lawns back 'ome. But the old man, taking the burden of responsibility upon his own shoulders, chose Phoebe Parsons, a young woman who had come down from up Bethel way to live at the parsonage.

Phoebe cut something of a figure in our midst. She wore in the form of a sash, with long ends flowing behind, and rosettes here and there and everywhere, almost a whole bolt of blue ribbon. Jessie Littlejohn described her as a bolt from the blue. But blue in fact appeared to be the prospect for Miss Cherry and Henry Perkins when we began to whisper about that Miss Parsons was a crack croquet player, that she had played ever since she was a girl in short dresses and that she had told someone that on one occasion she had gone through clean from stake to stake and back again without a miss.

All this was bad report for Miss Cherry and Henry. And what was worse still, notwithstanding the social slight she had made of never playing on our common green, Phoebe went across to Mr. Brown's and played with him the very evening of his arrival home with the new set. But that was not the worst. For she practised on Mr. Brown's lawn all the next forenoon, scoring points from one end to the other and altogether flabbergasting Miss Cherry.

Henry Perkins and Miss Cherry

We can only surmise who it was that sent the alarm to Henry. Be that as you will, it became known that Henry turned his horses in the middle of a furrow and headed for the village. There he left the team at the blacksmith's to be shod all round, and a moment later he was rapping on Miss Cherry's door. Miss Cherry came out, and after a few words of conversation, she handed to her assistant the flounce she

was making for Mrs. Smale's cashmere dress, and then she and Henry walked up leisurely to the Tufford green. There these two practised assiduously for at least two hours. Meantime a few of us who were interested in the event moved thither. We sat on the fence watching the proceedings. And presently, without drum or cymbal or any forerunner, Miss Parsons and the old man appeared in the offing, each carrying a mallet. And Miss Cherry and Henry, seeing their opponents approaching, forthwith, and quite properly, stood aside, at strict attention, leaning on their own mallets, to await the arrival.

We sat on the fence

The old man very gallantly opened the gate, and Phoebe swished through on to the green. There the two parties bowed in greeting, but not a word was uttered until Mr. Brown formally announced that he had invited Miss Parsons to play as his partner and that she had accepted.

"Of course," said Miss Cherry, perhaps with a slight touch of sarcasm, "we presume that Miss Parsons understands that *we* are only amateurs."

With that Phoebe blushed so that her blue ribbons looked quite pale.

The old man replied.

"Miss Parsons tells me," he said, "that she is only a beginner." Then he added, with an audible chuckle, "And I beat her myself this morning."

"Oh, anybody could beat me," said Phoebe. "I play like a man, and she laughed self-consciously, as she pressed the grass with the head of her mallet. The mallet had blue stripes, matching the ribbon, and against the green of the grass the blue looked very blue. When Phoebe said that she played like a man Miss Cherry sniffed audibly.

"A bit easy on that 'anybody' stuff," said Henry, with a guffaw. "We'll soon know."

There followed some discussion as to rules, and then Miss Cherry and Mr. Brown drove at the farther stake, to decide which should play first. The old man drove the nearer. With that Miss Cherry stepped forward to begin the game. From our place on the fence we could observe very agreeably her fastidious poise and characteristic manner of attack. Her mallet had mauve-coloured stripes, which matched the sprig of lilac on her breast. The handle she gripped firmly with both hands, the right hand just below the left, and stooping forward, a posture which caused her bustle to tilt slightly upward, she drew the mallet backward, at a right angle, made

Miss Cherry Opened the game

It was an Astute play

a motion or two, and then struck the ball so that it went through the first two arches and lay three feet farther upon the green. She had now two shots at the first side arch. The first shot sent the ball in front of the arch but off the court. It was an astute play, because when the ball was fetched into court again it lay at an angle sharp enough to enable Miss Cherry to drive her ball through the arch, as she expressed it, on the bias, and make it roll forward almost into position for the cage.

The cage, we all knew, was as Scylla to most players. But to Miss Cherry it was the Rubicon. For, once through it, her course was clear. Clear also was her conscience. For while she always stood out for the fine points of the game, and unswervingly did her level best to win, never, even in the immediate hazard of losing, was she tempted, as some of us oftentimes were, to kick slyly into a more convenient position her own ball or, which was not so offensive, her partner's.

Position, as anyone might see, was in croquet everything. Without it you were like a bee in a bottle. With it you passed onward to the final stake, which was Shekinah. And by position I do not mean attitude. If I did mean attitude, which includes posture and attack, then Miss Cherry would wear the palm. Because Miss Cherry was a model of deportment. Never was she known to stand astride a ball and make what is known as the pendulum stroke, for in order to do so she would have to draw the mallet backward against a taut skirt That action she regarded as being unladylike, ungraceful, even grotesque. If a gentleman essayed it, she witnessed the effort with admirable tolerance, but if ever he put one foot forward to serve as a guide for the mallet she made an open protest and stigmatized that method as being unfair, unsportsmanlike and absurd.

Absurd, of course, was the whole game as we played it. For, as it unfortunately happened, with Miss Cherry's set came one book of rules and with Mr. Brown's another. For instance, Miss Cherry's book said that after you had once roqueted one ball and played off it, you might not roquet it again until you had scored another point. In other words you were dead on that ball unless you went through a hoop. Mr. Brown's book, on the other argument, set it down that once you roqueted a ball and played off it, you were dead on that particular ball, only for that play, whether you scored or not. Henry Perkins, who was a rule unto himself, always contended that to hold that a player ever was dead on any ball was ridiculous.

Many conflicting rules

Nobody was consistent

And ridiculous as it may seem to be, we never quite reconciled these conflicting rules. We made compromises and court rules of our own, but nobody ever seemed to be wholly consistent as to when certain rules should be observed. For instance, when Miss Cherry's ball was fetched into court, it was placed on the line a mallet's length from the outside of the arch. As to that Mr. Brown did not raise any objection until after Miss Cherry had passed successfully through the arch and taken position in front of the cage; because, as we must surmise, he did not think that she could get through. He argued that the ball should have been placed on the spot where it crossed the line and not straight in from the spot where it happened to lie outside the court.

But Miss Cherry countered with the very proper argument that his objection should have been taken before she continued the play. The old man was visibly displeased, and when Miss Cherry on the next stroke struck one wire of the cage and glanced through, he threw his mallet upon the ground and declared most vehemently that nobody, no matter how expert he might be, could play against rules of that character.

But Miss Cherry coolly took postion in front of the second side arch, and Phoebe, looking very coy and, I am bound to say, very winsome, laid her ball, with the blue stripes, in front of the first arch. Then she stood behind it, to Miss Cherry's evident disgust, and with her feet spread wide apart, in the inelegant position that some men take, she drew her mallet backward into her skirt and struck the ball with such great force that it went through the first arch and jumped clear over the second. Naturally she was full of chagrin But she wasn't overflowing, like the old man.

"How stupid!" she exclaimed.

"Well, perhaps just a bit careless," said the old man.

"Of course, I have another try for it?"

Mr. Brown looked at Miss Cherry. But Miss Cherry shook her head.

"You have one more shot," she said, "for going through the first hoop."

"Up in Bethel," Phoebe replied, as a mild protest, "every player has three chances at the start."

"Yes," said Miss Cherry, "but down here we play by rule."

"Here we play by rule"

"By *your* rule," said the old man, and his lips went on twitching.

"Henry," said Miss Cherry, "it's your turn next."

Henry's Barber-Pole Mallet

Henry had a mallet that he had made himself. The head of it, he told us, was of iron-wood, and the handle of second-growth hickory. No one dared make denial, because the mallet was painted all over and striped like a barber's pole. The farrier said it gave him the willies just to look at it. Nevertheless Henry got away to a good start, and took position in front of the cage.

The old man by this time was pretty hot. He didn't see how he could carry his partner's ball along with him, and yet his only hope lay in his being able to do so. First, however, he must run forward and roquet Henry's ball out of position. That he succeeded in doing, and was about to strike again, having placed his own ball a mallet-head's length from Henry's, when Miss Cherry objected.

"Pardon me, Mr. Brown," she said, "but, you know, you must move the ball you roquet when you make the next shot."

"I have the option of playing the other way," said Mr. Brown. Now, up Bethel way——"

"Well, that'll be the rule for this game," said Miss Cherry in agreeing, but it isn't fair or right."

"It's as fair for one as t'other," replied the old man, and with that he made a rather wide, swinging stroke with a view to getting his ball down behind his partner's, but the head of his mallet, being new and not properly glued on, flew off, and the handle, going forward with the momentum, struck the ball and moved it only about a foot.

All this was too much for the old man's choler. He muttered something to himself, something suppressed yet audible and familiar, and then he threw the handle bang against the barn, kicked one of the balls out of the court, and from that same exasperating place, without further word or expletive, he immediately withdrew.

"I guess," said Henry, tucking his barber's pole under his arm, "I'll go down and see if my old nags are shod."

"Yes," said Miss Cherry, "Mrs. Smale will be anxious about her dress. I must go and finish it."

Next thing I knew, as I looked round, everybody had gone but Phoebe and me. I stood, perhaps a little awkwardly, at the gate, holding it open for her to pass out. And I might tell you also, because one couldn't keep anything secret around there, that I carried the mallet, with the blue stripes and her permission, up the hill to the parsonage.

All but Phoebe and me

MOTHER'S HELP

From the Painting by
Paul Peel

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McMURRRAY, GATEWAY TO THE NORTH

By HAMILTON M. LAING

EVERY now and again some little frontier town wakens on a fine morning to find itself lucky; to find that the tide of commerce is rolling in the right direction and that in consequence the town is destined to grow and multiply. Many hearts are made glad; the faith of the pioneer is justified. The cause of this may be found in the coming of a railroad, in the discovery of gold or coal or oil or gas, or in the place becoming a gateway or entrance to some region. Such a lucky little frontier spot is Fort McMurray—(though the "Fort" has been dropped from it recently)—gateway to the North, the door to the vast region of the Mackenzie basin.

This region so vast, so little known except along the main waterways is a veritable empire—the empire at present of a few trappers. Few people, and Canadians perhaps, least of all, realize the extent of this region. It is so hard to make ourselves believe. To say that the Mackenzie basin occupies 680,000 square miles may not mean much.* But taking it in terms of distance, it is farther from Edmonton, the city of the North, to the mouth of the Mackenzie in a straight line than it is from Winnipeg the "hub" of Canada, to Vancouver Island on the West or Quebec on the East. McMurray at the junction of the Athabaska and Clearwater Rivers is the entrance to this mighty empire.

Formerly Athabaska Landing claimed the position of doorkeeper, but the coming of the Alberta and Great Waterways Railway to McMurray immediately changed this. Formerly all the northern freight and supplies loaded at Athabaska Landing and destined down stream, had to run the dangerous Grand Rapids of the Athabaska. Whole fleets of scows have run them through the past years. But it was a dangerous game; cargoes occasionaly were lost. Now freight

*Memoir 108 Canada, Geological Series.

Part of Main Street, McMurray, which is expected to become the metropolis of the north.

may be loaded at McMurray about one hundred and fifty miles farther north, and floated in smooth water right to Fitzgerald on the Slave River.

The far North-west has been slow to yield to settlement; yet surely it is yielding. The old North is passing. Commerce has the point of its wedge turend in this direction. Three railroads head northward from Edmonton. Gas-boats and steamers ply right down to the mouth of the Mackenzie. Trappers and prospectors are using gas power as far back as they can secure supplies. Buffalo Lake whitefish from near McMurray are finding acceptance in the United States markets and a fish-canning company has just set up in business on Lake Athabaska. An American oil company during the past season struck gushing oil at Fort Norman—more than 900 miles in straight line north of Edmonton—and oil, not fur, is the topic of the North now. The settler, too, with more serious intention than of merely skinning muskrats or foxes, is in evidence, and local farm produce is a potentiality at Vermillion, McMurray and other northern points. The problem of the settler so far has not been that of soil or climate but of market and transportation. As early as 1876 wheat raised at Chipewyan received a medal at the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition.

Like most other frontier posts that have seen sudden prosperity loom over the horizon, McMurray has had its boom. Not that the boom changed the post much. The chief evidence of this inflation is the lines cut through the woods and the survey stakes marking the town lots. There was no lack of ambition here; they surveyed ground enough for a city of one hundred thousand. If, at the present time these cleared lanes make first rate snare lines for the Breed women in their pursuit of Wapoose the northern rabbit this is merely because the hard time in consequence of the war halted the march of the town toward its destiny. At least so say the post folks. Optimism is a great factor in the biulding of the North-west.

The chief cause of optimism here is the oil question. McMurray lies well within the oil belt; the banks of the Athabaska at her doors in places are almost solid walls of the black tar

Tar-Sand (Black Asphalt) on bank of Athabasca at McMurray.

sands: Horse Creek just back of the post cuts through solid banks of this asphalt. The town is quite surrounded by this disturbing material. Tar sands are sands so impregnated with crude oil that the product resembles ordinary asphalt. On summer days these cut-banks smell like a hot city street or an asphalt wagon. There is oil here. Oil-fields to-day have almost or quite the glamour that formerly gold-fields had. They are rather much the same thing. But oil-fields are hard for the man of no capital to exploit. He cannot pan out his gold from this smelly paving material. It is a job for the capitalist.

At the present time oil is the talk of the capitalistic world. Three or four nations are playing a game of wits in trying to get possession of the world's supply. We must have oil it seems, and recently we have been paying dearly for it. Canada is turning the eyes of commerce into the Mackenzie Basin, for here lies one of the most extensive oil-bearing tracts of the globe. What the future holds for the North in this line no one seems able to tell. That there are thousands of square miles of tar-sands is known. What we want to know now is how to extract crude oil from them in paying quantities. We have known since the days of Mackenzie himself that vast deposits lay along the great river system. What we need now is not another geological report telling us that there are so many thousand square miles of oil deposit—the area is so vast that a few thousand square miles more or less do not matter anyway. But we would like some one to show us how to get oil, how to bore into those great black walls of crude material and draw from them a product that may be loaded in barrels on the railroad at McMurray and shipped south to feed the automobiles and hungry tractors on the big prairies. There may be little gushing oil in this region; no one knows. But these are millions of gallons of crude oil lying in these sands. It is a huge bank account for the future; it ought to be a national bank account.

Who will be the first to draw on this bank? Who will show the way? That is what the people of the North and all over Canada also are asking. That

The Prairie at McMurray

is what they are wondering at McMurray, and what those folks who hold oil claims there are asking. Old Dan Diver at McMurray, a miner of wide experience, says that he is going to pioneer the way to pay dirt and during 1920 experimented successfully with a new method of oil production. This process consists of sinking a shaft into the tar-sands and by means of an electrical heater frying the oil and gas from its retaining dross. What the future has in store for such an industry remains to be seen. The whole oil question of the North has always been regarded as a problem of the future. It has become a habit with us. McMurray each spring, sees its annual crop of oil men come in from outside—from east and west, from all over the United States, from England—and each fall sees them go out again about freeze-up. Meanwhile the tar-sands lie on the cut-banks and ooze.

Of course transportation is the one colossal problem of the North. At present the railroad does not quite reach McMurray; end of steel lies on the hill overlooking the deep-cut Pembina where it joins the Clearwater, some seventeen miles by the survey line to the post. As for this railroad itself, from Lac la Biche northward it probably is the worst railroad in the world. During 1920 traffic could not be carried on during the summer months. In the Spring of the same year when the present writer made the trip North it required two days to make the hundred and fifty odd miles. No travelling is done at night —the road was never ballasted. We were off the rails half a dozen times and we were told that ours was a very quick and lucky trip. Only one conductor it was said was genius enough to get a train through in less than several days. The road-bed was unspeakable. In the fall while returning we did scarcely so well. Locally this road that navigates the muskegs and keeps to a semi-occasional schedule is known as the "Hay-wire Railroad".

But improvements are under way and before long McMurray ought to hear the puff and shrill of the locomotive, and so come into its own. At present all supplies are teamed in from the end of steel to the post. But the little drawback does not damper northern enthusiasm. When the writer left (November, 1920) the optimist of the place explained it all—the prosperity of 1921. There was to

be a spring rush—the oil scramble northward. To be a gateway here means feeding and supplying newcomers, building scows and boats—activity at a profit—commerce. Incidentally the optimist had a pair of big huskies that he figured to sell in the spring for three hundred dollars. Dogs as well as other supplies come high here. There was to be commercial activity along all lines from gasoline to dried fish. Real estate was to boom again and some of those who had half sold in the first inflation and had had their property revert, were going to sell it again. Such are the dreams of the optimist. And may they come true! There are many who have waited long. Some day they must come true. The empire of the North-west beyond the prairies is as real as that of the more easily settled plains, but it is a different sort of empire.

Formerly McMurray was a centre of activity in fur, and though it still is an important fur post the newer outlying smaller posts rob it of its former prestige. Until recently McMurray itself was a first rate trapping-ground. Not many years ago Joe Bird, a half-breed trapper, with a ten-mile trap-line down the Athabaska and a fifty-mile line up the Clearwater, caught sixty-four foxes betwen freeze-up and the new year. At 1920 prices these foxes—they included two silver grays—would have meant a neat little fortune. This, of course, was a banner fox year. Fur in the North always is a fluctuating crop, rising and falling rather much with the ebb and flow of the periodical rabbit crop. Mink, marten and lynx, the other mainstays here in pelts, used to be caught in goodly numbers near the post. During our out-coming trip in November when a slight sprinkling of snow covered the ice, at nearly every creek under the railway we noted mink and weasel tracks.

Like many other centres of habitation northward, McMurray was founded originally as a trading-post. It was always a gateway it would seem, for it was down the Clearwater that the first white man came to the Athabaska. For the Mackenzie basin was reached in early days from the

Ready for Winter at McMurray.

A Settler's Home near McMurray.

direction of Hudson's Bay by way of the Churchill River and not from southward as now. When Peter Pond who is supposed to be the first white man on the Athabaska, arived away back about 1778, his route from the Churchill River followed Ile à la Crosse Lake, Buffalo Lake, Methye River, Methye portage and thence down the Clearwater River. All routes of early days were of necessity water routes and so for many years this was the only way used to reach the Mackenzie. Thus the site of McMurray was important even then, but little was made of it. It is a post and settlement of comparatively recent origin.

To those of us who have been considering Edmonton on the edge of the plains as the limit of agricultural possibilities, it is something of a pleasing shock to meet at McMurray small fields of grain, good farm stock and gardens second to none. The black soil along the Athabaska and Clearwater is very fertile. There is a short growing season here but a most intensive one. There is little night in the summer and in the long sunlight growth is most phenomenal. The cabbages and potatoes stay awake nights to grow. There is an abundance of natural hay about the smaller lakes and marshes in many places and stock-raising is a coming possibility. The one drawback to such an industry is the pestiferous fly plagues of the summer, that for three months harry the meat from the bones of the cattle and horses. But then this condition is surmountable; it was not different

White Spruces near McMurray.

in the early days of Manitoba.

As fishing-grounds go in the North, McMurray lays little claim to prominence. Though fish are abundant enough in the rivers, it is the lake whitefish that are famous here and these are teamed out from the nearby lakes to the post or to the railway in winter for either home consumption or export. Nearly all northern lakes are well stocked with this valuable food fish. It is a staple food in the North for man and dog. The North always has been dependent on its dogs; they are the transportation motive power of the region in winter and must remain so for long. The dog has been dependent on fish. Had this far North-west been a fishless region—it really is one of the richest in this respect—exploration must have been very difficult. Fish must always be an asset of this north country; export already has begun. In January, 1920, the writer had the pleasure of eating a Buffalo Lake whitefish bought on the public market in Portland, Oregon.

The timber of the Clearwater Valley is a surprise also to the new-comer. He is scarcely prepared for it. From Edmonton north the railway passes over much muskeg and through many stands of white poplar. Both the black, or muskeg spruce and most of this poplar is of small size; but in the

valley of the Clearwater is found a belt of large timber. The white spruce here attains thirty inches diameter on the stump, and the black and white poplar though not so large on the stump are found in dense stands, tall, straight, limbless and of splendid proportion. The white spruce is the lumber tree of the region and the sawmill at McMurray supplies local demands from this source. Though the North can never become important from the lumberman's point of view, yet the vast quantities of jackpine, white, and black spruce, and white, and black popular must in time become valuable sources of supply for the wood-pulp industry.

Life about frontier posts always is interesting to the outsider. We have always fancied the North full of romance; our literature is steeped with it. McMurry lying as it does at the entrance to the hinterland presents an odd mixture of the old-time and the new in almost every line. Gasoline launches as well as scows ply the Athabaska; outboard motors propel canoes here almost as often as paddles do; the houses vary from the crudest type of log shanty to the frame buildings of the Hudson's Bay Company. You may still see moose-hide jackets, but also starched collars—occasionally; female feet wear shoes as well as moccasins; huskie dogs do not own the place to the exclusion of other dogs that happen northward; the farmer as well as the fur-trader enters the picture; you may buy local butter as well as local moose-meat; the old Red River jig is still prevalent but so is "canned music".

In the mater of inhabitants new types are supplanting the old. All races seem represented: Englishmen, Canucks, Scottish Canucks and straight Scots, half-breeds of French and Scottish descent—French and Scottish blood have always been potent factors in the North. And in addition to this British stock, we found Americans from four or five different states, an Austrian, a Swede, a Chicago German, two Assyrian traders and a negro barber. The post once had a Chinese laundryman, but he did not thrive and went back south. The one race that is moving on is the Indian or Half-breed. Ever since the days of the Selkirk settlement on the Red River the native of mixed blood has been working north-westward before the push of civilization. It is plain to-day at McMurray. The native's migration is just as sure as that of the moose and black-tailed deer that within the last quarter of a century have extended their range north-westward also a very great distance.

At McMurray you get into the land of the linguists. There are many folk in the North who speak two, three or oven four languages. All the trading companies here and northward employ an interpreter. The four tongues of the region are English, French, Cree and Chipewyan. But very few Chipewyan natives ever reach McMurray; this is the range of the Crees. It may be doubted that these interpreters are very proficient linguists. But they are capable enough to dicker over a marten skin; and anyway sign language is a fairly efficient medium of thought and might also be called a fifth tongue here.

The strange types of northern architecture—as represented in turning rough logs into dwelings—is a feature that catches the eye of the outsider. Northern woodsmen seem far from skilful in this line, that is when measured beside the woodsmen pioneers of eastern America. Buildings are found in all stages of roughness. The crudest, smiplest type of shack is the one whose walls are made of unhewn logs notched in at the corners, the ends projecting. These ends in some cases are left of unequal length. The roof may be heaped on in several different ways. Such buildings when plastered with mud do not make much of an appeal to the aesthetic imagination. Contrasted with this however,

are some structures of hewn logs, properly cornered and squared, the roof shingled and the walls white-washed. It is a land of architectural variety. If choice of material is limited, the plan and style and arrangement are not. The post has its Catholic church, Protestant church, little school, two or three restaurants, a hotel and so on down the list, but none of these buildings are what might be called pretentious. Rough and ready is the way of the North.

It is in the spring near break-up time that one sees the importance of this little frontier place. Northward lies an immense region requiring supplies. During the winter these are shipped and teamed to McMurray and stored to wait for the opening of navigation. Everything from bacon to gasoline destined for the Mackenzie country comes through this port. By spring the warehouses of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the Northern Trading Company, Lampson and Hubbard Company, and other smaller traders are bulging with goods. Some five thousand tons of freight must go north during the open season. This is carried on scows and on the stern-wheel steamers that ply between here and Chipewyan and Fitzgerald. Spring and summer are times of activity. In winter only mail goes up and down the river, by dog-team.

The huskie dogs that lie about here in the sun are of the old regime; the team of heavy draught horses coming in from the end of steel with a load of merchandise is of the new. How soon the new order is to displace the old, how soon this country of the North-west is going to come into its undoubted own—who can say? Meanwhile McMurray with its city site surveyed, with its salt-well drill hammering away and its oil-well striving hard, sits upon its little mountains of asphaltum and hopes and dreams of its future. May its dreams soon come true!

THE HONOURABLE RICHARD CARTWRIGHT

A SKETCH OF ONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF UPPER CANADA AND THE PART HE PLAYED IN THE POLITICS OF HIS DAY

BY FRANCIS A. CARMAN

COULD Colonel John Graves Simcoe pick up the volume of "Reminiscences" published just after the death of Sir Richard J. Cartwright, his first thought would probably be that he was back again in Upper Canada reading the letters of an earlier Richard Cartwright, one of his chief critics during his tenure of the Lieutenant-Governor's office in the young colony.

We do not belong to a race which has much faith in the transmigration of souls. But we do entertain pretty generally a belief in heredity, and that belief finds curiously strong confirmation in the resemblances between the grandfather of Simcoe's day and the grandson of ours. There is the same keen sight for the weak point in the armour of an opponent, the same directness yet stately courteousness of speech; the same caustic pen. These on the surface strike the attention. And then, as you look underneath, there are striking similarities in fundamentals. There is the same high sense of the public interest; the same odd blending of trust in democracy with a certain aristocratic temperament; the same tendency to allow nature to take her way in trade and in political organization; the same leaning to ideals in government, held in check by a readiness to accept what is practical and to surrender the unattainable without backbiting.

Cartwright and Simcoe did not love one another, at least not at the opening of the Governor's term. Simcoe came out to Canada with carefully prepared plans for the reorganization of the country and did not relish having them opposed. Two of the leading merchants of the colony were Richard Cartwright and his partner Robert Hamilton. Both were made members of the first Legislative Council and both recognized that many of the Governor's schemes were inapplicable to the circumstances of the people. In accordance with their sturdy and outspoken characters, they gave strong opposition to such of Simcoe's plans as they thought mistaken, and this aroused the ire of the representative of the Crown. He regarded both Cartwright and Hamilton as republicans in spite of the fact that Cartwright had fought in the royal forces against the Thirteen Colonies. He even attempted to influence them by hinting that he had control of government contracts, at a time when that for the provisioning of the troops with flour was held by Cartwright; and he put in writing his opinion that this hint had influenced their actions—an opinion in which posterity has not shared.

Cartwright has left on record a defence of Hamilton and himself in a letter which he wrote in 1794 to Mr. Isaac Todd, a merchant of Montreal and a personal friend.

"It seems, then," he says, "that every man who will not be a mere tool and pay implicit respect to the caprice and extravagance of a colonial governor, must be an object of malevolence, not only here, but at home. . . . In the intercourse of private life I am disposed to be as accommodating as any man, but in the discharge of a public trust I must follow my own sense of duty and propriety. I do not doubt the disposition of the Governor to consult the welfare of the Province, yet this disposition sometimes puts on an odd appearance. He is a man of warm and sanguine temper, that will not let him see any obstacles to his views; he thinks every existing regulation in England would be proper here. . . . I did not expect or wish for the place I hold in the Legislature, nor do I care how soon I resign it; but while I do retain it I will most certainly do my duty, regardless of the smiles or frowns, the favours or the calumnies of any person whatever.

"And," he goes on a little further down in the same letter, "though I do not think it necessary to bow with reverence to the wayward fancies of every sub-delegate of the Executive Government, I will not hesitate to assert that His Majesty has not two more loyal subjects, and in this Province certainly none more useful, than Mr. Hamilton and myself, nor shall even the little pitiful jealousy that exists with respect to us make us otherwise. And though I hope we shall always have fortitude enough to do our duty, we are by no means disposed to form cabals, and certainly have not, nor do, intend wantonly to oppose or thwart the Governor."

It is pleasant to know that these two men — Cartwright and Simcoe, each of whom had so much to do with laying the foundations of Upper Canada—later came to a better understanding. The Governor spent the winter of 1794-5 at Kingston and afterward in his despatches to the home government ungrudgingly acknowledged the services rendered to the young community by Cartwright. The merchant - politician, however, found it hard to forget the earlier misrepresentations of his conduct by the Governor, and he did not at all change his opinions on the unwisdom of Simcoe's policies. As late as the last year of the century he wrote for General Hunter, the Lieutenant-Governor of that day, an account of the settlement of the country in which he severely condemned the course of Simcoe in dealing with the public lands.

At the time of his contest with Governor Simcoe, Richard Cartwright had been in Upper Canada for seventeen years, and was thirty-three years of age. He was born at Albany on September 2nd, 1759. His father was an Englishman of the same name, who had come to America in 1740; and his mother was descended from the Dutch colonists who founded New Amsterdam. He was educated at a private school in Albany and for a time looked forward to the law as his life work, a period during which he received a training in legal lore which stood him in good stead when later he became a judge in the new colony into which he was driven. Dislike of legal chicanery and various circumstances — among them probably the loss of an eye by a thrown stone when he was still a boy—turned his mind away from the law to the church. Under this enthusiasm he added Hebrew to Latin and Greek among his studies and, Dr. Strachan tells us, had ventured even into Biblical criticism when he was called away from the avocations of peace by the outbreak of the revolutionary war.

The Cartwrights, father and son, had no sympathy with the ideas of the revolting colonists; and in abhorrence of disloyalty threw in their for-

tunes with the royal forces. In return the Albany mob burnt their house over their heads, and father, mother and son escaped to Canada with just what they could carry. For three years, 1778 to 1780, young Cartwright was secretary to Butler of the Queen's Rangers; and with him saw a good deal of frontier fighting in which Indians were freely used as combatants on both sides. Of these campaigns he has left us an account, which makes it clear that he took part in them reluctantly and as a matter of necessity.

"In taking a view of the Indian war," he says in concluding his account, "it is certain that it has very much distressed the rebels by destroying some of their best settlements, drawing off vast quantities of their cattle, and obliging them to leave the greatest part of their frontiers, from Canada to Virginia, uncultivated, besides laying them under the necessity of keeping several thousand men embodied merely to oppose the Indians. But, besides that, the expenses of carrying it on have hitherto at least been fully adequate to these advantages. The cruelties that have attended it, and been exercised indiscriminately on friend and foe, without distinction of sex or age, when seriously considered, must make it be regarded with general abhorrence."

After the war, in the new country, he found it impracticable to carry out his plans for the priesthood, and after some hesitation formed a business partnership with Robert Hamilton—a partnership which was fruitful of much both in business and politics for the nascent colony. About the same time he accepted an appointment as Judge of the Common Pleas, an office which combined some of the functions now performed by municipal as well as by judicial officers. He became a Colonel of Militia and was prompt to advise his superiors of information which came to him affecting the peace of the new settlements. When the Province of Upper Canada was created he was appointed to the Legislative Council, a place which he occupied throughout the twenty-three years which elapsed before his death. In the meantime he was repeatedly urged to enter the inner circle of the Executive Council, but steadfastly declined, preferring the greater independence which the Legislative Council afforded him.

Some of the first and biggest problems with which he was called upon to deal after he entered the Legislative Council of the new Province was that which related to marriage and the position of the Church of England. This too was a problem on which the Governor and Cartwright found themselves at issue. Simcoe was a strict churchman and believed it his duty to endow the young colony with what he conceived to be the great benefit of an established church. Cartwright, although he had prepared himself to take holy orders in that church, had the modern view of the relation of State and Church and besides recognized the futility of establishing a denomination which represented but a small minority of the population. The Governor came out with his plans carefully prepared and it was not long before they were put to the test. The marriage question was not one which would brook delay. There were grave doubts as to the legality of most of the marriages which had been performed in the new settlements, and those doubts clouded all titles by inheritance. Simcoe desired to limit the authority to celebrate marriage strictly to the clergy of the Church of England. Cartwright saw that this was impracticable and set forth his views clearly in a memorandum which was forwarded to England.

"In the Eastern Districts," he wrote, "the most populous part of the Province, there is no church clergyman. They have a Presbyterian Minister, formerly chaplain of the 84th Regiment, who receives from the Government fifty pounds p. ann. They

have also a Lutheran Minister who is supported by his Congregation, and the Roman Catholic Priest settled at St. Regis occasionally officiates for the Scots Highlanders settled in the lower part of the District, who are very numerous and all Catholics. There are also many Dutch Calvinists in this part of the Province, who have made several attempts to get a Teacher of their own sect, but hitherto without success. In the Midland District, where the members of the church are more numerous than in any other part of the Province, there are two church clergymen who are allowed one hundred pounds stg. p. ann. each by Government and fifty pounds each by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. There are here also some itinerant Methodist Preachers, the followers of whom are numerous. And many of the Inhabitants of the greatest property are Dutch Calvinists, who have for some time past been using their endeavours to get a minister of their own sect among them. In the Home District. there is one clergyman who hath been settled here since the ninth of July last. The Scots Presbyterians, who are pretty numerous here and to which sect the most respectable part of the inhabitants belong, have built a Meeting House and raised a subscription for a Minister of their own who is shortly expected among them. There are here also many Methodists and Dutch Calvinists. In the Western District there are no other clergy than those of the Church of Rome. The Protestant inhabitants here are principally Presbyterians."

A pretty clear case that, one would think, against limiting the performance of marriage to the clergy of the Church of England. It was indeed so clear that the Governor had to bow to it in part; but in part he was obdurate. The Act which he persuaded the Legislature to pass and which he signed without any reference of it to the home authorities, validated, it is true, all marriages contracted in the past; but much to the dissatisfaction of Richard Cartwright, it made no provision for the performance of the ceremony of marriage by dissenting ministers. In his correspondence with his friend Isaac Todd, he gives frank expression to this dissatisfaction.

"Indeed," he writes under date of October 14th, 1793, "the caution with which everything relative to the Church or Dissenters is guarded in the Act of Parliament which establishes our constitution, and the zeal and tenaciousness of the Executive Government in this country on this head, has always astonished me. When a particular system has long been adopted and acted upon, some evil may perhaps result from a change, although in its principles it may be neither liberal nor just, and at all events there is the bugbear innovation to guard the abuse; but to make this abuse an essential principle, and where a new government is to be formed, as in the present case, among a people composed of every religious denomination, and nineteen-twentieths of whom are of persuasions different from the Church of England, to attempt to give to that Church the same exclusive political advantages that it possesses in Great Britain, and which are even there the cause of so much clamour, appears to me to be impolitic as it is unjust."

And a little later on in the same letter the merchant statesman makes a remarkable prediction of the Family Compact and its results. "On the division of the Province," he says, "as we had no previous establishments in our way, I fondly imagined that we were to sit down cordially together to form regulations solely for the public good; but a little experience convinced me that these were the visions of a novice, and I found our Executive Government disposed to calculate their measures as much with a view to patronage and private endowment as the prosperity of the colony. In this I doubt not they will be suf-

ficiently successful, from the interested complaisance of some of our legislators, and the ignorance of more, who are incapable of foreseeing the consequences of their concessions. But such policy," and here follows the keen-visioned prediction, "is as shortsighted as it is illiberal; and however little it may be noticed at present, if persisted in and pushed very far will unquestionably be sewing the seeds of civil discord, and perhaps laying the foundations of future revolutions."

These criticisms and predictions portray for us Cartwright the Radical and there is little cause for wonder that to a man of Simcoe's ideals and training they should appear as the utterances of a republican. But they present only one side of the character of a man who was an aristocrat as well as a democrat. Cartwright was a puzzle to the men of his generation. He belonged neither to the old world nor to the world that was then coming into being. He was reaching out after the new but he was also holding fast that which was good in the past. In the clashes which occasionally took place between the Legislative Council and the Assembly, he was sometimes on the side of his own chamber and sometimes took the part of the Lower House. On one occasion he describes the action of the Council as "neither decent nor warrantable" and in connection with a later dispute he taxes the members of the Assembly with selfishness and "ill humour". The anxiety of the members of the Lower Chamber to provide indemnities for themselves and the readiness with which paid positions were created aroused his scorn and he wrote ironically to Isaac Todd: "For so young a country, I assure you we are beginning to have a wonderful acuteness in making discoveries of this kind."

One of the contests between the two Houses had reference to the payments of members, and in commenting on this the Honourable Richard displays his aristocratic leanings. "The plan of allowing wages to any branch of the Legislature," he writes, "seems to be reprehensible under any form. The honour of such a situation ought to be considered as a sufficient compensation, and persons who, from circumstances of fortune and education, can be influenced by such motives, are likely to discharge their duty better than the needy and the ignorant, with whom, perhaps, the allowance is the principal object, and who are often the favourites of a majority of the electors, though generally incapable of understanding the tendency of public measures, and liable consequently to be influenced, by artful management, to support alike such as may be either factious or oppressive. The only remedy left for this evil is, that as the electors feel immediately the burden of paying their representatives"—the indemnity at the time was paid by a direct assessment on the constituents of an amount equal to ten shillings for each day of the session—"they may be induced to prefer those who would decline any pecuniary compensation." Assuredly the method of collecting the sessional indemnity in vogue in the old Upper Canada Assembly would be an efficient means of interesting the people in the length of the sessions.

After the marriage law, the next large issue which arose between Cartwright and Simcoe was over the constitution of the law courts of the new Province. Simcoe wished naturally to set up in Canada the system of judicature in force in the United Kingdom. Cartwright asserted that so complex a system was inapplicable to the circumstances of a new colony, and declared from his place in the Council that "it comes with all the *glorious* uncertainties of the law in its train, holding out wealth and distinction to the man of law, but poverty and distress to the unfortunate client." The Governor got his way; got it with the acclaim of the Assembly and in spite of the fact that a

special Act had to be passed to declare some sixteen men qualified to practice law, for there were at the time but two qualified lawyers in the Province. Cartwright predicted that future historians would deplore this "pernicious innovation"; but his fears do not seem to have been strikingly fulfilled. It is true that the courts have been much modified in the years that have passed since then; but it is doubtful if the people were then ready for the establishment of the changes which have been gradually put into force.

Another field in which the merchant politician played a part in laying the foundations of the new Province was that which related to trade and tariffs. Here, as later in his grandson, we see a leaning towards keeping trade as free as possible from all artificial restrains, although he approached the problem essentially from the point of view of the practical business man. A proposal to impose a tax on all rum and wine entering Upper Canada at "the Point of Bodet", (Beaudette), elicited from him a comment on its "impolicy and inexpediency" "even so far as it would operate upon the trade and consumption of the settled parts of the country." He was one of the Commissioners for the Upper Province in regard to the division of the customs revenues collected by Lower Canada and he has left an extended argument—though in this instance he speaks of himself as a convert — against an attempt to collect taxes on goods coming in from the United States. His argument in this case, it is best to state in order to avoid misunderstanding, is based on the injury which would be done Canadian trade by retaliation by the young republic; for Canadian merchants, as he points out, did a much larger business with frontier American settlements than was done with Canada by the Americans. He regards it as a settled principle that the mother country "certainly can have no intention to make us manufacturers"; but he recognizes "that it results as an indisputable duty, from our political relation as a dependency of the British Empire, to adopt and enforce as far as practicable, every regulation of trade that may tend to employ British ships and enrich British subjects, and exclude or discourage the interference of aliens."

It is clear from what is already written that Richard Cartwright was alert to all his duties as a citizen. In relation to the church, the law or business, he was ever ready to give his country the benefit of his advice; and he always showed that he spoke of thought and knowledge. He always kept in close touch with the Lieutenant-Governor of his Province, and happily his relations with Hunter, Gore and Brock appear to have been free from the friction which marred his communications with Simcoe. He strove, in vain, to secure the adoption of a more reasonable—and more modern — law of bankruptcy. He wrote to General Hunter on the land and immigration policy of the colony. He advised Gore as to how some plans for the organization of the militia were being criticized in the country. He protested against extravagance in the provincial finances.

His last years were clouded over by heavy family affliction. In 1811 at the end of his fifty-second year he wrote: "I have lived as much and almost as happily as anybody in the same time." In the next three years he saw four children taken from him by that slow wasting disease which yet baffles medical science; and the last year of his own life was passed in great physical suffering. Nevertheless, says Dr. Strachan, "he attended his duties in the Legislature, he assisted at the Board of Claims, and while scarcely able to articulate or to swallow food, he still continued to perform the most important functions."

Through loyalty to his King, Richard Cartwright surrendered the

comforts, and some of the luxuries, of civilization, to assist in the founding of a new colony in the wilds of Upper Canada. He laboured to lay the foundations of that colony in accordance with the principles of the British constitution and the spirit of colonial liberty which was then just in its beginnings; and although he did not always get his way, he never turned back from doing the best he could for the commonweal. He was active in concerting measures for the defence of that Colony against the revolted colonists, among whom he had been born and bred; and he lived to see that danger pass and the new Province started on another period of peaceful development, although we know that he foresaw that that development would not be without its problems and its storms.

I KNOW A FIELD

By ANNA DURIE

I KNOW a field where star-eyed daisies blow,
In beauty, tranquil as the sleeping tides;
Where thin-stemmed poppies droop in fiery glow,
And the rich earth a richer substance hides.

I know a place where dreamless silence reigns,
Beneath a sky of scurrying, changing clouds;
Where the sun lingers, shade the verdure stains,
And the rare soil a rarer dreamer shrouds.

I know a grave where a young hero sleeps,
Who sank to rest serene at radiant morn;
Tread lightly! Nay, 'tis only fool that weeps,
For of his dust was a great nation born.

KNIGHT IN FULL ARMOUR

An ancestral Chinese portrait of the Kang Hsi period, painted on silk
In the Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto

MAUPASSANT AND ANATOLE FRANCE

BY EDWARD SAPIR

TWO types of æsthetic, as distinct from historical, literary criticism are in vogue, the objective and the impressionistic. Objective criticism seeks to judge a work of literary art regardless of the personality of either writer or critic, assigning it its niche in the realm of æesthetic values according to certain standards. At least this is its aim, for in a world of strong personal bias and constantly-shifting standards it is ever doomed to partial failure. Essentially more honest, if generally even wider of the mark, is the impressionistic method, which aims to set forth clearly the subjective attitude of the critic towards the art material before him. Objective criticism tends to reveal the work, impressionistic criticism the critic. Neither reveals the writer.

And yet a story or play or poem is first and foremost the refracted, because conventionally moulded, expression of a personality. It cannot well be more significant than the personality that gives it birth. It may be more harmonious, more pleasing, yet it will always fall somewhat short of the intensity, depth, and range of the artist's psyche. What we might call the "personal" type of criticism, the criticism that accepts the personality of the artist as its starting point and endeavours to trace he main, and indeed æsthetically determining, features of this personality in the art work, is frequently found mingled in crude form with both objective—better absolutistic—and impressionistic criticism, but rarely as the frankly avowed object of the critic. This is not surprising. Until recent times psychology has, on the whole, contented itself with the same sort of colourless and generalized abstractions as characterize æsthetic systems. There has been little attempt to seize upon the concrete personality as a unit and to ascertain its distinctive trends. Yet obviously this is the only kind of psychology that a "personal" criticism could utilize.

With the advent of the Freudian psychology matters have changed somewhat. Imperfect as that psychology is and must long remain, it has given us the first solid approach to an understanding of individual personality on the basis of a study of the fundamental impulses, their development, sublimation, and pathology. As this new psychology gains in refinement and certainty, its application to æsthetic problems becomes more and more assured. In every work of art, after due allowance is made for traditional forces, there stand revealed, though still largely unread, a hundred symptoms of the instinctive life of the creator. In the long run only criticism grounded in individual psychological analysis has validity in æsthetic problems. At present we are still largely obsessed by the notion of justifying our literary estimates by reference to a set of æsthetic canons that hover mysterious-

ly in a rarefied atmosphere of eternal truth. And we are still at the game of strait-jacketing all temperaments into an ideal frame.

The vast network, partly conscious and partly unconscious, of trends, inhibitions, and symbolizations that go to make up the sex impulse, raw and sublimated, has been duly, at times unduly, stressed by the Freudian psychologists. It goes without saying that no even remotely adequate understanding of a personality can be had without knowledge of its sexual life. By this is meant not so much the external facts of sexual relationship as the deeper sexual dispositions which, though they may never explicitly come to light, nevertheless do have a far-reaching influence in shaping the personality's general attitude towards life. Probably no writer of real significance, no writer whose work is a sincere reflection of his individuality, can be fundamentally interpreted without reference to the special characteristics of his psycho-sexual constitution.

Masters of irony—the Maupassants, Anatole Frances, Nietzsches, Oscar Wildes, Swifts of literary history—seem to offer very special interest from a psychoanalytic standpoint. The sting of their irony, in so far as it is sincere and not a mere imitative pose, rests on its genetic connection with the element of pain-infliction so frequently found associated with the sexual impulse. In "The Picture of Dorian Gray" Oscar Wilde goes so far as to say that there is an element of cruelty in all pleasure. Exaggerated as this dictum undoubtedly is, it deserves to be reckoned among his flashes of intuitive insight. The pain-inflicting component of the sexual impulse takes either an active (sadistic) or passive (masochistic) form. In the latter case pleasure is gained from the endurance or self-infliction of pain. In actual experience, however, the two forms are frequently combined, though generally with emphasis on the one or the other. Moreover, the general nature of the sexual disposition greatly complicates the operation of these pain-inflicting impulses. It would therefore be natural to find that their literary sublimation may proceed in different ways and that types of irony that at first sight seem directly comparable are to be credited to fairly distinct sources.

One of the very best examples of a pure sadistic irony, an irony that takes frank delight in the tortures it inflicts, is that of Maupassant. I refer particularly to the short stories, in which we have Maupassant at his most characteristic. Equally typical, among the novels, is "Bel-Ami," to a less extent also "Une Vie." In such a novel as "Fort comme la Mort," however, the typical Maupassant pungency is largely lacking. It would almost seem as if there were, hidden under a smooth surface, a strong, turbulent flow of energy in Maupassant's spirit, that needed a rapid and explosive outlet and that tended to evaporate if too long husbanded. The nature of this energy I conceive to be aggressive, and indeed blindly so. Examine very carefully a number of the ironical stories—and few of the stories are not ironical—and you will notice before long two striking facts about Maupassant's irony. In the first place, he rarely, if ever, shows or implies any sympathy for either the victims or the instruments of his irony; for both sufferers and causers of suffering he has generally nothing but quiet contempt. Lest his readers be beguiled into a sentimental sympathy for his human playthings, he is apt to take good care to add insult to injury by giving them a ridiculous touch. The ignorant peasant in "A Piece of String" that plagues himself to death might have aroused our active commiseration, were he not so much more interesting as a joke than as a mere human being. We watch his expiring evolutions with the same fiendish glee with which the bad boy observes the wriggling of a fly that he has made wingless and footless.

Perhaps he suffers—*quien sabe?* But really, he is too funny. Let's get our fun out of him. This is the essential Maupassant.

In the second place, I find little or no tendency in Maupassant for the irony to revert to the writer. Maupassant is throughout very much aloof, he is in no haste to identify his own soul with the souls of his job lot of humanity. In this respect also he is the overgrown small boy. This absence of the self-prodding so characteristic of many anoher ironist removes Maupassant from the necessity of receiving our sympathy. To some temperaments it outlaws him. Other temperaments find his delicate cruelties quite *chic*. It is not altogether to the point to speak of the "objectivity" of Maupassant's art, as a rejoinder to our analysis. In so far as "objectivity" is not merely a name for a dehumanized and frigid art, of little psychological or æsthetic interest, it denotes a particular type, or group of types, of "subjectivity." Non-introspective temperaments are most themselves, most "subjective," when consciously engaged with anything but themselves. On the other hand, the attempt of an essentially introspective type of mind to produce "objective" art generally leads to disaster. The special evaluation of "objective" art is clearly nothing but an academic shibboleth which mistakes the fruit of a specific type of temperament for conformity with an æsthetic ideal.

That there is an especially strong sexual vein in Maupassant is too obvious to need elucidation. A large number of the stories, moreover, directly exhibit this vein as strongly colored by the pain-inflicting impulse. I would refer to certain scenes in "Une Vie" and especially to "The Vagabond," one of Maupassant's most self-revealing tales. In this story every one is furious with everyone else, in the case of the hero for reasons of hunger, at bottom for the sheer fun of hating, attacking, inflicting pain. "He grasped his stick tightly in his hand, *with a longing* to strike the first passerby who might be going home to supper." "Male and female peasants looked at the prisoner between the two gendarmes, with hatred in their eyes and a *longing* to throw stones at him, to tear his skin with their nails, to trample him under their feet." As for the "objectivity" of this, remember that these people know absolutely nothing about the vagabond and the offense he is supposed to be guilty of.

A much more subtle and interesting psychological problem is afforded by the literary work and personality of Anatole France. The irony here is of much finer exture and of greater variety of emotional depth. In "Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard" it is tenderly playful, in "Le Grand Saint Nicholas" and "Les Sept Femmes de Barbe-Bleue" the irony is still playful but fantastic and at times mordant, in "Les Dieux ont Soif" it gets to be intensely sardonic, in "Thais" the irony is savage and sex-ridden. The chief difference between the irony of Maupassant and that of France, however, does not lie in this quality, but in this direction. All of the more important of France's creations are himself; hence the irony, particularly when it rises, as in "Thais," to passionately cruel heights, is essentially self-directed. Wherever we turn, France mocks at himself. He is mainly concerned with the task of demolishing his own faiths.

In the very first paragraph of "L'Ile des Pingouins" we read of the recluse Maël: "It partageait ses heures, selon la lègle, entre le chant des hymnes, l'étude de la grammaire et la méditation des véritée éternelles." Strange company for "the eternal truths"! But why not, seeing what trivial baggage "eternal truths" are wont to be? The ostensible irony in such passages as this is directed against the monastic ideal, the Church, the principles of the French Revolution (France's prin-

ciples!), or what not, but this irony is only a mask—perhaps an unconscious one—for the deeper irony that grins at one's own fond illusions. Perhaps only such a mind as France's, weaving graceful fantasies out of an utter void, could have fathered the delightful "Putot," the much-talked-of gentleman who does not exist. Putot is a symbol of France's inner world of values—charming, noble, but non-existent.

There are many indications in France's work of the temperament that denies reality and, as surrogate, constructs a cloistered world of its own imagining. His predilection for hermits, celibates, men who stand aloof and introspect, is no merely accidental fondness. Most signicant for a fundamental understanding of France's personality is the study of the monk Paphnuce in "Thais." Here we learn what a stream of passion seethes at the bottom of France's soul and of the doom that withholds from this passion its fruition. The same inner check is discernible in modified and somewhat conventional form, in "Le Lys Rogue," still more clearly in "Les Dieux ont Soif." The self-directed cruelty, the tendency to shrink from the world into a self-created domain, the blind alley of frustrated passion—all these are symptoms of the inroverted temperament. We can not but suspect that in France the instincive life, of unusual passionateness, has not solved the problem of outer adjustment and has been content to fume, unconsciously it may be, in ceaseless non-satisfaction. We may suspect the soul of France's irony to lie in the element of baffled impulse and self-reproach, which is so characteristic of the inroverted temperament. In a nutshell, the peculiarities of France's art are best understood as a sublimation of the impulses of such a temperament.

The psychoanalytic approach that I have rapidly sketched to these two masters of French literature is only an approach. It does not pretend to explain in detail, nor in all probability can it ever explain in detail, the art-structures that they have reared. It aims only to disclose the nature of the individual instinctive life which, according to the Freudian psychology, necessarily determines, in broad outlines, all forms of self-expression.

THE SAGEBRUSH SORT

BY BILLEE GLYNN

HE dusk was sprawling itself in deeper patches over the hills that hemmed Rawhide. A half hour since the last of the sun had slid even from the crusted snows of Sugar Loaf—now rearing itself a monster menace in the big distances of the desert—and night had come! A cool Nevada night it was with a fluff of wind and the span of stars.

The day had been hot and exciting. Standing at the back of her restaurant, a tent affair with board sides, where she had come for a few moment's quiet, the girl's glance swept the whole vista of the town. Almost in front of her Happy Hooligan crouched in near immensity of white-scarred porphyry, the fissured fringe of the other hills still carrying its elevation in horseshoe contour to Black Buttes, standing straight-cut and statuesque in the north. All about in the bed of the arroyo and beyond — like leopard spots of the desert asleep—tents on tents cut patches out of the gloom and glistened flatly in the moonlight—a flaunt to creation! And, subdued though they were, the voices simmering in from the street carried the same tone—the big, free, reckless hope of men outspoken and virile—just as the hammers echoed it during the day, and nailed Heaven and eather together.

It was Rawhide, indeed—no other place in all the world could be so different and indifferent! The girl's eyes lit to it, too, as she stood there in silent contemplation, and for an instant the blood relished in her veins, and she glanced upward. The challenge of her slim, blooded, fiery womanhood it was to the universe burning there to whatever meanings overhead for all this so daring, human, and devil-may-care that lay at her feet. Yes, she gloried in it, every man of it—even when she seemed to go her way and take no heed—for they did not glory in her! Perhaps they knew she did, too, for they always liked her greeting when it came—and generous to a fault, rough fellows from the ends of the world, they had endeavoured to heap their wealth upon her in the manner of their admiration. That she accepted none of it, except through the straight channels of trade—not a single gift—perhaps pleased them best of all. At any rate, Rawhide, in its own words, "had gone down to the clean, get-away, blood look of her," and had never quite got over the wonder of it that such a woman, belonging to nobody, apparently, and quite capable of keeping her skirts clear, should be in business for herself in such a place.

It was a case for chivalry. So even the stage drivers and the chaffeurs on the big autos were chivalrous. "If you want the juiciest grub in Rawhide an' would like to see a woman besides," threw Peters, of the Schurz mail, in his careless, sidelong way at the tenderfoot magnate from New York, "why, eat at Pauline Dunn's. But don't go smirkin' aroun' the corners, mind—for thar's not even a water-toter in Rawhide that'd think twice about shootin' a hole through

you. We hate like hell out here, we like like hell, and I guess we're about hell all up—but we ken look after our women just the same an' don't want any rubberin'."

So it had gone—and now in three months' time "the girl's place", as it was commonly termed, had grown to six times its size at beginning. There was a good thing, too, in a quarter claim she had bought on one of the hills and had men working for her. In a word, and as the camp said it, she had enough to pan her out for the rest of her life if she wanted to leave—though not rich, perhaps, as riches are counted in Nevada.

Of her past, Rawhide had only a rumour. A tramp newspaper man, zephyring into town one day, wrote a story for the local press about having seen her starring in a play in Chicago. It took—for now that they thought of it, she did look like an actress. In the manner of her, however, she had made no explanation. Besides, in her own mind, she had endeavoured to forget that last terrible manager-seeking season in the Rialto—the worst in the history of New York, so often unkind to its artists—when even comparatively well known actors were compelled to join the push and the pawl, and were turned down or offered minor roles without choice or consideration.

And yet, that intense struggle, or rather the glory beyond it that she had in a small way bitten into, still called to her at times. She had always meant to go back to it. Here to-night, however, in the silences back of her tent and with the spangled rug of her little world streching itself, crumpled-like at her feet, she knew that this later passion, the lure of the desert, was deepest of all in her soul. Here in the elements of things she had really learned to live—and all else seemed cloyed and limited. Moreover, for the first time in her life, she had met a man who interested her in a different way. If Bickford would only cease persecuting her!

It was as if in unconscious contradiction to her wish that but a few minutes later the tent flap behind her stirred and Bickford came out. He was from St. Louis, Bickford, with avoirdupois, loudness, about forty years, and enough capital in the beginning to purchase two claims down Windy way that had turned out well in a couple of places, rating him up into a half million. His face was slashed rather fiercely by a red moustache, his hair sticking out short and straight. He wasn't a Rawhider virtually or in appearance, and he brought to the girl's solitude somehow the sense of a pudgy doughnut always appearing for breakfast and bursting futilely in its own effort at too glossy a sugar coating. To his "Good night, girl," she turned about with a stare of surprise and something like resentment.

"Really, Mr. Bickford," she said, "you shouldn't have come here, nor should they have let you. I wanted to be by myself."

He sat himself on a camp stool that lay near at hand and looked up at her banteringly.

"But I didn't want you to be," he said with a crisp battling sort of laugh; "I don't think it's good for a woman to be alone. I've told you that before, haven't I?"

She did not answer him, however, but stood there her eyes roaming out to the hills. She seemed so much in reverie, in fact, that apparently she did not notice when a moment later he came over and stood solemnly by her side.

"Pauline, you savvy what I mean—I've told you often enough. I want you to marry me. I never took a back-down from anything and I'm not agoing to take one from you."

She turned to him in the simple, direct way she had. "Mr. Bickford," she said, "do you know what would happen if I told the boys you were persecuting me?"

He laughed again — not quite so pleasantly.

"I'm taking it as a pretty good sign when you don't tell 'em. Do you know how much I could have sold out for to-day?" He paused for a second looking at her. "Two hundred thousand straight! I'll be worth a million in a year."

"If you're trying to buy me with it you'll need a lot more."

"How much?" He was bent forward at her—smiling, though a little uneasily.

Once again she gave him her clear, careless look. "You're not the man," she said with finality, "and I am not for sale."

They stood still regarding each other—and his face had somehow frozen strangely, smile and all, to her tone. She had never spoken to him quite like that before and at his worst he was in earnest—as much in love with her as a man of his kind could be. He got out a handkerchief and fumbled it across his brow as though it might have been beaded with sweat. Then he found his voice in a spurt of rage, hot and red-faced.

"Then, who is the man, blast 'im?" he gulped roughly from his throat. "I'll find that out at least—I'll find that out."

It was at this moment, as it happened, that Riley—given the word by one of the girls of the restaurant under previous instructions from her mistress—broke in on them unexpectedly, and drew back slightly with a sense of intrusion. The girl, however, had turned around with a look of relief and a welcome in her eyes.

"Don't go away," she said.

Bickford was glancing sharply from one to the other, till a sudden conviction coming in his look he stood for an instant hurling the full challenge of his rage at Riley's lean six-feet—for the time peculiarly nonplussed, though smiling.

"So you're It," he vociferated in a tone of contempt, "so you're It, eh!" Then, before the younger man could make any further attempt to retire, he had surged out.

The girl laughed suddenly—a molten tremolo. "Don't ask for an assay on this, Mr. Riley," she said, picking up the language of the camp which she liked to use, "for I can't give any —it's too absurd."

There was something of a color in her cheeks—though he could not see it—and as he came up and stood beside her she was aware that if she had to give an explanation of Bickford's conduct it would embarrass her a great deal. The knowledge brought a half frown to her brow. She was a woman who liked to be in command of her emotions, and was usually perfectly frank with herself in regard to them. Unlike other men in the camp Riley had never spoken of love to her. A strayling like herself—in the beginning a graduate of Stanford, but ranged and broadened—she had accepted him on a rather more intimate basis of comradeship than with regard to the others, and he had been gentleman enough not to bother her with anything else.

And if there had been a glimmer of other things back in the reserve of his eyes at times for a clever woman to guess, he had never given them voice. He had worked more feverishly since he knew her for the luck that always seemed to steer clear of him, that was all. In three months' time he had got rid of two leases as yielding too slow returns, and was now on his third—but according to his latest reports with even worse success. As she turned to him, however, the frown going slowly from her eyes, she noticed that to-night somehow he carried a different aspect. He was radiant—and without making any reference to what she had just said, answered her question even as her lips formed to utter it.

"Yes, girl, struck it at last! Away rich, too—richer than anything down Windy way! Knew it was there—Bickford found it twice on the same claim—but I had to go deeper."

Her hand found his with a sudden impulse. "I am so glad," she said

softly, "so glad!" Then as a sort of afterthought— "It is Bickford you have your lease from, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes, but that doesn't make any difference—it's good for four months yet."

She smiled a sort of relief. "How rich you'll be in that time!" she suggested. "Why you can go away and leave us then, can't you?"

He still held her hand and his grasp tightened. "Leave Rawhide," he echoed. "Oh, I couldn't do that—I mean—I mean—how long are you going to stay here!"

He had floundered miserably—not as a Rawhider or Stanford man should have done, he knew—yet in that very floundering, if he could have guessed, there was something unwontedly sweet to her—so that she paused with eyes slightly turned away to the desert lisping there in the night. For the first time—now in the moment of his success—that thing he had never let come before had rushed to her out of his glance—and as suddenly she realized its depth, its breadth, and what it meant to herself. Yet—perhaps was the moment too nerve-charged—or was it the impulse of her strange womanhood to give battle to something she knew must command the last throb of being—something, from its very proof of power in him, she felt eventually sure of?

She drew her hand away from him in a gesture to the purple sky cloth drooping, starred and velvet, on the hills. "I may never leave it," she said half passionately. "It's something about which I have always dreamed; a heaven of barrenness where there is nothing, and everything is the beginning — a perfect Eden without an Adam—without an Adam! And yet there are a great many of you, aren't there?"

Lightly even she concluded, cataloguing him with the others—then she paused there; her eyes opened wider at the way her words affected him. There was an instant when he gulped hard—when he seemed to crush things with a powerful effort of will from face and eyes—a process that hurt her strangely as of something she would never get back, that she would have cried after could she have found voice—then he stood erect, proud, and smiling a little, his head half turned away.

"It is true," he said almost immediately and pleasantly; "There are a great many of us—and we're a pretty rough lot."

Still she couldn't speak. Without any reason apparently he picked up the camp stool upon which Bickford had sat and closing it walked over and placed its against another at a post. In the blankness of her mind, though she appeared to be standing there perfectly normal and reposed, she watched him with a queer tingle of admiration—with eyes that reveled gloriously in the lines of his lithe, towering manhood—the head patrician in its mold, the face flung out vivid and nonchalant from beneath the sweep of the sombrero. Then she stirred and came to herself, and as he returned, took a step toward him placing a hand on his arm, an appeal in her eyes he altogether misinterpreted.

But I do — I do — like you, you know," she averred recklessly, and with embarrassment. For as she meant it, it wasn't the thing for a woman to say—least of all a proud one!

And yet she could see in his face how he construed it—as her endeavour to make amends for what he fancied she had denied him.

He answered, however, in a purely impersonal way. "We're in luck then," he said, "and it's good of you. For, as I said, we're a pretty rough lot."

She stood for a time in silence, tapping her foot on the soft bed of the sand. Then someone called to her—and they went in.

II

Riley did not return to his mine till the next morning. It lay a little be-

yond the Windy, a mile down the gulch and to the southwest of the town. It was early, but the sun bowled itself after him, as he went, from the white, veined mass of Balloon hill. An odd burro cart was moving toy-like, and upwards from the direction of the alkali bed, fringed with the tents of waterseekers, a Kansas-covered prairie schooner trekked drowsily on the last leg of its journey from Mina. The lower western range of hills stood in dew-dripped silence and moody in their dark granite cappings. Away beyond, with a shifting of drab, dank mist between, the mountains reeled upward a bar to the Pacific. Out there was California — sun-charged, beautiful! Out there, San Francisco, with its Bohemian cafés, its easy joyous swing and devil-may-care note, its deep-lifed, laughing women! A lust of unrest had taken hold of Riley's blood—following his night of sleeplessness; the quiet, half nonchalant lust that pertains to the men of the desert, coming from passions not the sputtering of a candle, but mounting as the waters of the sea. Yet in spite of the surge of his being, beyond the cause of it, he knew the woman's friendship still bound him—wherever her love lay! He could settle his mind to make the best of it—so he endeavoured to whistle as he went along, and enthuse dryly on the fact that he had "struck it" at last.

The walk took him twenty minutes probably—but when he wheeled about the butt of a hill and came in sight of his diggings, he stood back with a start of incomprehension and surprise. Men were working there, greasers—two at the windlass, and three or four others around—armed to the teeth as he saw at a glance. He approached them with rapid strides and a look on his face not good to see.

"What in the devil are you doing here?" he ejaculated. "What do you mean anyway? Move out, I say, or I'll have the whole parcel of you roped. Come—get!"

His hand went to his belt, but he had left his gun at his tent the night before, and the low-browed fellow at the windlass noticing the fact growled out at him surlily.

"Yes lease is up," he said, "an' we're workin' this for Bickford. Go an' see 'im if you want."

Riley flung out an oath and stepped up to the hole, the men swinging their guns in his direction as he came. "Who's down below?" he asked the fellow at the windlass savagely.

"Yer two men—they're hired with Bickford."

Riley swore again. "All right," he said, turning on his heel, "we'll see Bickford mighty quick!"

He went to his tent first and found it rifled. His gun was gone, also the copy of his lease. By this time he fully realized the kind of game he was up against. An infinite, quiet rage possessed him. Without deigning a glance to the men standing regarding him, he started in long, even strides straight for another tent looming some three hundred yards distant—the scant sagebrush clicking his cow leggings as he went.

He didn't wait for admittance, but walked in. Bickford was standing there behind a kind of small counter over which he did business with his men. At the sight of his visitor his face paled slightly and he stood nervously plucking at his red moustache —but controlled himself the next moment with a frown at his eyes.

Riley advanced to the counter and leaned over it at him. "I want you to tell me," he said in quiet, repressed tones, "what you mean by putting men on my diggings. I don't savvy it quite."

The other drew back, lifting a deprecatory hand. "Why, your lease only stood for two months and it was up yesterday. I was just giving you —a tryout, you know, on placer dirt —a temporary tryout! A renewal, maybe, if I saw fit—but I don't!"

Riley smiled easily, holding him for an instant, red-faced, with his eye.

"You're a liar," he hissed softly. "You know the lease was for six months, and that a tryout has never been heard of in Rawhide."

For a second Bickford's hand fondled the butt of the gun in his clothes —then wavered back to his moustache. He seemed to be shaking with an inward rage he was afraid to loose. "But it was a privilege," he threw in, "a privilege!" Then in a less choked after tone: "Go and get your lease—go and get it, why don't you? The proof's in the pannin'."

Riley smiled in his easy way again. "You stole it," he said pointedly. "You made the wrong guess last night and thought you'd bunco me. You have."

There was a sort of nonchalant resignation in the tone that brought a half smirk of satisfaction to the claim-owner's face. "Really," he said, "I can't see what you're going to do about it. Your copy of the lease you say is lost. Mine here reads for two months. It was just between us—and my men were witnesses!"

"Yours is forged, of course," put in Riley with a caustic dryness, "and your jacks will swear to it!"

But Bickford, under the other's calmness of manner, had struggled almost to his usual self—the natural swagger of his pudginess. "I'll let that sort of thing pass," he waived. "As I said, I don't see there's anything you can do."

Riley paused for a minute thinking —thinking hard. Then he turned at him quickly. "No," he rejoined, "not a thing, I guess. I've seen this game played once or twice before and should have known better. The jackal always wins— But—"

He wheeled and his arm shot out suddenly in a blow swung all the way from the knees. It caught the other square on the jaw and he toppled over like a wicket to it, his head crashing against a support of the tent so that he lay unconscious. From the apartment at the rear a couple of his men, who had evidently been posted there, rushed out and picked him up, one of them sogging a wet cloth on his face.

"Drown him, if you can spare the water at the price," advised Riley going out. "He's poor punk for gunplay."

He was at white heat—quietly so. Yet even as he walked away a sudden weariness came over him—an ennui that surged in upon him from the night before.

III

In that small flat between Balloon and Grutt hills where Rawhide at its gayest slavers pleasure between times, a tired-eyed burro, on a night some five days later, lingered outside a saloon, munching sagebrush, sniffling stocks of trampled greasewood, and appearing bored by life generally. A most oblivious burro he was, indeed. To the capering fiddles of nearby revelry he only flicked an ear. Once it is true, when the rant raised the air too luridly about him, he did lift his own voice in response—the original cry of the desert—but beyond this one expression of fellow feeling he remained nibbling sagebrush.

In many respects perhaps the burro was characteristic of Rawhide itself—Rawhide too busy cruching the gold between its narrow-lipped hills and grinning yellow to take up personal matters. The story of Bickford's steal and the quarrel resulting had drifted up to camp in a dozen different fables. For twenty-four hours maybe it had stirred it—Bickford, with his dealings in greasers, the name adapted to the lowest element of hangers-on and adventurers, being somewhat unpopular. But the next day the rumour of another bonanza strike out Tiger hill direction had swept the affair from mind, leaving only a few of Riley's friends murmuring. Riley, himself, had disappeared almost immediately, presumably on a prospecting tramp in the district. He had not seen the girl before he left, but she managed just the same to get a true account of the affair.

In all this, however, the burro nibbling sagebrush—except as becoming an object of interest himself to one of the principals in the matter—was not in the least interested. Bickford, his face flushed with wine, his vision swimming in a blood-red haze of it, coming to the door of the saloon, saw the burro and stood blinking at it. For an instant also the burro paused and blinked back at Bickford. Bickford wasn't drunk—his legs had a morbid tendency to wobble, that was all, his eyes floated in a sort of storm at sea, and he was infinitely tired. The blood pounding in his veins, carrying such a swagger and swoop to it, did not belong to him, was some other blood—yet somehow it hit the top of his head with a dull pain.

In his present stage of sobriety, and watching the burro's near ear which took a notion at time to dodge about the head it was on in the most absurd manner, Bickford remembered that he *had been* drunk several times that week and fumbled vaguely for the reason. He found it just where the moonlight hit a white spot on the burro's back—the girl had refused three times to see him! Still looking at that spot Bickford wished somehow that the burro would begin to kick—kick a star out of the sky—kick the camp off the desert—anything! The burro, however, only continued his nibbling of the sagebrush—his ear dodging about his head in that most unear-like manner. Finally Bickford got mad at the ear and went over and laid hold on it.

"S-top," he said, "s-top!"

The burro paused nibbling sagebrush. Bickford peered closely carefully at the ear and saw that it was still. Then he turned and gazed back at the saloon. The light flooded out at him in a glaring rectangle—the very way it flooded out of Pauline Dunn's restaurant! Bickford looked the burro in the eye, reflecting if he hadn't better go back in the saloon and *get* drunk. The eye was infinitely tired. Bickford, deciding that life hadn't enough variety, went back. He returned to the door of the saloon presently however, bristling and caressing his moustache with his hand in a manner of action. The drink had been different and done him good—the burro still interested him. In his new exhilaration Bickford concluded that the burro was too infinitely tired—even his ear had quit moving except in jerks. He went over to him again consequently, looked him in the countenance, and called him—a monkey-faced mule. The burro, evidently highly complimented by the title, or stung that moment by a more raucous cawing of the fiddles, flirted his head suddenly in an enormous bray. He couldn't have thought, however that Bickford was going to stand for that kind of thing. Bickford decided then and there that this was a gay, Beau Brummell, world-may-slide sort of a burro who needed it "taken out of him," and that he would take it out of him at the diggings. He mounted him accordingly and slapped him on the neck. The burro accustomed to cadging between the town and the alkali bed, turned dutifully in that direction—as it happened, the very way his rider wanted to go. And Bickford began to sing!

At the corner as they turned out of the alley into the main street, three of Bickford's greasers catching sight of him went to his assistance. Bickford ordered them to sing—offered them five-dollar gold pieces to sing—and the greasers dug spurs in their throats accordingly.

So they went down town, past Moss's saloon, past Pauline Dunn's, the burro so inspired by the noise they made as to utter occasionally a long-drawn note in assent. And Rawhide came to its doors and bent double with laughter.

About three-quarters of a mile from town the trail to the mine meandered from the draw which they had been following through the creeping elevation to the west. The party moving at their slow pace had just struck

into this a little way, Bickford still exhorting the greasers to sing, when the sound of hoof-beats broke sharply and like a warning in on the trail after them. Someone was evidently riding at breakneck speed and for a purpose—the greasers' hands rested on their guns!

He proved to be a young fellow mounted on a mustang—a beautiful, thin-limbed beast that he rode with grace and precision. He swept by, his face turned away and hidden under the rim of his sombrero. Apparently he had urgent business elsewhere and was not interested in them, nor did not wish them to be interested in him. Then just at that moment when he seemed to be gone—around the jutt of the cliff which impeded the trail—and their momentary alarm passed, their hands had fallen from their guns—he swung at them suddenly, the mustang wheeling itself almost off its feet. His face was masked and he held a leveled revolver.

"Hands up there!" he commanded in a quick, high tone. "Hands up, I say!"

A greaser paused and a bullet clipped the air at his ear. That decided even Bickford in his half maudlin state.

"A-w-l-right — a-w-l-right," he splurged conciliating. "Don't shoot us, old man. We're val--oo-able—val-oo-able!"

For an instant the bandit glanced them over, then crowded his animal close to the burro on which Bickford cowered. Still covering the men, he let the bridle fall over his arm, and his hand sought through the claim-owner's pockets. It was a slim, white hand that did its task quickly and with skill. It came out almost immediately with a bunch of papers. Just for a fraction of an instant the bandit glanced down at them, then back to the greasers who had not stirred. Then he placed the papers in his pocket and caught up his rein. slowly the mustang, perfectly trained as he seemed, sidled to the back trail—the white, gleaming hand of his rider still pointing its weapon.

"A single move," warned the voice again and again in its ringing tone, "and remember I shoot dead!"

But the greasers and Bickford, crouched there apparently wilted with fear, seemed scarcely to breathe, Backward from them the mustang plunged itself—perhaps for twenty yards or so, its forefeet pawing the air. The voice still repeated its warning. Then suddenly—the scurry of a quick turn—and rider and horse were off! As a man the greasers wheeled and shot, and Bickford blurted a curse. But only the sound of hoofs answered, pounding madly toward Rawhide.

Bickford found the sheriff in his office at his earliest next morning. From a gathering of the accounts of his men and his own blurred memory, he described the bandit in detail, and the valuable papers he had lost—claim-vouchers, and the like. It was in the midst of the discussion that Pauline Dunn entered, unannounced. With a smile for the sheriff's cordial salutation she placed a packet in his hand, while Bickford, who had bowed without return, threw a wondering glance at her.

"There are his lost papers," she said quietly, "all but the one I wanted. I am the bandit!"

The two men stood and looked at her—Bickford, his mouth a little awry, his eyes bulging.

"But this—this is a serious charge you are making against yourself, Miss Dunn," stammered the sheriff. "Are you shure you did it? Four—four men, you know—a job for Tiburcio Vasquez, himself—how *could* you have done it, anyway?"

She laughed—a sparkle in her clear eyes. "They didn't happen to be all men," she rejoined, with a glance of satire at Bickford—now in a sort of nervous turmoil that kept the hand with the saucer solitaire on it moving jerkily at his jaw. Then the fire for which the men of Rawhide loved her

—that made her carriage so gallant a thing—swept into her face flushing its beauty.

"If there had been a dozen of them," she added impulsively, and forgetting perhaps the significance of such a speech, "I would have gone into them just the same. A week ago this man"—indicating Bickford—"stole the copy of another man's lease and robbed him of his mine. You heard something of it, of course. I took a chance on his not having destroyed the paper—on his still having it about him with others I knew he carried—and I won out."

She glanced triumphantly at Bickford—at the red chagrin of his puffy face—and fumbling for a second in the pocket of her skirt, handed the sheriff a folded document. "You can see for yourself," she concluded, "that it's the right thing and that it's drawn for six months. I can swear to the signatures myself."

Bickford was struggling for speech. In the last minute his face seemed to have bloated strangely out of proportion. His head swayed in an erratic side motion.

"It's a lie," he hissed, "—a lie—a forgery!"

For an instant the sheriff's hand fell to his gun. "I'll see about that myself," he said in the quiet drawl for which he was noted in his most dangerous moments. "You have a care on how you say things to a lady."

Then while they stood watching—only Bickford's heavy breathing sounding in the room—he went over the document carefully. When he glanced up it was with an easy smile in the claim-owner's direction.

"You have all your papers there, haven't you, Bickford," he said almost pleasantly, and with a manner of being through with him, nodding to the packet that lay on the table.

Bickford, however, did not even glance at the packet. He had taken to walking a step or two up and down the room, his rage and jealousy utterly master of him.

"No, I haven't," he hurled, "I haven't, I tell you. There's that'n in your hand."

Then the admission he had made suddenly came to him, and his jaw fell in a dumfounded way, his hands seeming to clutch for words.

The sheriff smiled. "All right," he rejoined in a tone measuring out its finality. "I'll take your word for it then that this is yours—and the correct copy of the lease! You will have your men off the mine at once and make good at the present average for the time they've been on it. I'll see that you do. We'll let it go at that only because I don't want any more bunco game kicked up here in Rawhide than can be helped." The evenness of the voice had broken a sliver as it were that pricked the claim-owner's threatened outburst to a cowed, smarting silence.

The sheriff turned to the look of gratitude in the girl's eyes. "You, Miss Dunn," he said, "seem to be a very good friend of Riley's—a very good friend!"

There was a glint of humour and peneration in his glance that brought to the girl for the first time a full consciousness of the position she occupied—the inmost reason for which she had refrained from discussing even with herself. She met him bravely, however, though with a flare of colour in her cheeks.

"Is there any reason I shouldn't be?" she asked a little proudly.

He smiled. "Nor none I ever could see that God had put gold in Rawhide. The best things, I guess, are pretty unaccountable."

Accustomed to reasoning out men rather than being reasoned out herself she was blushing all over now—and perhaps it was that very blushing that brought Bickford to himself again with a half swagger as he stepped toward the door.

"A lot of good she did him anyway," he sneered roughly, "a lizardly lot! Riley, I tell you, will never come back here—will never come back. The

diggin's will simply stand there for me till the lease runs out."

A queer troubled look came into the girl's eyes. She moved toward him slightly around the corner of the table. "What do you mean by saying he'll never come back?" she asked slowly. "Do you mean that you'll not let him—that you'll—" She did not finish, but stood regarding him with a puzzled expression, her lips parted slightly—a cleft, wounded rose that her breath stirred.

He answered, however, neither question nor look. "The mine will simply stand there," he repeated vainglorioously, "till the lease runs out."

It was out of the tottering silence, the tumult and infinite consideration of the pause which followed—that something swift—the flash and dare of the battle that so became her, leapt to the girl's face.

"Then, if Mr. Riley, as he says, is not coming back, sheriff," she appealed, throwing a glance of defiance at Bickford, "I'll work the mine for him myself. You'll let me do that, won't you? It's a man's rights—the first luck he ever struck—and he's been done out of it—done out of it shamefully."

Bickford came back to the table at a stride. "I won't let you," he fumed. "I won't let her, sheriff—remember, I won't let her!"

For the last minute the sheriff had been thinking—thinking, concluding that Bickford even at his worst would not dare anything further; but as it happened, the sheriff did not know that Bickford loved the woman. He gazed from one to the other—the girl's face with its bright entreaty, the blubbering brutishness of the man—then stood stroking his mustache and biting it in silence. The little alarm clock jabbed out its seconds at them for a whole pin-pricked minute perhaps before he spoke.

"No, Miss Dunn," he said thoughtfully, raising his head to her, "I can't let you do that. I'd like to—but I can't. You've no right, you see. If you were some relation—some near relation—it might be different—but you're not." He paused considerately. "There's no way out, I guess—you'll have to leave it to Riley to come back!"

Bickford had broken in with a grunt of satisfaction. "That's it," he endorsed. "There's no way out. Leave it to Riley to come back!"

Even now, however, his words struck the girl with a veiled threat. She glanced at him sharply as he again swaggered toward the door.

"You see," he flaunted, turning around at her, "I'm not so easily sagebrushed as you thought. I'll take my men off the mine, sheriff, but no one works it but Riley himself."

Victory blustered all over him—victory regardless even of the frown which gloomed the sheriff's brow. So shoot him".
he stood for a moment glorying as it were in the shattered, petal-bruised expression of the girl's face—though through and behind it all she flashed him challenge for challenge.

Then in that very minute, even as he stirred to pass out—a sudden breath of flame seemed to come to her—a breath that tossed the dark, flower-like head a little higher on her shoulders, swayed the little figure to its queenliest height.

"Are you sure," she said, sweeping him with her glance, "are you sure no one will work it but Riley!"

"Dead sure!"

She turned quickly to the sheriff. "I could work it, sheriff," she asked, "if I were Mr. Riley's wife?"

"Why—yes—" he replied astounded and groping for his words, "—Why, yes—there would be no difficulty then."

"All right," she said quietly. "Then I'll admit it—I am!"

IV

To that story of the girl's marriage, Rawhide—or rather the portion of it that heard—took off its sombrero, its every other kind of hat, and whooped.

Some of them believed it, some of them doubted, but everyone of them had a hat. It wasn't that they wanted her married—not in the least—but that she had beaten Bickford to it—"cross-fissured and blocked him on his own drift," as Riggins expressed it!

After the first burst of noise, however, the girl let it be known that she wanted the matter to rest—that she wished them to still treat her as Pauline Dunn and call her that, too. For what difference did it make, she alleged, if she did happen to be married, since she had been an actress and could go by her maiden name. So the congeners of the restaurant at least stood to attention and obeyed orders.

Meanwhile, she endeavoured not to think about herself, and worked the mine—or rather Riggins did for her with four men under him. It yielded magnificently—placer ground with almost a bonanza average. Not so, however, the thoughts which burned into the girl's being in spite of herself! How did she know, after all, that Riley loved her—and what a thing in her impulsiveness she had done! Surely if he had cared for her to any real extent he wouldn't, that night she had last met him, have preferred to retire like a gentleman rather than persist like a lover. She tried hard to believe it was because he had seen Bickford and others persist to be turned down, and was too high-strung to suffer the same treatment. Yet he hadn't even spoken, and she hadn't turned him down—and he had gone away without seeing her! Everything was on her side—but beyond her mere actions she would not analyze.

Over all this complication, too, a darker cloud hung—Bickford's saying, his threat it seemed, that Riley would never come back. It hung over Riley, hung over herself—and as the days passed, grew into a quivering network of fear. She voiced it to Riggins one night, six weeks later, sitting back of her tent there where he had come to report.

"I am sure," he had just stated, "before the lease is up we can take three hundred thousand dollars out of that hole easy." He was a big, Saxonish fellow, Riggins, with a mild manner and blue eyes good to look into—and all the camp knew he loved Pauline Dunn.

She turned to him suddenly, an intent, blanched look on her face, her hands locked across her knee. "It sounds so good," she said, "it's been so good of you—but—do you think, after all, it really matters?"

"What!" gasped Riggins in dismay.

"Do you think," she went on, pausing between her words, "that Mr. Riley—that he'll ever come back—that Bickford would let him—if he would?"

Now, Riggins of all persons perhaps, guessed the truth about the reckless thing she had done. He knew well enough too how easy it was to get rid of a man in the desert—the unscrupulous heights to which Bickford's jealousy had soared. Yet even with all this, with the love in his own heart flourishing as a green bay tree, he couldn't deny the look in her eyes. So he lied to her nobly, grandly, and in a tone of wonderful assurance—while she sat there like a child, drinking it in.

"But why did he go away," she asked when he had concluded, "why did he go away?"

Riggins forgot entirely that he might better have asked her the question. He answered it without hesitation.

"Why," he stated, "there was nothing else to do—but shoot Bickford. He wasn't worth that, I guess. The lease, you see, was just between 'em—with Bickford's men as witnesses. He would forge another if he wanted it and his greasers would stand by him."

She paused for a moment, considering—considering as it seemed, out of the desert and the night with their aeons of loneliness that lapped them around.

"Well, it would have been better, wouldn't it," she said at length, slowly measuring her words, "for him to shoot Bickford, than have Bickford

And looking in her eyes, Riggins with a dull ache at his heart, for the first time in his life saw the depth, sweep, and terribleness of a woman's love. He turned away for an instant —then shook himself to his feet.

"Don't you worry, girl," he said. "Riley's coming back—and coming soon!"

. . . . . .

His words, as it happened, proved prophetic. Riley came back the very next night—and found her there in her habitual place under the drip of the stars.

She saw him with a little catching of her breath, a colour beating to her cheeks, then drew back gaining control of herself.

He came up and took her hands. Joy was surging in his face—joy newly-lit on a tiredness, a haggardness that somehow made him different —made his voice sound different.

"I've just come in," he said, "but I've seen the sheriff—and I've heard!"

"You heard all?" she asked. "You heard that—"

"I heard all," he repeated in a sort of hoarse breath.

The hunger, the craving for her of those seven weeks wandering, had burst out of his eyes, mastering him like a flood—but she didn't see it. Her own were turned down. Now—in that instant—she felt she should have spoken, yet her pride did not care to wait.

"And you know I did it, you know I did it," she catechised firmly, "only because I really wanted to be your friend."

"I know—" But the words seemed to blight suddenly on his lips.

"And you will tell the men that," she went on, "you will tell them the truth."

For just half a moment, while her hands trembled in his grasp, she waited for his answer—then looked up to see that speechless, perfect thing struggling in his eyes.

"Don't! Oh, my God, don't, Pauline!" he cried.

And even as he said it she was sobbing in his arms.

DOUKHOBOUR WOMEN AT WORK IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

From the Photograph by
Edith S. Watson

THE BIRTH OF TRAVEL

THE HORSE AND THE MECHANICAL AGE

BY SIR CHARLES PIERS, BART.

AT a time when mechanical transport is so much in the public mind; in this age when people are not dependent on the gradual development of ways and means for transportation; it is interesting to recall the pride of our forefathers, little more than two centuries ago, in their primitive methods of locomotion.

The reign of Charles II. witnessed the birth of travel; when realization of some practical form of transportation, by the means of coaches and waggons, at last made travelling feasible for people of average wealth. These means of locomotion had been gradually evolved from the cumbersome state carriages of the nobility and the "wains" or crude carts of the peasantry of the Middle Ages.

The old Roman roads in England, connecting the principal towns, were still in existence, but had fallen into such bad condition owing to the ignorance and neglect of the Dark and Middle Ages, that they had to be practically rebuilt as travelling became general in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth centuries.

In those unprogressive ages, if people travelled in the unwieldy vehicles of the day, they were compelled to crawl along the wretched apologies for roads, in wet weather axle-deep in mud, drawn by as many as eight horses. Most people rode, and the pillion for women, *i.e.* the seat behind the male rider, was in common use. Goods and materials were carried on pack-horses as they still are to-day in remote parts of the Empire.

Journeys in the Middle Ages, and even later were serious affairs which needed much preparation and were not to be lightly undertaken. They were fraught with dangers; and even the hardy pack-drivers, armed to the teeth, who conveyed the pack-trains from London to the provincial towns, not unfrequently disappeared into the forests which covered most of the midlands of England, never to reappear, or ocasionally to be detained with their goods in custody of the robber bands who haunted those leafy glades until a sufficient ransom was forthcoming for their release.

The period 1660 to 1685, the reign of the "Merrie Monarch", was notable for many material improvements; amongst them was "the organization of a practical system of coach, carrier, and waggon communication to and from the metropolis and every important city in the Kingdom".

It was the beginning of the age of horse-traction which lasted until the advent of railways in 1825. The coaches and carriers of that day were the express and passenger trains of the present; for they only carried passengers, light luggage, and parcels; while the waggons were the freight trains for the transport of heavy goods and materials.

The development of the press, which was another notable event in this reign, has left us considerable information about this system of coaching and carrying. It is found in such notices as the following from *The London Intelligencer* for the year 1673: "Mr. Samuel Wibber's coach will leave the 'Three Cups' in Bond

Street on Tuesdays and Fridays for Bristol, and the return coach will arrive at the said 'Three Cups' on Wednesdays and Saturdays".

Other coaches left for Bristol "twice or three times a week from Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill, and the 'Kings Arms', Holborn Bridge".

London and York were regularly served by six coaches "starting from the 'Black Swan', in Holborn, the 'Bear' in Basinghall Street, the 'Red Lion', in Aldersgate Street, and the 'Three Nuns', in Bishopsgate".

At York, an old Coaching Inn, the "Black Swan", still exists; there the writer has seen one of the old coaching notices, dated somewhere in the beginning of the eighteenth century, framed and preserved as a memento of those bygone days, which states that the coach will leave the "Black Swan", York, on such and such days for London, and "God being willing" —showing the uncertainty, and dangers of those journeys—will arrive there on such and such days.

From York, other coaches and waggons conveyed passengers and goods to Durham, Newcastle and Berwick, from which place, "God being willing", they eventually arrived in Edinburgh one week after leaving London; a journey which is now done by any of the Scotch expresses (pre-war time) in about eight hours with the greatest comfort.

An authority on the subject states that at this period there were "about four hundred coaches and about five hundred waggons running on the high roads through the country".

Compare these figures with the number of expresses, ordinary passenger trains, and freight trains which leave London daily, in this eleventh year of the reign of George V., not to mention the motor and aerial transport, or the same modes of transport despatched daily from all the other great centres of the Kingdom; and some small idea will be realized of the vast progress in our ways and means of transportation.

Consider the enormous improvements in comfort, speed, and punctuality, we have made on those days of discomfort, slowness and uncertainty of arrival at the desired destination. Just think, had the roads of those days existed in this country, how long would it have taken to travel by the coach of that period from Montreal to Vancouver; a journey which we now do in comfort in three days and a half?

For journeys where speed was of great importance, and expense was no object, there was the system of post-horses. This system famous in the stories of runaway love matches to Gretna Green in the following centuries, existed until the general use of railways killed the traffic on the roads, which have only now begun to regain their old supremacy with the increasing use of motor transportation.

The journey with post-horses, was as a rule in the traveller's own carriage, though later post-carriages were also for hire. The post-horses were used in relays by the post-boys, "and were always ready at certain inns at a charge of three pence per mile"; a considerable sum at that time when three pence was about equivalent to four shillings and six pence of our present English money.

The progress in our means of transportation is best shown by comparing this rapid system of locomotion in the end of the seventeenth century with the present Airco's service, say to Paris, a journey which the aeroplane passenger does in comfort in about four hours from London.

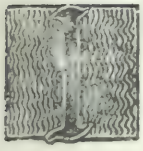
The same journey in those early days of posting would, with luck, have taken at least as many days; and the cost of four shillings six pence per mile for posting compares most unfavourably, both for speed and comfort, with the charge of two shillings six pence per mile of the Airco's service for the hire of, what may here be called, a "posting-plane", for quick journeys where time is of the greatest importance.

FRENCH-CANADIAN LITERATURE

A REVIEW AND A DEFENCE

BY VICTOR MORIN

"They are a people with no history and no literature."—Durham.



S it admissible that two races living side by side in a country equally dear to them should keep so far apart that they scarcely know anything of each other, and instead of trying to learn truth should prefer to lend a complacent ear to the selfish utterances of bigots who find pleasure or profit in fomenting discord? Can a fair mind honestly pretend that a whole portion of a community is devoid of any qualities or ideals while the other monopolizes all merits and virtues? Why not then investigate instead of growling at each other like dogs on the street who fight without cause?

A better knowledge of the mutual resources of the two great Canadian races, of their ideals and achievements, would lead to better appreciation, and our country would soon reap the benefit of the qualities contributed by each race to the assets of the partnership. Such is the purpose of this article, written in the hope that it will produce better results than the barren attempts of eliminating one race to the profit of the other.

This last method was recommended without success eighty years ago by Lord Durham, a man of great knowledge and power, who suggested, in his "Report on the Affairs of British North America" certain methods for the absorption of the French element, and predicted its unavoidable disappearance as a race. Time and experience have proved the fallacy of the "assimilation" method, since the doomed race has constantly increased its ethnical, material and intellectual strength instead of laying itself quietly in the grave.

No sooner was the statement in Lord Durham's report that French Canadians "are a people with no history and no literature" made known to the public, than a young member of the French notarial profession took up the gauntlet thus thrown at his race and declared that if no history was actually written to record the achievements of his people, the fault was not with the lack of material, and he would be the writer of that history.

The result was the publication of Garneau's *"Histoire du Canada"*, edited at Quebec in three volumes from 1845 to 1852, subsequently republished in three different Canadian editions, besides a translation in English made by Andrew Bell, and also published in three editions. The beauties of the feats accomplished by the refined noblemen of France under Henry IV. and Louis XIV. in a wild country amidst all sources of peril, the elevation of their motives, the purity of their conduct, their heroism and their persistence in carrying their mission through, in spite of all sorts of difficulties, were such a revelation

to the world that this book was chosen seven years ago by the *Comité France-Amérique* to head the list of its official publications intended to make France better known to Americans of both continents, and a fifth edition was republished at Paris, with notes and commentaries added by Hector Garneau, grandson of the author and chief librarian of the Montreal Library.

What was done by Garneau for history might have been done for French-Canadian literature as well, but its writers were too busily engaged, either in struggling for the preservation of their rights or in producing literary works themselves, to stop classifying the productions of their predecessors. Thus Lord Durham's statement went along its way without positive contradiction, except from those who happened to acquire a personal knowledge of the falsehood of such utterances.

Up to the year 1800, books and newspapers published in this country under the English regime were largely bilingual, and of those that were published in one language only, the majority were French. In fact,, Dionne's "inventory" of the imprints of the Province of Quebec, though incomplete, enumerates for the period extending from 1764 down to 1800 thirty-seven books and six newspapers printed in both languages; thirty-nine books and two newspapers printed exclusively in French; eighteen books and one newspaper printed exclusively in English; one book in Latin and one in Indian.

On the departure of Lord Durham (November 1st, 1838) French Canadians had an asset of forty-eight newspapers and magazines, and 290 books published in their own language, while the number of those published in English was fifty-two newspapers and magazines and 346 books. Comparisons are generally odious, but these figures will serve to establish that our High Commissioner made a somewhat rash statement of the ignorance of the French element in Lower Canada. Could he invoke insufficient means of information? Hardly so, since he had at his command the learned librarian of the Legislative Assembly, G. B. Faribault, who had already published (in 1837) a catalogue of works on the history of America and principally on Canada.

We shall not, however, give more importance than is necessary to these preliminaries, nor shall we linger upon the description of what we might call the "Construction Period" of French Canadian literature, consisting of the first half of the XIXth century, though the writers of that period were most meritorious in creating the elements of a national literature, since they had practically lost all contact with France, their source of inspiration being confined to a few French classics brought into this country under the French regime. Praiseworthy as they may be, however, limitation of space in this article will only permit us to mention a few amongst these forerunners.

Joseph Quesnel, who died in 1809, was the first noteworthy poet of the period. He produced quite a number of pieces of poetry, songs and musical comedies in verse, some of which were published, while others are to be found in Jacques Viger's famous collection of manuscripts known as *La Saberdache*, now in possession of Laval University.

"The Father of Education and of Agronomy" was a well-deserved surname given to Joseph Francois Perrault, who founded schools with his own money and taught therein, built up model farms, wrote books on law, parliamentary practice, history, education, agriculture and other subjects, and at the request of Lord Aylmer wrote his autobiography (1834) "in his 80th year without spectacles."

Pierre Bédard, who founded "Le Canadien" in 1806, a political newspaper intended to uphold the constitutional claims of French Canadians,

was a vigorous and prolific writer whose audacity brought him under the iron hand of Governor Craig in 1810. His associates and followers, the two Papineaus, Bourdages, Borgia, Panet, Blanchet, Viger, Taschereau, Labrie, Morin, Parent, Dessaulles, Lafontaine and a score of talented patriots continued an unremitting struggle during half a century, either in the columns of political newspapers or on the hustings.

Michel Bibaud was an educator, historian, poet and general littérateur who, apart from numerous books written, founded a series of literary magazines, commencing with *La Bibliothèque Canadienne* in 1825 and ending with *l' Encyclopédie Canadienne,* in 1842.

No man of wider knowledge, of brighter judgment, of sounder philosophical and social teaching probably existed in Canada during the last century than Etienne Parent who, in addition to his remarkable writings in the newspapers, published lectures on political economy, on industry, on education, on trade, on the conditions of the working classes, etc., and though nearly three-quarters of a century old, his writings still call the attention of the thinkers of our times.

But, unfortunately, few of these writers could afford the luxury of publishing the conceptions of their minds in book form at a time when the cost of printing was comparatively high and financial resources limited. The possession of a rudimental library could only be coveted by the favourites of fortune, while the citizens of the large cities only could enjoy the advantages of public libraries. Quebec had the benefit of the precious books of the Legislative Assembly, whilst Montreal had founded a city library, which Bibaud says contained 8,000 volumes in 1822.

The average authors had therefore no other course left than to publish their productions in the literary magazines or to transmit them as heirlooms in manuscript form. As early as 1778 Mesplet founded *La Gazette Littéraire* in Montreal, and his encouragement to literary productions was followed by other reviews which published articles indifferently in French and English during the following forty years. Newspapers having then gained full swing, literary magazines became important enough to cater to an exclusive clientèle respectively in French or English, and we find amongst others *L'Aurore des Canadas* (1816), *l'Abeille Canadienne* (1818), *la Bibliothèque Canadienne* (1825), *l'Observateur* (1827), *le Magasin du Bas-Canada* (1832), *le Glaneur* (1836), *le Fantasque* (1837), *le Coin du Feu, les Mélanges Religieux* and *l'Institut* (1839), *le Ménestrel* (1843), *la Revue Canadienne* (1845), and a score of others too numerous to be mentioned.

Still many meritorious productions did not find their way in the literary magazines and would have been lost to the public had it not been for the diligent researches of Joseph Huston, a member of *l'Institut Canadien de Montreal,* who hunted up such unpublished pieces and collected those that he could find in four volumes published in 1848-1850 under the name of *"Le Répertoire National."*

But . . . . . are these books and papers written in real French, and if they are, do the average people of French Canada understand them? This is a question that naturally comes up to the minds of those who have listened to the sour tales told about "French-Canadian *patois",* but who do not possess a sufficient knowledge of the French language to be able to investigate the truth by themselves.

To these, we will at once say: "There is no French-Canadian *Patois"*; there is just the same difference between the French spoken in Canada and the French spoken in France as there is between the English spoken here and

abroad; that is to say that the only distinction consists in certain details of pronounciation noticeable only by those familiar with these idioms. The language spoken here is the classic French used in the Court of France three hundred years ago, and preserved without alteration by reason of lack of contact with France during a whole century; this is the reason why French scholars notice in French Canada an archaic pronounciation of certain syllables and letters, and the use of a few archaic words which are good French language, but have passed out of current use in France. In fact, all modern Parisians who have travelled here declare that they were well understood in the remotest parts of the country, and they could readily understand everybody. If, for instance, the French people of this country pronounce "Canadah", while a Parisian will sound the same word "Canadè", though they both write it "Canada", or if they style "bêtise" a blunder which their cousins of France call "sottise", though both words are equally French, the difference is surely not greater than that existing between the English Canadian farmer who speaks of his "ôts", while the Britisher will pronounce "aouts", though both write it "oats", and between the Canadian traveller who calls "baggage" what the Londoner designates as "luggage", both words having the same meaning. The difference between the French language of Canada and that of France lies therefore in the articulation of a few letters, whereas the orthography is the same in both countries.

Of course, one cannot expect literary construction of phrases from peasants or the lowly in any country, and if the Quebec farmer contracts some of his words in greeting his friends with: *'Comment c'que c'a va?"*, a contraction of "*Comment cela que cela va?*", while the people in France frequently contract it even more by suppressing all the middle words and saying simply: *"Comment va?"* They are surely not greater sinners than the Yankee sailor who invites his pal to a feast in the Bowery with, "*Wat yuh gonna have?*"

The "patois" myth has a double origin: it has been created in this country by English people who have learned French sufficiently to read it and to speak it slowly with a limited number of words used in certain topics, but who cannot follow a fast conversation on any subject, and therefore give as an excuse for not understanding it that they have learned "the *pure Parisian French* only", but do not understand "patois"; in the United States, it is principally due to the teachers of French language who try to avert competition by pretending that they are the only depositaries of "the real thing", and that there is great danger of a pupil learning "patois" from a competitor. This is why many French-Canadian teachers in the neighbouring country have to reach New York *by way of Paris;* otherwise, all doors are mercilessly closed to them.

Patois exists in certain provinces of France, such as Bretagne and Provence; it differs as much from French as Gaelic differs from English, and it has its own orthography, pronunciation and literature, but whereas most of our settlers came from Normandie and Anjou, where it is acknowledged that the purest and most acknowledged French is spoken, they have not introduced any of these idioms here. In fact, there is but one French language, whether spoken in Paris, Lyons, Brussels or Montreal, and whether printed in France by Cramoisy in the XVIIth century, or by Didot in the XIXth, or printed in Canada, by Neilson in 1790, or by Beauchemin in 1920.

The largest number of French books in our libraries were imported from France, and up to a few years ago, the prayer books transmitted by our *habitants* from father to son for

three hundred years, were almost exclusively of French origin; therefore, the good lady whom I heard wondering what an amount of work it required "to translate into Canadian patois" the books imported from France would not have worried if she had been in a position to investigate by herself; she would have been amazed to learn that French Canadian authors find it more economical sometimes to have their works printed in Paris, though Parisian printers are not suspected of knowing Canadian *patois*, that our French Canadian stenographers were requisitioned by the American Government in Washington during the last war to write its correspondence with the French authorities, and finally that our boys at the Front could fraternize and converse freely with the French and Belgian populations, though the latter have never come here to learn the "French Canadian *patois*".

As to the so-called "Parisian French", so frequently referred to in this country by people who do not know a single word of French, and who would feel very indignant if we signalled a discrepancy between their language and "London English", I dare any English scholar, however well versed he may be in the study of the French language, to be able to grasp the current conversation of a Paris *"boulevardier"* interspersed, as it frequently is, with picturesque "slang" or metaphoric expressions, unless he has acquired a good practice of it, while the genius of the French language enables our boys readily to assimilate it.

These remarks should be sufficient to demonstrate the fallacy of a linguistical myth and to convey to right-minded Canadians of the two main races of this country that a better knowledge of each other, and therefore a better appreciation of each other's qualities and abilities, should form the base of that mutual co-operation and good-will so necessary for the development of our common country.

It was in the dusty back-room of a Quebec book-store that in the very first years of the fifties, Octave Crémazie wrote verses that startled and galvanized the Canadian literary world. Thanks to the book trades of Bossange and Fabre in Montreal, and of the Crémazie brothers in Quebec, France commenced to exercise its literary influence in Canada, after a severance of nearly one hundred years, and the visit of *"La Capricieuse"* in 1855, the first French brig that appeared in the waters of the St. Lawrence since the cession of the colony, contributed to revive the atavistic feelings in the hearts of those whose ancestors had fought under the Fleur-de-Lis.

Crémazie loved to bring friends to his little book-store on the *rue de la Fabrique* and to read with them the books imported from the sweet unforgotten country. There congregated Garneau the historian, Parent the journalist, Chauveau the novelist and orator, the Abbés Casgrain and Ferland, Gérin-Lajoie, Larue, Taché and later Fréchette, whose vocation for poetry was determined by Crémazie's patriotic rhymes. The romantic school created in France by Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Victor Hugo and other masters of prose and poetry exercised a happy influence over our young authors, which permitted them to give free expression to their talent.

It will not be possible to analyze within the limit of this article the works of the several authors worthy of recognition in French-Canadian literature during this "period of development" covering the second half of the XIXth century; we will only be able to mention some of the most noteworthy in their respective classes; but if we refer again to Dionne's inventory of books and newspapers we find that the number of different works published in the Province of

Quebec by French Canadian authors during the fifty years now under consideration amounts to 2,407 as against 2,092 published by English authors, and the number of French newspapers and reviews is 635 as against 527 in the English language.

Since we have attributed to the influence of poetry the literary revival of this period, it is only logical to start our investigation in this domain. It would be fair, however, to recognize that Garneau's History of Canada was responsible in a large measure for the inspiration of the poets who sang so beautifully of the greatness of their country and of the heroism of their ancestors.

Crémazie himself found therein some of his best inspired poems. Listen to his description of the pilgrimage of the old Montcalm soldier who comes back to breathe his last on the revered battlefield of Carillon; its legend has been preserved in bronze by Hébèrt on the monument erected in honour of the author on St. Louis Square, Montreal, and it forms the theme of one of the most impressive patriotic songs of French Canada.

None of Crémazie's poems are long; he depicted in a few verses the patriotic feelings with which he was impressed such as in the *"Chant du Vieux Soldat Canadien,"* in *"La Fête Nationale"*, or in *"Le Chant des Voyageurs"*; a little longer is the legend *"La Fiancée du Marin"*, and when he abruptly ceased writing, he had under way a fantasy of greater pretensions entitled *Promenade de trois Morts*, which, however, was never completed.

Louis Honoré Fréchette, who took his first inspiration as a poet in Crémazie's book-store, has bequeathed us a much more elaborate collection of poems, most of which are of the purest patriotic inspiration. His first book entitled *"Mes Loisirs"* was published in 1863, and was followed by *"La Voix d'un Exile"* in 1866-69, *"Pêle-Mêle"* in 1877, *"Fleurs Boréales"* and *"Oiseaux de Neige"* in 1879; *"La Légende d'un Peuple"* in 1887, and *"Feuilles Volantes"* in 1891. He aspired even to write a tragedy in verse entitled *"Véronica"*, in which he intended Sarah Bernhardt to play the principal character; it was presented in Montreal by a French troop, but success did not answer his expectations.

While Crémazie and Fréchette sang in enthusiastic verses the love of the country, it is a curious fact that neither (except Fréchette in a very few instances) celebrated human love, a subject so frequently treated by the masters of their school, the romanticists. Fréchette's enflamed rhymes in the praise of fair France and of the old flag are so well known, however, that I scarcely deem it necessary to cite any of them. He also wrote in prose, principally in folklore and polemics; in his *"Originaux et Détraqués,"* he has preserved the memory of familiar types of Quebec and Montreal, and his *"Noel au Canada"* recites charming tales of country life, while his *"Petite Histoire des rois de France"* published under the pseudonym of Cyprien, and his polemics with Sir A. B. Routhier, with Thibault, with Abbé Baillargé and with Chapman gave illustrations of the caustic way in which a poet may sometimes turn his talent.

Louis Pamphile Le May was another follower of Crémazie's leadership and a conscientious singer of Canadian tales, his main poem in this connection being a translation in verse of Longfellow's "Evangeline", but his original verses are not in any way to be disregarded. In 1865, he published his first poems under the title of *"Essais Poétiques"*; then followed *"Les Vengeances"*, republished later under the title of *"Tonkourou"*, *"Les Fables Canadiennes"*, *"Les Petits Poèmes"*, and *"Les Gouttelettes"*. Like Fréchette, Le May also published numerous works in prose, the most noted being

"Le pélerin de Sainte-Anne", *"Picounoc le Maudit"*, *"L'Affaire Sougraine"* and *"Contes Vrais"*. He died in 1918 in his peaceful retreat of Saint-Jean Deschaillons, whence he could see the glittering rays of the setting sun play on the majestic river which he had so nobly sung.

I have alluded to the literary polemics between Fréchette and Chapman; they were irreconcilable enemies in the literary field and wrote volumes of criticism on each other's works. Chapman's first volume of poetry was published in 1876 under the name of *"Les Québecquoises"*, followed by *"Les Feuilles d'Erable"*, *"Les Aspirations"* and *"Les Rayons du Nord"*. His style is more oratorical, if we may say so, than his predecessors', and for this reason he was frequently invited to compose and recite poems on solemn occasions of public demonstrations.

Alfred Garneau, the son of the historian, Nérée Beauchemin, Napoléon Legendre, Abbé Gingras, Adolphe Poisson and Félix-Gabriel Marchand (who found time to versify between the sessions of the Legislature which he conducted as Prime Minister, as well as between the drawing of deeds as notary), have also their marked place in a long list of poets of this period, which we will close with two names of the younger generation, equally deserving, on account of the quality of their works and of the sympathy which their earthly misfortunes awaken. Emile Nelligan was a poet of genius who kept away from the trodden paths, but overtaxed genius is sometimes a neighbour to insanity, and his reason sank before he had time to give the full measure of his talent.

Albert Lozeau, tied to a rolling chair almost since his infancy, gives out to the admiring public the echoes of the voices that sing in his heart; he possesses the art of describing trifles with such truth and vivacity of sentiment that we assimilate his feelings as if they were our own.

Leaving poetry, we naturally turn our minds to its sister in literature: "Fiction" and starting this topic with the older novelists, the lovable figure of Philippe Aubert de Gaspé at once evokes itself before our eyes with his delightful book *"Les Anciens Canadiens"*. De Gaspé was fully seventy-four years old when he commenced to write this book in which he depicts so charmingly the thrilling romance of love and friendship at antagonism with the call of honour and duty, and the vivid picture of our forefathers' simple and happy life. His *"Mémoires"* were written six years later, and we read them with the same pleasure as we listen to the tales of grandfather by the fireside.

De Gaspé's book was not, however, the first novel in French Canadian literature of that period, for Pierre J. O. Chauveau, who acquired in later years a reputation as a writer and as an orator, and who did such useful work as Prime Minister and Minister of Public Instruction, had published in 1853 *"Charles Guérin"*, a novel of Canadian manners; Gérin-Lajoie had written in 1862 a patriotic novel "Jean Rivard le Défricheur", with a view to inspire in his countrymen the love of mother earth, and he continued it in 1864 with the second part *"Jean Rivard, l'Economiste"*. These books are full of authentic pictures of Canadian simple life and manners.

These novels were first published in *Les Soirées Canadiennes*, a literary magazine founded in 1861 by the following contributors: Etienne Parent, Abbé Ferland, F. X. Garneau, P. J. O. Chauveau, J. C. Taché, Abbé Trudel, L. J. C. Fiset, Octave Crémazie, Antoine Gérin-Lajoie, Joseph Lenoir, Napoléon Bourassa, Abbé Casgrain, F. A. H. Larue, Abbé Légaré, and Louis H. Fréchette. With such a list of names, the subscribers to the review could rest assured that they would never find loneliness in its pages.

Two years later *"Le Foyer Can-*

adien", another literary review, was founded in Quebec, and the following year *La Revue Canadienne* (second foundation and still in existence) opened its columns to Canadian literature in Montreal.

It was in this last publication that Georges de Boucherville first published his captivating novel of adventure *"Une de Perdue Deux de Trouvées"*, which soon shared with *"Les Anciens Canadiens"* and *"Jean Rivard"* the favour of Canadian readers, while Napoléon Bourassa wrote in the same paper his sensitive Acadian tale of *"Jacques et Marie"*, in 1866.

Shortly afterwards Joseph Marmette commenced his series of historical novels, vivid, dramatic and interesting in the highest degree, which deserved for him the flattering surname of the "Canadian Walter Scott". Amongst his best known works are *"Francois de Bienville"* (1870), a tale of the siege of Quebec by Phipps, *"L'Intendant Bigot"* (1872), in which he depicts the sorrowful last days of French domination in Canada, *"Le Chevalier de Mornac"* (1873), and *"Le Tomahawk et l'Epée"* (1877), in which the adventures of the *"Coureurs des Bois"* and their heroism in face of the cruelty of Indians are told in a most fascinating manner.

As we draw closer to our times it becomes impossible to make a review of our Canadian novelists, but we cannot close this chapter without signalling a lady who made her sex conspicuous in the field of historical novels: Miss Félicité Angers wrote under the pseudonym of "Laure Conan" such delightful books as *"Angéline de Montbrun"* in 1884, *"A l'oeuvre et à l'Epreuve"* in 1891, *"L'Oublié"* in 1902, and she still continues to write books which, apart from their fascination, denote her great knowledge of our history.

Next to the novelists are to be placed those conscientious writers who collected the quaint tales and legends of the people and transmitted them to future generations in such charming pages as Abbé Casgrain in his *"Legendes Canadiennes"*. J. C. Taché, in his *"Forestiers et Voyageurs"* and *"Trois Légendes de mon pays"*; P. J. O. Chauveau in his *"Souvenirs et Légendes"*, but principally the captivating writer Faucher de Saint-Maurice, with his tales and stories entitled *"A la Brunante"* (1873), *De Tribord à Babord* (1877), and *"A la Veillée"* (1878).

Fréchette did not scorn either to come down occasionally from the lyric summit of Parnassus to the popular stories of *"Joe Violon"*, and I have no hesitation in saying that Honoré Beaugrand has attached a more lasting fame to his name as the author of *"Chasse Galerie"* and other folklore stories than as Mayor of Montreal.

The musical section of Canadian folklore has been well looked after by Ernest Gagnon, who has published in 1865 the *"Chansons Populaires du Canada"*, annotated with music, and Ernest Myrand, who published, in 1899, *"Les Noels Anciens de la Nouvelle France"*.

At the opening of this period *Le Canadien*, founded in 1806, suppressed by authority and restarted at different intervals, was in full prosperity, and Etienne Parent, the noted polemist and sociologist, mentioned in the first part of this article, still contributed to it valuable writings, though retired from active journalism.

Journalism and literary achievements seemed to be in fact a characteristic of Parent's family: he had three daughters who were respectively married to Antoine Gérin-Lajoie, to Evariste Gélinas and to Benjamin Sulte. We have already referred to Gérin-Lajoie, and everybody knows the works of our indefatigable and omniscient Sulte, but Gélinas is perhaps not so well-known, though he was a journalist of the highest standard, having edited almost without help the old Conservative newspaper

La Minerve during one of the most critical periods of Canadian politics, and later contributing remarkable articles to the literary paper *L'Opinion Publique* under the pseudonym of "Carle Tom".

Those who have studied the history of Canada under the Union Government know what important part journalism has played in the affairs of the country during that period, and the names of Doutre, Dessaulles, Dorion, Cauchon, Taché, Royal, Laberge, Barthe, Fabre, Langevin, Dunn and many others are well noted for their vigorous articles on public questions of the time, while under Confederation Trudel, Beaugrand, Tarte, Tardivel, Mercier, Dansereau, De la Bruère, Sauvalle and other men of our time have won an equal fame, but limitation of space prevents us from giving them the attention they deserve.

Leaving politics aside, a special mention must however be made of the spirited chroniclers of the period who are still cited as models of wit, style and humour. Hector Fabre, Arthur Buies, Napoléon Legendre, Oscar Dunn and Alphonse Lusignan have thrown their sparkling literary productions through the newspapers and reviews of French Canada, always luminous and merry like showers of *confetti* during the whole second half of the XIXth century, and fortunately these writings have been preserved in book form after their appearance in the periodicals. Thus we have Buies's *"Chroniques, Humeurs et Caprices"*, published in 1873, *"Chroniques et Voyages"* in 1875, *"Petites Chroniques"* for 1877, apart from several descriptive works on Canada; Legendre published his *"Echos de Québec"* and Fabre his *"Chroniques"*, in 1877. Dunn wrote *" Dix Ans de Journalisme"*, in 1876, and *"Lecture pour Tous"* in 1878, and Lusignan's *"Coups d'Oeil et Coups de Plume"* appeared in 1884. A fitting tribute was paid to this conscientious writer after his death, when his friends published in 1892 a book composed of articles contributed by each of them to honour his memory.

A noted character in merry journalism was Hector Berthelot, the master humourist who founded a score of comic papers, one of which, *Le Canard,* is still in existence after a career of more than forty years. One of his characteristic hits was the announcement of the discovery, by a noted politician, of the *"Boodline"*, a marvellous remedy for the cure of the "fatty degeneracy of the pocket-book", and Berthelot published numerous certificates of public men telling their precarious condition "before using" and the wonderful improvement experienced "after a few doses".

Here again we must record the entrance of women into the journalistic field: Madame Dandurand wrote most agreeably in the dailies under the pseudonym of "Josette", and published in book form "Contes de Noel" in 1889, *"Nos Travers"* and short plays for children; Miss Robertine Barry inaugurated her *"Chroniques du Lundi"*, under the pseudonym of *"Francoise"*, in *La Patrie,* and collected them in book form in 1891, and *"Fleurs Champetres"* in 1895. She was soon followed by Madame Huguenin, better known by the pseudonym of "Madeleine", and a number of talented young ladies who contribute largely to making our French papers interesting.

The previous period closed with Garneau's History of Canada, and the present one opens with a new edition of the same work printed in 1852, while a third and a fourth one were also published in 1859 and 1882, and a fifth one annotated by the historian's grandson is now being published in Paris.

Abbé Ferland, who was a professor of history at Laval University at Quebec, commenced the publication of his lectures on Canadian history in 1861-67, but a premature death prevented him from continuing a most accurate and reliable work. Montreal had also

the advantage of having in Abbé Faillon a learned hunter of historical archives who published in 1865 an authoritative *"Histoire de la Colonie Francaise"* in three large volumes which unfortunately stops at the year 1682.

The Abbés Laverdière, Casgrain, Daniel and Verrault followed the footsteps of their predecessors, and wrote copiously on subjects of Canadian historical interest, while such laymen as Viger, Barthe, Turcotte, Royal, Sulte, David, the two Roys (Joseph Edmond and Pierre Georges) vied with their colleagues in studying the archives of Canadian history, both here and abroad, principally in Paris, London, Rome, and St. Petersburg, and published in numerous volumes the results of their interesting discoveries. At the same time historical and literary associations were formed for the promotion of studies and researches. In 1858, Jacques Viger founded *La Société Historique de Montreal,* which is still in existence, and which has published quite a number of precious documents known as its *Mémoires;* the *Institut Canadien* was formed the same year, but as a result of a most unfortunate attitude towards the ecclesiastical hierarchy, it came to an end and its library was transferred to the Fraser Institute.

A work of considerable importance for Canadian history and genealogical researches must however be singled out from this chapter, as it is probably unique in the history of nations. It is the "Dictionnaire *Généalogique des Familles Canadiennes",* by Abbé Cyprien Tanguay, published in seven octavo volumes from 1871 to 1890, which gives the genealogies of all the French families who settled in Canada from the foundation of the Colony. One can hardly imagine the amount of labour and patient researches through the registers of civil status that a work of such a magnitude represents; it could only be accomplished in a comparatively young country where all births, marriages and deaths are accurately recorded, and in spite of a few errors which cannot be prevented to creep in such a large number of names and dates, it forms without contradiction the most complete genealogical monument that a race can boast of.

French Canadians have always had a great fondness for voyages. Did they inherit this propensity from the adventurous career of their forefathers the *Coureurs des Bois,* or did it develop from their eagerness for learning? The cause does not matter much for the purpose of this article, but it is a notable fact that French Canadians are to be met in almost all countries of the world. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that descriptions of voyages and of countries visited come in for large consideration in their literature.

Amongst the authors whose works are notable on the subject of travel, we may cite names already mentioned in connection with other literary subjects, such as Faucher de Saint-Maurice, who described life in Mexico and cruises in the Gulf of St. Lawrence; Arthur Buies, whose pen is so vivid in describing the beauties of his country; Honoré Beaugrand, with his fascinating descriptions of the Rocky Mountains, of Utah and of New Mexico; Abbé Proulx who depicts as well the civilizations of the old world in Rome and Europe generally, as the wilderness of the new in the savage regions of Abbitibi and Hudson Bay; Abbé Provancher, with his excursions to the tropical countries and his pilgrimages in the Holy Land; Bishop Emard, who wrote his impressions of Palestine while a young priest; Captain Chartrand, with his bivouac stories and descriptions of Africa; and Sir Adolphe B. Routhier, whose impressions of Europe and principally of Spain are so interesting, and a number of others too numerous to be mentioned.

We have thus far mentioned the writers of imaginative and descrip-

tive subjects only, but in justice to the positive world, we cannot close this review without mentioning at least the learned men who wrote works on scientific subjects and of whom we are justly proud.

Amongst these Abbé Provancher is to be placed in the first rank for a whole life devoted to the study of natural history and the publication of numerous treatises on different branches of this science, amongst which are to be noted: *"Traité Elémentaire de Botanique"*, published in 1858, *"La Flore Canadienne"*, wherein 800 specimens of Canadian plants are described and classified; *"Petite Faune Entomologique du Canada"*, published from 1877 to 1883, describing our several classes of insects; *"Le Verger, Le Potager et Le Parterre"*, a treatise of practical arboriculture and horticulture; *"Les Oiseaux Insectivores et les Arbres d'Ornement* (1874), and amidst all these treatises, the publication of *Le Naturaliste Canadien*, a scientific review of natural history commenced in 1868, edited by him until his death in 1892, and still in existence under the enlightened direction of Abbé Huard. A well-deserved tribute of gratefulness was paid to him in August, 1918, by the entomological societies of Quebec and Ontario, when they erected a commemorative tablet in his honour in the Provincial Museum of Natural History at Quebec.

Following Provancher, Abbé Ovide Brunet wrote different treatises of vulgarisation of botanics; C. E. Dionne published works on ornithology and biology; Sir James M. Lemoine disserted indifferently in French and English on ornithology, on ichthyology, history, biography and general literature, whilst A. N. Montpetit, the father of our economist, Edouard Montpetit, vied with him on the same subjects.

Charles Baillargé published numerous works on geometry and trigonometry; Obalski and Abbé Laflamme on mineralogy and geology, Dr. Hubert Larue on chemistry and sylviculture, and Puyjalon on natural history and mineralogy.

Scientific hobbies are even represented in this list; the several works published by Dr. Joseph Leroux on different branches of numismatics, and particularly on medals, and those of P. N. Breton on the coins and tokens of Canada are still cited as the standard authorities in the United States and Canada by the adepts of this science.

Law and medicine should hold a large place in the list of scientific publications, but the number of lawyers, notaries and physicians who wrote on subjects pertaining to their respective professions is so large that it would not be an easy task to do justice to all in a few words. Let us only mention in the law section the works of Doutre, Lareau, De Lorimier, Roy, Mignault and Sirois, and in the medical section those of Catellier, Desjardins, Brochu, Rottot, Larue, Paquin, Lachapelle and the numerous legal and medical reviews published during the last fifty years.

French Canadians have always had a natural disposition for oratory, be it sacred, political, legal or academic, and they have made a copious use of it at all times, but either on account of idleness or humbleness, they have scarcely published them. The few books of speeches that we possess have been collected by their admirers, such as the speeches of Sir George Etienne Cartier, collected by Tassé; those of Sir J. A. Chapleau, edited by Sénécal; those of Honoré Mercier, published by Pelland, and those of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, by Barthe. Still the reputation of our orators of the pulpit or of the hustings attracts large audiences, for our people are fond of eloquence, and we frequently notice farmers drive ten, twenty and thirty miles in any season of the year in the hope of hearing good speeches.

The main features of French-Canadian oratory are the boldness of conception, the reminiscences of classics

or of striking events adapted to present situations, and metaphoric images.

* * * *

We have been looking superficially over the intellectual work of a century as travelers on a ship glancing from the distance at the architectural beauties of a city. As the ship moves farther and farther, the delicacy of the details, the smaller, though beautiful, monuments fade away and the most imposing constructions only remain visible, soon to appear in their turn as a thin silvery line cutting the azure of the sky from the emerald of the sea. By and by other views will rise however on other points of the horizon, and as they grow brighter and taller, they will perhaps supersede the impression left by those admired a moment ago, for such is the inconsistency of human nature.

But when we return to the cosy sanctuary of home and there we evoke in the dancing flames of the fireside the beauties scattered over the different points of the journey, the vivid recollection of the most delicate works of art, as well as the image of the most imposing monuments come to our memory, and we review in a few moments the beauties erected by the hand of man through centuries and dispersed over the several countries of the world.

This is the evocation I have endeavoured to make in a cursory review of French-Canadian literature during the past century; I will be glad if, in doing so, I may have added something to the knowledge of the reader.

SUSANNE'S BIG NIGHT

BY ARTHUR HENRY

MISS SUSANNE SIMPKINS'S face was set in an expression of hardness that would have amazed anyone familiar with its faded but unfailing charm. She was alone, however, and no one saw the smiling wrinkles grow straight and sinister, nor the soft light vanish from her eyes. She clutched her sewing to her breast and stared at an open letter in her lap; the letter was from her married sister in Kansas City, asking for a little help.

Dear Anne:

I must ask you for a small loan, fifty dollars, if you can spare it and of course I know you can, for you always have money in the bank.

It was a long letter detailing the various ailments and misfortunes of a large family and making very clear to Miss Susanne her own good fortune in that she had no one but herself to look after.

Suddenly she flung her sewing from her, and seizing a pen, wrote:

Dear Martha:

It is true that I have seven hundred dollars in the bank; this and the money I have given you—over a thousand dollars, I should say—in the past eight years, and the two thousand I gave brother Edwin to get expelled from college with, represents everything I have saved and gone without during fifteen years of hard work, making things for other people that I could not afford to wear myself. During the past fifteen years you have had a husband who has given you all that he could make. That it has not been enough and that you don't love him and are unhappy with him and have borne him six children does not make you a martyr, but proves you a shameless woman—too lazy to look after herself.

I live alone because I have no one to live with. You would not let me adopt one of the children in spite of the trial they are to you. I have never been fortunate enough to meet—that is, to know—any of the men in the world I might have loved and married.

I pay too much for my apartment because I cannot live in a dingy hole in an ill-smelling neighbourhood. Aside from this I have lived like a mole for fifteen years, and I might as well be as blind as one for all I ever see that I care to. I have been to the opera only twice in my life; I have been to the country but once in four years; it was so lovely that I have not had the heart to go again.

I have made my living—and that of our poor father and mother until they died—working without a rest since I was twenty; now I am thirty-five and I look to be fifty. If I had the few thousands I gave to you and Edwin, I would live for a year of real pleasure and then end it all, but I don't want to go without one good free breath of life. I will not send you another cent.

Susanne.

The last line was written large and fast and heavily underscored. She put the letter in an envelope, sealed it, addressed it so vigorously that the point of the pen broke. She stamped it and slapped it smartly with her hand.

Then through Susanne's excited mind trouped a pageant of the pleasures of life. All the bright fancies and the eager hopes of youth that she had dreamed over, as her capable, nervous fingers were running the seams through the lonely years! And there she was, in the midst of every scene, clothed in one or another of the most fascinating gowns she had made, seated at a table on a Paris boulevard—touring Switzerland in a motor car—bending over a wheel at Monte Carlo—serving tea in a sunny

apartment at the St. Regis—snuggled in her corner of the box at the opera two nights a week of the season, if in town!

And her companions—whether always the same or changing, it is impossible to say, for they were rather indistinct in the picture—were the most absolutely delightful people in the world. They were always very merry at the tables of the Paris boulevards and German beer gardens, but not a whisper was heard from one of them at the opera, and afterwards, scarcely a murmur. They all just drifted out and apart and home. At weekends in the country, after long drives through pleasant scenery, nothing was ever said that anyone need listen to and their voices were all sincere.

For a moment after Susanne had hit the letter to her sister such a slap, rage filled her startled soul, and a most unfamiliar passion of regret swept through it — regret for the empty years and longing for the money she had given away.

Now the letter, all stamped and addressed, caught her eye as though seen for the first time; it loomed large and startling; it was as if a stranger had entered the room—filling it with a malevolent threat. The contents of the letter shocked her; without opening it she tore it up and threw it on the coals of a grate fire burning cozily beside her. A little shudder of horror rid her of all the resentment and self-pity that had prompted it.

There was a moment of repose in which the whole room seemed to purr; then Susanne wrote a second letter to her sister enclosing a cheque for seventy-five dollars.

To describe Susanne as patient would be to miss the wonder of her. She was a wistful soul, too sensitive to reveal to any gaze the poverty of her existence, too loyal to her own vision of the radiance of Life to permit anyone to see that it had slighted her.

The outburst of this evening, however, had a singular after effect; she grew restless; the desire to go out upon brightly lighted streets stirred within her. She put on her hat of two seasons freshened by new ribbons and a bunch of grapes, her broadcloth coat still perfectly good after five years' wear, her ancient muff and tippet, a pair of black kid gloves new in the early fall, and reticule in hand sallied out upon the street, an eager spirit.

Susanne seldom went abroad at night, but when she did she was, in spite of her dovelike appearance, ardently expecting adventure. She knew the streets were promenades of pleasure-seeking throngs, that all the blazing lights were part of the mighty show, and that every door one passed invited entrance at a price. Few open portals really tempted her, but if one did, she would enter with the serene assurance of all great natures, wrapped in their own intent.

Susanne had a natural interest for what might be called the sportsmanship of mankind. She had always loved horses and unconsciously possessed a shrewd eye for them. Had she owned a yacht, it would not have been a plethoric floating palace propelled by steam, but a racing sloop. Her interest in automobiles had been a passing one. She accepted them for travelling purposes. One could see the country best from a touring car. No one read the aviation news more attentively than Susanne. The sudden leap of man into the air in machines he was learning to perfect and control gave her an immense satisfaction. "At last," she would say, "we have done it!"

On her walk on this particular evening, Susanne came to Dockit's celebrated riding academy. From within came the sound of many voices the odor of tan bark caused her nostrils to dilate and her eyes to brighten. Before the door, large signs announced an auction sale of hacks, polo ponies and saddle horses. Suddenly a band began to play and the loud crack of a whip was heard. Susanne had never been in the place, in fact

it would surprise you to know how few were the places in which she really had been. Now, without hesitation, she walked up the steps, opened her reticule and asked a man at the door how much the tickets were.

"Come right in," said the man. "It won't cost you anything."

"Oh, thank you!" said Susanne with a smile that changed the gray day of her face into something more resembling a spring dawn.

The man was Mr. Howley, who owned a livery and sales stable in the neighbourhood; he happened to be standing by the door and Susanne's mistake in thinking him a ticket taker and in offering to pay to attend a horse sale struck him as an incident of rare humour.

The odour of the tan bark; the sound of a worldly multitude rustling, chattering, laughing; the genial, shrewd and friendly voices, common to sporting occasions; the clarion call of the brass band in a far corner of the gallery to a night of excitement; the hoof-beats of a horse rushing up the wooden gangway from the stalls to the arena; the shouts of riders and whip men—all these swept around and over Miss Susanne as she pushed her way into the throng. But they did not submerge her. She rose to it all instantly, as a strong swimmer to a turbulent sea. That is, her spirit rose, but outwardly she remained a circumspect, sweet little maiden lady with a reticule, to all appearances lost and out of place.

Edging her way adroitly through the shifting crowd, she presently stood on the edge of the platform overlooking the tan-bark ring, her hat a little askew and one of the grapes knocked off. There before her was the open ring where the horses were being shown, and opposite was the stand of the auctioneer, surrounded by a crowd of active bidders.

As she came into sudden full view of the proceedings, a golden-sorrel gelding was swinging around the immense arena, with free gait under the saddle, and some three thousand smiling people were observing him. Once around the ring, he had banished from the vast audience all critical interest. The power of every true artist with a great soul was his to possess his audience instantly, though it embraced all mankind. Every one of those spellbound mortals following his rhythmic, winged movements, were lifted gently from their seats and given a journey such as poets ere they try to write enjoy upon Pegasus. He sped twice around, with an unbroken trot, his forelegs lifting at the knee, reaching out and tucking the earth under him lightly, his hind legs saluting all the world behind him with quick and graceful adieus.

Two small round red spots glowed in Susanne's cheeks at the sight of this splendid creature in action; and when the crowd jostled from his path and he was brought to a quick turn and stopped before the auctioneer's stand, and some one bid a hundred dollars for him, she clutched her reticule and whispered to herself alertly, "I have seven hundred dollars in the bank."

Her slight form became rigid; she stared at the horse, at the people crowding around it, at the auctioneer, all in one swift instant. And then, quite unconsciously, she said, "Why! I would give more than that for him myself."

She spoke indignantly. There was a ripple of laughter and the people close enough to hear, turned to look for a moment. But she did not notice them. Susanne was among those viewing the auction from the inclosed platform, raised a few feet above the tan-bark covered arena. As it happened, Mr. Howley was standing just beneath where she stood, his arm resting on the railing. As she spoke, he looked up and smiled.

"Oh! he'll fetch a good price," he said, and she looked down, meeting his eyes.

A wonderful thing had transpired of which they were both unconscious. He had answered not so much what she said but what she felt. Instantly

her anxious excitement of spirit was allayed. She did not know Mr. Howley's name, but as she saw him walk across the ring and join the crowd around the auctioneer he might have been the man who occupied the chair by the fireplace opposite to hers for twenty years.

She felt that with him there to look after them, the horses would all bring prices worthy of them and find good homes. Mr. Howley really had no hand in the fate of the glossy golden sorrel, but the fact that he brought seven hundred and fifty dollars and went to a benevolent looking if elderly sporting gentleman, who slapped his sleek buttock affectionately as a groom led him off, was associated in her mind with the shrewd and kindly face of Mr. Howley. As he walked toward her, they exchanged a smile and glance of knowing satisfaction. He handed her a program.

"That was Red Eno," he said. "Good horse, but a little too fancy for me. I came to bid on Blackbird."

He reached up and she bent down, offering her a programme. He held it with her and checked the name with his thumb nail. "That's him, number fourteen."

She noticed that his nails were badly cut, as with a jackknife, but clean. She thought that if his chin whiskers were properly trimmed he would have quite a military appearance. He dressed in fairly good if careless taste. Susanne noticed a loose coat button, and as he walked from her to again join the active bidders, her fingers itched to fix it.

One after another, horses and ponies came scrambling up the gangway and were put through their paces around the ring and sold to lively bidding. At each new entrance the band hailed the conquering hero and a pleasant excitement filled the place. Once again Mr. Howley came to her and said, "They are going well."

"A good horse," she answered, "is worth anything you can afford to pay."

"Do you ride much?" he asked.

Then Suzanne realized that this man was not the intimate companion of her days after all and she felt lonely—probably for the first time in her life she felt as lonely as she really was. The fact is that Mr. Howley had addressed his remark to that inner personality of Susanne's that not even her best friends knew anything about. If, thirty years earlier, little Tim Howley had said to little Susie Simpkins, "Do you ride much?" she would have answered sweetly, "Oh, yes! Every day my father's groom, in plum-coloured velvet breeches and a coat of cloth of gold, brings my white Arab Alcamar to the door and I ride until nightfall along the sand of the seashore or through the enchanted forest to the crystal grotto and return." Now she said nothing—but stared into space, silent and sad.

Mr. Howley, looking up, wondered why he had asked her such a question. He noticed that her reticule was open. He closed it, covering at the same time the little hands that clutched it with one of his.

"Excuse me," he said, "something might have dropped out."

They were both very much disturbed.

"Oh!" exclaimed Susanne. "That must be Blackbird!"

Although it was plainly a dappled gray hack and "No. 12" Mr. Howley seemed to think it might be "Blackbird, No. 14," for he fairly bolted across the ring and lost himself in the crowd around the auctioneer's stand.

Susanne saw no more of him, while horse after horse was sold. Blackbird flew into the arena and seemed to light before the auctioneer, as near like a bird as a horse could be. A little smaller and more alert than the golden sorrel, he possessed the same finish of action with a bit more of self-conscious pride in it.

There was a burst of applause as he completed the second circle of the ring, which he seemed to recognize by

an airy toss of his head. His slender limbs quivered and his restless ears were always moving, as he stood to be sold.

The price rose quickly to seven hundred and then crept up by tens and fives. The hammer fell at seven seventy and still Susanne had not seen Mr. Howley.

"It was beyond his means," she thought, and the sad, careworn anxiety that sometimes fell like a shadow over her face, making it old, settled there.

"Now," called the auctioneer, "we have three Western ponies to sell. They were left over from the sale last week—not fit at the time because of sickness and injuries received on the trip from Montana. But they are in good condition now. Two of them are broken to ride, perfect for ladies and the children. One of them never had a saddle on before to-night, but her natural disposition is so sweet that Mr. Swansen, the groom who has had the care of her and says he can tell by her kind eyes that she is gentle as a kitten, will ride her in. Here she comes."

There was a scramble and a rush—a flash of a leaping object in the air, and Mr. Swansen hit the auctioneer's stand and fell upon the heads of the surprised crowd. The pony, her fore legs planted stiffly on the ground, was thrashing the heavens above with both hind feet and swinging in rapid circles in order to miss no one who might come near.

A series of bucking leaps took her near to Susanne. The crowd about scattered, but Susanne remained calm, compassionate and interested. Suddenly one of the pony's hind feet flew over the rail and caught there. Susanne, dropping her reticule, took the leg in both hands and released it. The pony fell to the ground, the girth broke and as she scrambled to her feet again, the saddle toppled off. She stood still and trembled, her head hanging, her eyes rolling in anger and affright.

Susanne yearned over her and, catching one of her swift glances, tried to comfort her.

"You have seen what this horse can do," said the auctioneer—and everybody roared. "Now, what am I bid?"

A ripple of laughter was the only answer.

"Come—as promising a pony as ever came off the range—just give her time—I can't sell her if you won't offer anything!"

And then Susanne spoke and her soft, clear voice was heard even by the bandmaster in the far corner of the gallery—much sweeter, too, than any instrument of his.

"I will give you one hundred dollars for her." The auctioneer was a hardened and alert old weasel. He gave no one time to laugh and showed not the slightest surprise.

"That's right," he said genially, "she'll be a perfect lady's horse in a week." More laughter. Everybody was enjoying this bit of comedy except Susanne. She was unusually calm but very intent, on this the most sensational *real* occasion of her life.

"I'm bid one hundred!" sang the auctioneer returning to his subject. "Make it fifty? Did I hear fifty?" Looking into the crowd. Twenty-five?" He nodded, straightened up and pointed his gavel at Susanne, shouting, "One hundred and twenty-five! Will you make it fifty?" Susanne nodded and the auctioneer, with joyous gusto, waved his arm at the crowd beneath him, calling briskly, "A hundred and fifty! A hundred and fifty! Who'll make it two hundred? It's a crime to let a pony like that go for two hundred!"

He wheeled toward Susanne again and almost throwing his gavel at her, cried: "Will you make it two fifty?"

At that moment an arm shot up from the crowd and a hand caught the coat tail of the auctioneer. He bent over and encountered the wrathful countenance of Mr. Howley.

"That will do," said the stableman curtly. "She's a friend of mine." The auctioneer shrugged his shoul-

ders, laughed and bringing his gavel down with a sharp whack, cried, "Sold!" Then he asked Mr. Howley for the lady's name.

Susanne, standing stiffly by the rail gazed at the auctioneer and wondered what had happened. She saw Mr. Swansen come forth grinning and lead the pony away. Was the pony hers, or had someone else bought it for two hundred and fifty, and why had she not been asked to bid again? She saw Mr. Howley approaching.

"What happened?" she asked.

And he answered, smiling, "The pony is yours, for a hundred."

"A hundred and fifty," she corrected, "and I thought some one else bid two hundred."

"Nobody bid anything but you."

"But——"

"He was getting you to bid against yourself. I must give the clerk your name and address. I told 'em I was a friend of yours."

"My name is Miss Susanne Simpkins." She took a card from her reticule and gave it to him.

"Why didn't they bid on her?" she asked. "She is as good an any of them. That man wore spurs. It's no way to treat a pony, bringing it wild right off the plains and riding it in a place like this!"

"There's the making of a good one in her—if she's not scared to death to begin with. Where do you want her sent?"

"I don't know. I'll have to arrange something. Would they keep her here? I can't have her in my flat—" and then the wistful, anxious expression was banished by a smile so full of youth and light, that Mr. Howley gazed in wonder as she added, "although I'd like to!"

"My stable is right near you—just two blocks up and half a block over. Why don't you let me keep her for you? It won't cost you half what they'd charge you here."

"That would be very nice."

"We'll have to break her for you. You couldn't ride her anyway for a month."

"I want to be the first one to ride her."

Mr. Howley's face beamed. "I'll tell you what we'll do," he said, "we'll give her the run of a little yard behind my stable and you can come every day and get acquainted with her. Spend as much time as you can. You're a dressmaker, I see," looking at the card, then up at her. "You might bring your sewing."

They laughed and Mr. Howley walked over to the clerk. When he returned he said, "I told him to send the pony to me."

"Who do I pay?" asked Susanne.

"Just leave a cheque at the office. The pony's name is Kitten. They called her Wildcat out West I understand, but she's registered here as 'Kitten.' Perhaps you haven't got your cheque book, not exactly expecting to buy?"

Mr. Howley was loath to go and, besides, he was puzzled. It was something more than curiosity, or he would not have questioned her nor stood there wondering. He was impelled by an almost tearful desire to look after her, and yet, no one could seem nor be, for that matter, more sanely self-supporting than Susanne.

"Oh, yes," she said brightly, beginning to chirp, as a bird does that on a dull day is aroused from its drooping by the sudden warmth of the sun, "I always carry my cheque book."

She opened her reticule, then closed it and held out her hand.

"Good-bye, you're very kind."

He just held her hand in one of his and then put the other over it.

"You will be around to see her tomorrow. Glad you got her."

He let her hand go with the manner of one entrusting to a child a precious heirloom, with a caution to take good care of it. Susanne looked at it curiously; it seemed strange to her; possessing a new personality; no longer just a common little hand, faithful in service, but something apart and mysterious, capable of—even suspected of—romance.

"I am sorry," she said, "that you did not get Blackbird."

"I did," answered Mr. Howley.

"I didn't see you."

"No, I was right behind the auctioneer, where I wouldn't have to bid too loud."

He laughed shrewdly and looking into her eyes, beamed frankly, like a boy.

Confusion seized upon Suzanne. What mad thing had she done in buying a pony she didn't need, and standing there now, talking so freely to this strange man? Her adventures in fancy had always left her undisturbed, passing like curious visions in the clouds, with no consequences. Now the incident of the night was over and she ought to wake up and find herself sewing in her apartment, with nothing more to do about it than to put her work away and go peacefully to bed. Instead of that she possessed a pony, a real one, and there was Mr. Howley, still alive and well, with something in his eyes to be reckoned with.

"Oh," she exclaimed in a manner so like to panic that Mr. Howley was startled, "I really must be going now!"

"Hold on," he said impulsively, climbing up over the rail. "I'll go to the office with you."

She did not wait for him but he followed, stumbling over a chair.

At the office window he stood over her, letting all men see that she was under his protection whatever she did, and when the business was finished, he said with an anxious good will:

"There, it's all as tidy as a new kid glove."

Susanne looked into his face and on an impulse reached out—not with her hand this time but with the more appealing needs of the spirit.

"Do you think," she almost whispered, "I did wrong to buy her? I don't know as I should take the time to ride."

"Wrong!" exploded Mr. Howley, so loud that they both were startled.

"Sh!" warned Susanne, and they laughed. She moved to the door and he accompanied her, continuing in a milder tone:

"You couldn't have done a wiser thing."

"Do you think so?" She looked up at him, comforted. Then, smiling, added, "But you don't know anything about it."

"Yes I do. My mother's about the only other woman I know, and she's like you in a way—and I know you deserve something you'd like to have." He laughed and continued: "You had money enough to pay for the pony and it don't cost so much to keep one. It'll do you a world of good to ride every day." They were on the steps. "Wait a minute," he said, "I'll just tell my man to take your pony along with mine, and then I'll walk a ways with you."

"Oh," said Susanne, "I feel better. It will be lovely—and, of course, I can manage somehow." She held out her hand again, a soft light in her eyes. "But don't come back. Look after the pony. I don't live far, I'll be at the stable in the morning, and thank you, Mr. Howley, ever so much."

He stood on the steps until she turned the corner, then went inside. There were hundreds of people still loitering there, but it affected Mr. Howley as if deserted. It seemed strange to him. His moorings had been tampered with and he felt adrift in a familiar harbour.

"I won't have her riding that wild mustang," he muttered. "I'll get her to sell it and buy something gentle."

It seemed to him that this was about the most important thing in life he had to do.

With an unusual lightness of heart, Susanne hurried along the street, conscious neither of the stars nor the electric liights emblazoning the signs on the tall buildings, nor the people she passed. She took no journey as the lady of her dreams but was occupied as Susanne Simpkins with things as they were.

When she reached her apartment she bustled about, made herself some tea and worked until nearly morning, finishing the dress for the rich and fussy Mrs. Bernstein, and through all the cutting, folding and stitching she felt a tender gratitude toward the small right hand, which, in spite of what had happened, was still faithful to the trying task.

Mr. Howley's hearty approval of her act was continually repeating itself in her mind like a song. He was, she told herself, a practical, level-headed man. She had, of course, done a very sensible thing, and in the morning she would go around and kiss her pony's nose.

When she slipped into bed and the events of the night grew vague, she found herself clinging to them anxiously, fearing that they too would fade away into the world of shadows, rousing herself to realize that it all was true. At last she slept and dreamed that Mr. Howley in plum-coloured breeches and a coat of cloth of gold, mounted on Blackbird, brought Kitten to the door and they rode away along the sands of the sea into the enchanted forest to the crystal grotto and return.

THE CROW AND THE TREE

BY N. DE BERTRAND LUGRIN

ON the northern part of Vancouver Island, British Columbia, there is a marvellously lovely river, famous for its fishing, its great waterfall, and the big game, which, up among the mountain fastnesses come to its banks to drink. It has its rise in the several lakes which lie in the heart of the snow-peaks, and are fed themselves by glaciers, and it winds its musical way between wooded banks, narrowing here and there to rush turbulently from the rocky canyons that would embrace it, then broadening to the gracious smiling dimensions of a wide lake, where the current shows itself only in a slight fretful fluttering of the reeds near the shore. It is a river of as many moods as a charming woman, and like her, it is beautiful in all of them. At a bend above which it lies in almost motionless serenity, framed in tall cattails, willows, wild currant and dogwood trees, with the eternal firs a blue-green background, is the spot called "Danger Point". Here the banks rise sharply, the river suddenly increases its stride, setting a pace that does not slacken, but seems to gather a fresh impetus with every few yards, until, a quarter of a mile further along when one can hear plainly the distant roar of the Falls, it breaks into the First Rapids, and, gathering strength, sweeps in majestic abandon around the next curve where its path is dotted with giant boulders tossed down from the mountains that tower above it, and its bed is the rocky feet of the mountains themselves. After that not even the most expert of the Indian guides would dare venture to pull across stream, for the thunder of the Falls, where they drop into a rocky chasm hundreds of feet deep, and the hiss of their boiling waters is too perilously close, and the urge of the current is too strong for the most powerful arms to grapple with it.

Twenty-five years ago, below Danger Point and just above the First Rapids, on a small level stretch of ground, there stood a prospector's cabin, sturdily built from the symmetrical trunks of small firs, roofed with cedar shakes, and chinked with moss. There was a small clearing around it next the river, otherwise the forest trees closed it in. One ugly fir, tall and gaunt, devoid of branches on one side, but bearing upon the river side a cluster of dark boughs, stood at the end of the stream, and every spring when the freshets came, had its roots on that side washed clean from earth and mould. In the close-growing branches at the very top of the tree a crow had made its home, and Joe Dingle, the miner who lived in the cabin, and Peter the crow were intimate friends. The friendship started with Peter's broken wing, and Joe's tender and efficient ministrations. Since that time the man and the bird were almost constant companions. The coaxings of other crows, and later their taunts and jeers had had no effect upon Peter. He had practically forsaken his kind for love of the human, in-

spired by a deep instinct of gratitude. He encouraged Joe by his cheerful "cawing" all through the day, helped by his bright companionship in the felling of the small trees and the building of the house. He accompanied Joe on all of his expeditions into the mountains, and assisted in the explorations of "leads" and the testing of veins. He watched with curious eyes the endless and futile washing of the gravel and sand in the creeks, and, silent as a shadow stood by at the rise of the trout in the river to Joe's patient line with the feather at the end, knowing full well that his would be the major portion of that edible catch. When the larder needed replenishing, and Joe took his old shot-gun to round up a pheasant, a grouse or a brace of quail, Peter was there close at hand, though always well behind and out of range of the gun, to greet the reward of his master's skill with many a loud "caw" of satisfaction.

When Joe took the trail to civilization, however, twice or thrice a year for provisions or to get his samples assayed, Joe never went farther than the two miles along the path to the beginning of the cedar forest. There he would call out many "good-byes" to Joe, and was invariably at the same spot to meet his friend upon his return. At night he slept in the fir-tree, and from the fir he called out when the clouds gathered, warnings of a coming storm, or shrilled that a fallen tree was sweeping down with the freshet, or that big game was stalking close to the camp. Once Joe intended to cut down the fir tree. He had gone so far as to take his axe and put the first niche high up on the river side. But Peter had strenuously objected. He had flown from the tree down to Joe's shoulder three or four times, telling him as plainly as spoken words that the tree was his home and he did not want it disturbed. So Joe laughed and said, "Maybe I shall want a bridge across to the other side one day; the tree will be a beginning.

Joe taught Peter several words, but they often carried on long conversations with the crow's contributions of only eloquent "caws", which conveyed worlds of meaning at all events to Joe. Evenings through the summer weather Joe sat on the river bank smoking, with Pete perched beside him, and they watched the hurrying, singing water and Joe dreamed wordless dreams, dreams that were mostly visions, featuring largely goldpans that showed glowing "colour", or mountains of rock in which one could trace the quartz with its gleaming threads and lumps of gold. Now and then Peter would fly up to his lookout in the tree, or flutter down the river a short distance but would always return to snuggle up against his friend, silent if Joe was silent, or full of noisy chatter if Joe's mood were a loquacious one. Belonging to Joe's dreams there was a woman of course, and a bit of a house and a garden, and some day maybe, if the visions materialized there would be children, two boys, Joe would have liked, and a fairy girl. Pete knew all about them.

But one day Joe fell ill. For two days he kept his bed, and then he made up his mind he would go to town, and get a doctor to find out what was the matter.

Pete said a hundred "byes" at the cedar forest, and for a long while Joe, stamping stolidly along the trail, his lips set, trying to conserve his strength, but sadly weak and his body racked with pain, could hear Peter calling "Bye Joe, bye Joe."

But this time the trail led Joe to the end of the world.

For many and many a day Pete came to the beginning of the trail through the cedars and screamed, first expectantly, then imploringly, and at last despairingly, "Joe, Joe, Joe", but only the echoes answered him.

For twenty-five years Pete waited for Joe. Now and then in the spring as time went on, it was hard for him to resist the importunings and plead-

ings of his friendly kind. But his sense of devotion was stronger than all else. His place to guard the cabin against any intruders, his place to wait until the end of life itself maybe, for the return of his old comrade; for although in all that quarter of a century, perhaps a score of men passed up and down the river, they were quite different from Joe. They never even stopped to look around the cabin. Prospectors like him, they were unlike him in that the call of their own wooed them back, as quick as might be to civilization, and though Pete often used to hope that the pretty little place by the river would invite them to sojourn there, they invariably passed it by with merely a curious glance, for the crow did not try to persuade them. He resented their lack of interest, the cool aloof amusement of their eyes. He thought the cabin and the little clearing the most beautiful place in the entire world.

It worried him at first to notice the grass and moss creeping over the walk, for Joe had always kept the plot very neat; and when at last, a persevering wind managed to loosen the cabin door, and, delirious with its success had buffetted and banged it until it had flung it open, whereupon it used it as a noisy plaything, Pete felt that his responsibility had increased ten-fold. He would never fly any distance away without looking in every direction from the top of his fir-tree.

Once in the early days of May a mother bear and her two young, ambled out of the cedar forest, following the trail of the blackberry vines which grew thick over the stumps behind the cabin. Having glutted themselves upon the fruit, the mother bear approached the cabin, reassured by the absolute stillness of the place. Pete had been watching from the tree with angry eyes. He did not so much mind the pheasant, the grouse, and the quail eating the berries, they did no harm, and he rather enjoyed their companionship, though he would have scorned to admit it. He liked the gentle deer too that stepped so daintily, and were so timid and shy of the slightest sound; even when a cougar, silkily golden in his spring coat would venture into the clearing after a gay young rabbit, Peter would watch him devour his fat prize near the little shed, or at the edge of the timber without any disfavour at all; for the cougar, when he had finished his repast, would merely flash its amber eyes in a quick survey, and sidle away upon his own business. But bears are different, and in Pete's long life he had come to know the character of the wild folk wonderfully well. The bear would go into the cabin if she was quite sure it was empty, and nose around there and make everything disreputable. She shuffled along the wall of the house, sniffing constantly, while her small, fat children, their tummies full of berries, rolled over one another on the grass, in a high state of enjoyment. Pete was quite desperate. How should he prevent the bear from carrying on her work of spoilation in the house. Then his memory worked back; words that Joe had taught him returned to his tongue for the first time since he had given up calling at the end of the path through the cedars. He flew from the tree, and clutched the edge of the roof just over the doorway, and at the top of his voice he screamed

"Get out, get out, get out," and watched developments.

What he saw was amply satisfactory. The bear with a grunt of surprise and fear, turned her great body in the act of entering the door, and gave her head a vicious bang. Then with a loud "woof, woof, woof", she made her way from the cabin, dashed with clumsy speed across the clearing, and, followed by her thoroughly alarmed babies whimperingly calling her to wait, was soon lost to sight among the bracken. She never returned.

Entirely delighted with the success of his experiment, Pete determined to make further use of his vocabulary whenever required. There were some things of which he was afraid, some things from which he felt obliged to hide, but safely ensconced within the clustering boughs of his fir-tree, he would shriek out his store of words at even his most dread enemy and there was never an instance where such a manœuvre failed to bring about desired results.

Pete had a few friends among the sandhill cranes and the loons. They stopped now and then in their flights down from the lakes, to fish among the reeds and incidentally to tell him things of interest to bird folk. Once or twice in all the length of those twenty-five years, a great eagle had swept from the sky and dared to perch on the cabin roof or on the peak of his own fir-tree. One midsummer day he had witnessed a fight between two of these monstrous birds, high in the air, above the river; and some of their long gray quills had floated down to drop in the water and swirl along with the current. Pete knew too, where the swans nested, and delighted to watch the young birds in their first flight. The wild geese flying south, sometimes called to him. But the hawks and the owls he did not care for, the first he quite frankly detested and the latter he found too utterly stupid.

One day Pete heard the unmistakable crash of a great tree falling. The noise came from miles away in the direction of the cedar forest, and following it a few hours later the sullen roar of a blast. Pete flew to the top of his tree, and then circled high up into the blue. He could see spirals of smoke ascending from the region of the sounds. The noise continued all that day, and the next and the next. There was a cessation on Sunday, and then it began once more, and always a veil of smoke hung over the cedar forest, and the pungent odour of burning vegetation reached Pete when the wind blew out of the south. Day by day, week by week, the noises came gradually nearer. It puzzled Pete. He could understand forest fire well enough. But he knew that this was something more than that. By and bye animals that had frequented the cedar forest since time immemorial began to leave it, Pete could see some of them—a herd of black-tailed deer, a terrified wild-cat, scores of rabbits, a lynx, and a family of wolverines. Birds that had sought sanctuary among the century-old trees fled before the sound of the clearing. Quails and grouse in clouds, beautiful cock pheasants voicing their distress, owls rudely awakened and blundering along with the sun in their eyes. What could it mean? Something at last told Pete, either his wild friends or his own surmises. A road was being cut through the cedars, the forest was being invaded by man.

One day, toward evening while Pete perched in his tree, he saw a man break through the head-high undergrowth and emerge into the clearing around the cabin. The man was smoking just such a pipe as Joe had used to smoke, and he thrust his cap back on his head, stuck his hands in his pockets and stood stock still gazing about him. He was a slim, tanned-face fellow with a young smile, and eager eyes. It was so evident that he liked the look of the place, that Pete's heart warmed to him at once, and because he only knew mankind by one name, he ventured a timid "'loa Joe" from his hiding place in the tree.

The young man startled, appeared not to believe his senses and listened intently.

"'Loa Joe," called Pete again, louder this time and vastly pleased that he had made so marked an impression.

Now Joe happened to be the newcomer's name, Joe Peters, and he was superintending the gang of men who were opening the road through the cedar forest. He had had all sorts of experiences, serving in France for

nearly five years, and might have been expected to have become accustomed to most things startling. But to hear your name called from a tree-top in the very depths of the virgin forest, when you absolutely know that all the fellows are ten miles the other side of you—gone to the village to stay over Sunday—is a bit uncanny. So when the unmistakable "'Loa Joe" came again, he realized that it was the fatal third time, and his hair slowly began to rise on end. But he would be game. He called back to the mysterious depths of the speaking fir-tree, gripping his pipe with teeth that wanted to chatter, and speaking through them, "All right, I guess you've got my number all right", and his voice was not exactly steady.

The fact that a man was speaking directly to him for the first time in twenty-five years, moved Pete strangely. He flew out from the tree and down to the ground, whirling round the newcomer, and cawing in an excess of gratitude at being recognized. When he saw the pipe drop from Joe's mouth, and realized that the stranger was entirely confounded, he flew closer to him, "Joe, Joe, Joe", he repeated, jocularly trying to reassure him. His vocabulary was very limited, but he screamed out all the words he knew in quick succession, endeavouring to convey his friendliness.

"'Loa Joe! Get out! Bye Joe! Loa Joe! Get Out! Bye Joe!"

At length the young man began to laugh shakily. He had been much startled, yet he was in no sense timid as a rule. It was the mystery of the thing that had baffled him, and his laugh was about ninety per cent. relief. Of course, he had heard of talking crows before. There was the one that the 30th battalion had taken overseas, and had gone into the trenches with the men (a fact). This one must have been lost, and lost for a long time. Certainly no one had lived in that vicinity for many years. He picked up his pipe, and presently spoke to the crow, who was now hopping about him on the ground, and eyeing him with great interest.

"Well, old chap, you thought you knew me, didnt you?"

"Caw, caw, caw," agreed Pete, in high good humour.

"What's your name?" inquired Joe. "Got a name, eh?"

"Pete," replied the crow distinctly.

"By Joe," smiled Joe "You are a smart bird." He found some sweet chocolate in his pocket and offered it to Pete, who accepted with alacrity, and, having taken it to the top of the tree to eat, returned in a few moments, to go to the doorway of the cabin, and invite Joe with all the eloquence of bird talk and gesture, to enter. This Joe did.

Who shall say what thoughts went through Joe's mind, as he looked about him and saw the possibilities of the interior of the cabin, with its picturesque fire-place of carefully chosen white pebbles. Joe was imaginative, his mentality pictured the place restored to its original substantiality, and beautified by a score of innovations, rustic furniture, matting on the floor, an extra room, more windows, wide and low with flower boxes, Molly's sewing machine and her rocking chair, and a little cradle.

Pete watched Joe's face as he came out of the cabin. A last ray from the sinking sun touched it, and showed the vision in the young blue eyes. All of a sudden and for the first time in his life, Pete had a queer sensation of being very old, and it saddened him. This friendly human, with the eager eyes and happy laugh would go away and leave him. He would be all alone again. But—

"Pete" said Joe, "I'm coming back again. Will you wait for me?"

And oh, how well Pete understood!

Joe did come back, every evening he came back, and sometimes he brought one or two men with him, and they worked until it was too dark to see to drive the nails. In two months when the fireweed was showing purple among the stumps, and the golden rod

thrust its head up among the bronzing bracken, and the forest baby folk had nearly all grown old enough and bold enough to fend for themselves; and a little mist lay over the river at night; the furniture was brought to the cabin, all sorts of things quite wonderful to Pete, who commented shirrly upon every article that was unpacked. Among all of these marvels was a slender rowboat, painted yellow and red, with red cushions in the stern. The boat was carried along the new trail, up above Danger Point, and there lodged in the water, made fast to a stake on the river bank by a rope, and the waves lapped against it, and it rocked idly on the breast of the river, all in readiness.

Then one wonderful day she came. The road through the cedars had been finished a week, but the motor that brought her was the first vehicle, except the wagons belonging to the teamsters, that had come through. Pete thought the motor the most marvelous thing, and her the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. She was as slim and golden-headed as a daffodil, and she held a little moving bundle close against her breast. Pete was shown the bundle, and his rapture at the sight of the baby was inexpressible. Again that feeling of being very ancient came over him, only this time it was unaccompanied by sadness, he merely experienced an intensely gratifying sense of increased responsibility.

"I had started to saw down fir," said Joe, pointing it out to Molly, for it seemed the one unlovely thing in the landscape, "but it's Pete's home, and somehow—"

"Of course it won't come down," Molly's eyes shone as she looked around on the thousand and one beauties of river and hill and garden and house, for the cabin had been glorified by trailing vines of nasturtium, and tall sweet-peas, while the window boxes overflowed with colour. "Perhaps one time he had a nest there, and a mate."

Pete heard her, and understood. He loved her. He loved Joe, and he loved the baby. The latter became his special charge. It slept outside in a wicker basket, and woe to the noisy meadowlark that ventured too near. The slender little snakes, those which had been brave enough to remain until now, to bask in the sun that filled the clearing as golden honey fills a cup, were all frightened away by master Peter, who swooped down upon them with his feathers ruffled, his eyes blazing, his beak snapping, a very black demon of rage. He was even unnecessarily harsh to the harmless squirrels that ventured too near in bright-eyed curiosity, and he sharply reprimanded the cock pheasants that flew, calling their mates across the clearing in the cool of the evenings.

Every day when Joe was away, Molly and Joe Junior and Pete walked up the trail to the "whispering lake", as Molly had named the quiet sheet of water above "Danger Point", and they floated about for hours. Peter perched in the stern beside the baby, or now and then taking a short flight up or down stream calling out all kinds of gossip to Molly, regarding the happenings in fish, bird and beast families which had come under his notice.

There came a week of rain, and only those who had lived in the mountains knew how torrential the storms are there in the fall. At the end of the week the river was higher by a good six inches, and the reservoir which Joe had built at the side of the cabin full to overflowing. Then the sun came out again, and the world shone and sparkled, and it was warm as spring.

On Saturdays Joe worked at clearing land around his own plot, for his future plans encompassed cows, and a horse, and pigs and chickens, fields of corn and acres of pasture land. To-day he walked up the trail to the "whispering lake" with Molly, carrying Joe jr. and placed them both carefully in the boat.

"You'll look out for bits of debris, won't you?" he cautioned his wife. "You can't tell what has been happening above there," nodding in the direction of the mountains up-stream. She laughed at him. She came from Montreal and was as much at home on water as on land. But Pete, understanding Joe's warning, scolded her roundly. In fact he had done all he could to dissuade her from going on the water at all to-day. His instinct told him that there was danger.

However Joe left them without a misgiving. The day was as lovely and calm as midsummer, and he joined in Molly's laugh at his fears.

An idle hour pased slowly by, the baby slept peacefully, and Molly, having shipped her oars, had been knitting industriously on a small white shirt for Joe Junior's second clothes. Suddenly Pete who had been restlessly hovering about the boat, took a flight up the river, a long flight. Two miles above the water was dashing over a beaver dam, and an old raft, left by some prospector had been tossed down along with other riff raff, to make its way, by circuitous windings, to ultimate death and destruction in the Falls. The raft was a drunken-looking affair, all loose ends and great splinters. Pete did not like it. Of course it might never cross Molly's path at all, and in the quiet of the whispering lake, it would scarcely be a menace, but Pete did not like it. He determined to return and tell Molly about it.

Molly was half asleep, and the baby entirely so, when both were startled by Pete whirling around them and screaming at the top of his voice. Joe jr., angry at being disturbed, began to cry indignantly.

"Naughty Pete," said Molly, leaning over to turn Joe on his other side, so that he might go off to sleep again, and never once turning her blue eyes up-stream, in spite of Pete's eloquence.

So there was nothing to do except to make a greater noise, which Pete did. He flew quite madly about the two in the boat, then dashed upstream to return screaming louder than before. The baby was now crying lustily, and Molly was incensed with Pete, scolding him in one breath and trying to soothe Joe jr. with the next. But Pete refused to be silenced, Again and again he flew so closely to her that his wings beat against her, and so thoroughly alarmed the baby that his sobs became convulsive, and his small face grew almost purple. Even Molly was disturbed by Pete's behaviour and she wondered fearfully if crows went mad.

But Pete had an added reason for his vehemence now. Molly did not notice that the boat had drifted much nearer the narrows than she had ever been before, and that the current was gradually but surely sucking her into its sweep. Her whole mind was on hushing Joe jr., and she slapped at Pete again and again, almost crying herself, over the sobbing, struggling baby.

The shaky raft came slowly, steadily into the peaceful serenity of the Whispering Lake, and within the embrace of the current bore down upon the row-boat, not in any way swiftly, by with a definiteness that made Joe frantic with rage at his own ineffectualness.

Then Molly realized that the boat was moving, and that the over-hanging banks of "Danger Point" were quite too near for safety. She had been on her knees beside the baby, but she seated herself hurriedly and drew the oars out of the locks. One of the latter was loose, it slipped, became tangled in its string. Feverishly Molly cut the cord with her scissors, fitted the row-lock in its place, and lifted the oar. At that moment she became aware of the broken raft bearing slowly down upon them, Pete, perched on one of its logs, that stood up grotesquely, screaming horasely, despairingly. Her mind torn between her anxiety for the baby who, she was afraid would cry

himself into convulsions, and the two perils which faced her, Molly must have acted in unwise haste, for by some direful mischance the oar with which she had been having so much trouble, caught in a tuft of river-grass and slipped from her trembling hands, immediately to float beyond her frenzied reach, and leave her with only the left oar in place.

She tried to turn the boat into the bank but the current was strengthening. It pulled her steadily, irresistably. The small craft, responding to her quick strokes, and the urge of the water, turned completely round, drifting always towards the Point. And the raft came steadily on faster now, yet still not near enough to be a menace if she could get the boat inshore. But one oar was ineffectual to battle against the swift current. It pulled her like giant hands.

Now she was between the banks where the river narrowed, and the water lifted its head a little and seemed to Molly to chuckle in a dreadful singsong sort of way.

With all her strength she screamed, but she knew that Joe could not, by any chance, hear her. With all her faith she prayed aloud, not knowing what she was saying; and then she noticed that the raft was gaining upon her, and saw Pete, with one last scream, disappear over the bank toward home.

An overhanging bush to the right. Could she make it? Could she? The water curled about it. It might hold them for a little while, until, until what? Perhaps—perhaps Pete had gone to tell Joe. She strained her ears. Yes, she could hear him. His hoarse voice calling "Joe, Joe, Joe."

A few desperate strokes. They were under the bush. It nearly swept Joe jr. from the pillows, but Molly, letting her oar go, caught it, and clung to it. She knew she could not hold it for long, already the tugging water was almost dragging her arms from their sockets. It were merely a respite for a few, brief moments, and the river sang in hilarious glee all along the bank which was sheer up for six feet, save for the bush which had had nearly all its foothold washed from under it. If it had not been for Joe jr. Molly would have risked lifting herself by it, and clawing her way up the soft bank. Even now, even now. If she could get the rope from the bow and make fast!

And then her heart gave a lurch to her parched throat, a scarlet mist crossed her eyes for an instant. The raft was close upon them. In a few minutes it must crash into them. And the water was very deep here, and dirty from the mud that had been washed down. Joe jr. and she and the little boat and the broken raft would all be mixed up in horrid confusion for a few frightful seconds, and then, oh, she must get the baby. She must hold him against her when it happened. He was crying little, soft, wornout cries, and his tiny hands that had beaten the air in angry remonstrance a short time ago, were lying inert on the blue blanket.

Molly gave a despairing glance ahead, far to the right was the cabin, draped in the gold and red of its nasturtium vines, and just beyond it, the first rapids lifted their white heads. She could catch the glimmer of the sun upon them. They seemed to be leaping to see what was in store for them. She must hold on till the last moment. The raft was not moving swiftly yet. She could spare a minute, maybe two, and perhaps Joe——

Now she could hear Pete calling again. She saw his black wings against the sky. And there was Joe. He was at the river bank. At the tree. What was he doing—something that meant a chance of salvation, she knew that. Renewed strength came to her, and courage.

The raft was only a few yards behind her now, and she dared not stay longer. She let go the bush, and her hands which she did not notice were torn and bleeding, gripped the oar.

She jerked it from its lock and crawled to the stern, trying not to crowd the baby. The boat swayed sickeningly, and shipped a little water before it righted itself. She would paddle as she had paddled the birch canoe in her old home in Montreal. But she must turn into the bank, and to get the current broadside might swamp the boat. She looked behind to see the raft following her like a Nemes. She tried to guide the boat around, and the water laid it on its side so that the baby slipped toward the edge. Frantically she righted it again. She knew she could not make the shore, and unless Joe——

Far—far away, but unmistakably there came to her the roar of the Falls.

Meantime, Pete had flown to the clearing where Joe was working and had demonstrated unmistakably to his friend that something was very wrong. Joe needed no convincing. He lost no time. Prompted by instinct he kept his axe in his hand, and following the bird, flew like the wind to the path when he would have turned upstream, had not Pete called him from his tree.

"Joe, Joe, Joe!" the bird called lustily.

So Joe ran to the bank, he leaned over and looked up the river, and what he saw turned him sick with fear. The boat was there in the current between the banks at Danger Point, and he knew that in some miraculous way it was being held there, but that it must move down stream sooner or later. The woods at the banks were dense, there was no trail through them. He could not reach them in several hours.

Pete called madly from the tree. He was telling Joe with all the eloquence of which he was possessed that the time for sacrifice had come. His tree must go, it was Molly's and Joe junior's only salvation.

Joe's mind grasped the possibility at once. He acted upon it.

He would fell the tree.

When the boat drifted down he would crawl out on the trunk, and—

Could he? The question never presented itself.

If the trunk had not been sawn half way through, he could never have accomplished it, as it was it would not be safe to say in how short a time Joe felled the fir, for it is hard to believe what a man desperate with fear can accomplish.

The tree fell with a great crash into the hurrying water, and reached out into the stream a good fifty feet, and Pete flew above it, uttering wild cries of what Joe knew to be purest joy. The current swept against the branches at the top and swung the trunk round at an angle, but the trunk itself was clear of the water, and one end of it was firmly imbedded in the bank four feet above high water.

Then Joe saw the little boat coming down toward him, and behind it, like some grotesque monster, the half destroyed raft.

Molly in the stern was paddling madly.

Then she had lost an oar!

He crept out on the tree. As she was headed now she must pass beyond him. He screamed instructions to her.

"Head her in. Pull toward the shore, the current will keep you straight, and the raft can't touch you. Cheero!"

He could see that his wife was straining with her last strength to do the only thing left to do, that she had grasped the single desperate chance.

On his stomach he crawled along as far as the nest of branches, among which the water was churning. She must not touch there.

He locked his legs under the tree trunk. He bent down until his hands touched the racing water. Molly had managed to turn the boat ever so little out of the main stream, now an inch, now another, now a handbreath. It was coming straight for his waiting

arms, and the raft had been left to follow a course that certainly would have been Molly's a few moments before.

"Cheero, little woman, cheero!" gulped Joe, "You're doing fine."

Now he could hear the baby's faint sobbing, and his wife's sharp, gasping breath.

Now—the boat is there. Molly digs the paddle in for the last stroke. The craft swings round with the pull of the water. Joe's hands grasp the gunwales on either side of the stern. He is almost dragged from the log, but he grips more tight, his legs like bands of steel.

You can make it, little comrade," he whispers to Molly, "You can make it."

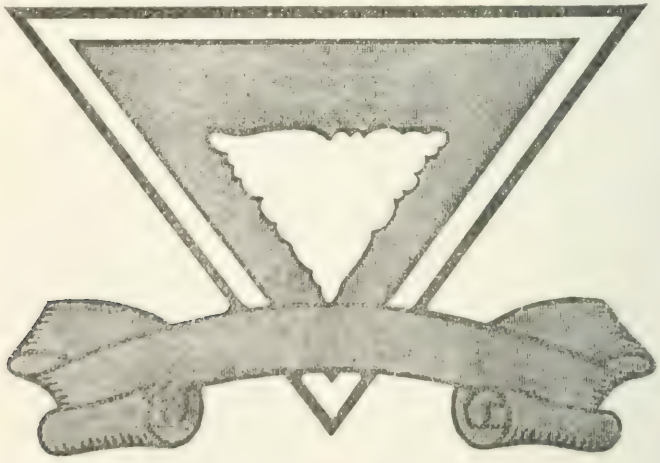
Molly is past speech. She lifts the baby from his blanket, gripping his clothing with her teeth, and her left arm, then she pulls herself and him up to the log, behind Joe. Her arms are lacerated by the rough bark, her stockings torn, her long hair loosed. The weight on the tree makes it sink deeper into the water, that washes up and over the trunk at the end nearest the branches.

"Give me the baby," whispers Joe hoarsely, "and take hold of me from behind, dear. We'll make it, don't be afraid."

The boat had been sucked under the trunk, it goes floating helplessly down stream, where the rapids give it a boisterous welcome.

And then those two work their way along the swaying bridge over the singing, leaping water, in deadly fear lest they overbalance the log, which has swung down at a greater angle. But the old tree holds. They reach the bank in safety.

Wise old Pete, for every minute of that perilous journey had kept his garrulous tongue absolutely quiet, while he perched on a stone near the bank and watched the proceedings intently. But when they were on the shore, and staggering up toward the house, he flew round them in a perfect gale of hilarity. He and his tree had saved the life of the little family he loved. No wonder he was a happy bird.



FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

I

It is unfortunate that the ghost of conscription should have been paraded by the opponents of the Government in the bye-election in Yamaska . *The Montreal Daily Star*, in an article of exceptional vigour and sanity, recalls a striking sentence spoken by Mr. Chapleau when the agitation over Riel's execution convulsed Quebec. He said: "Let us close the graves and open the factories." There could be no sounder gospel for Canada in face of the industrial depression under which the country now suffers. Upon fiscal policy the right of free and open judgment must be conceded, and it is not suggested that the people of Yamaska were under any compulsion to accept the programme of the Government. It is only intended to suggest that to renew the quarrel over conscription can produce only mischief and confusion. If conscription is made the issue in the French Province there will be danger of retaliation in the English Provinces, and the attention of the people will be distracted from conditions and problems which demand sober and dispassionate consideration.

One feels that the general temper of the country is set against any renewal of racial and sectarian conflict. In Canada Protestants and Roman Catholics must live together. So, too, must French and English. If we divide we destroy. It is very desirable, therefore, that we should not put our ears too closely to the ground and that we should give the soft answer that turneth away wrath. There is a great desire in the English Provinces for neighbourly relations with Quebec. There are happy evidences that this feeling is reciprocated by the French people. Utterances that would have exasperated a few years ago are now heard with toleration and indulgence. All the candidates in Yamaska seem to have been somewhat hysterical. If Liberal speakers talked wildly the Government candidate, if he was a Government candidate, was not a pattern of discretion. But because Yamaska had a few days of delirium the rest of the country need not get excited. If there is no answer in kind to extreme utterances in Quebec there will be less provocation for such utterances in future. If there is answer in kind we shall have an evil and ugly time in the next general election.

It is natural that Quebec should reverence the memory of Laurier. If we except Sir John Macdonald no figure of equal attraction and distinction has appeared in the public life of Canada since Confederation. The Conservative party still capitalizes Sir John Macdonald. So for many years to come the Liberal party will exploit the qualities and the achievements of the leader who held the confidence of the country through four successive general elections. Even his opponents will forget ancient

divisions and differences and remember only his services to Canada, the high dignity of his bearing and the gracious attractions of his personality. Like Sir John Macdonald he has become a national possession, but he still is an asset of the Liberal party and it is not unreasonable that Liberals should still put him in the forefront of the battle.

II

A member of the Legislature for Toronto who does not tent with the prohibitionists, looking towards Rosedale, declares that he is willing to suffer in order that justice and equity may prevail. "These people have invested money in stocks of liquor and voted dry. They do not care whether the country goes dry because they have theirs. But the poor man cannot get any at all. I want to make the thing equal all round. They can have mine along with all the rest." He suggests, therefore, that the Legislature should sanction the seizure of liquor in cellars and compensate the holders.

But is there any equity in the proposal? One thinks that if there is to be any invasion of cellars only those should suffer who voted for prohibition. An affidavit that the owner of the cellar voted against the "bone dry" regulation should be recognized as a protection against seizure. Where such an affidavit could not be produced it would not be unreasonable to assume that the householder would desire to be rescued from temptation. Possibly, however, the grieving legislator exaggerates the number of people who put something in the cellar and then went out straightway and cast a ballot for prohibition. Besides some people "sober off" more quickly than their neighbours. With time and patience, and not a great deal of either, the cellars will be exhausted and there will be nothing to confiscate but casks and bottles from which the spirit hath departed.

An official visitation of cellars is a proposal so startling in a free country that one wonders what conception of liberty possesses the mind that could suggest it. Apparently there are those who consider such a proposal seriously, but there is still a sense of humour in the Canadian people and perhaps even "a hatred of oppression". Sane prohibitionists will be content with the victory they have achieved, and if prohibition finally justifies itself there will be general acceptance of the dry regime and bootlegging will become as disreputable as piracy. But it is possible by unwise and extreme measures to produce reaction and turn victory into defeat. The people have pronounced judgment, and one doubts if the opponents of prohibition will help themselves by legal manoeuvring. What a majority has decreed must hold unless the majority dwindles into a minority and the people themselves reverse the judgment.

III.

Mr. Lytton Strachey's Life of Queen Victoria is a book of absorbing interest. Anyone who has read his Eminent Victorians will be surprised that the Queen stands out in his final pages as a figure of distinction and dignity. Reading Eminent Victorians one feels that he would rather kill with a paradox than neglect any opportunity to be clever. If he knows the Sermon on the Mount he cannot have been impressed by the divine sentence, "Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy". In that book he was not merciful nor hardly human. In the new book he is more gracious and less cruel. One seems to get the irrefutable evidence that

Queen Victoria saved the Monarchy. How the Throne survived the Georges is almost beyond the understanding of this generation. Few of the Kings and Princes of that time had either morality or decency. Licentious and surrounded by licentiousness, greedy and unlovely, they make a story that would be suppressed if it was circulated as fiction. It is perhaps a pity that the story should be told at all, but history is relentless and the human appetite for knowledge of the things that men do, which they ought not to do, is never satisfied.

In some degree the tradition was carried on by Lord Melbourne who, as the book reveals and indeed as has been long understood, exercised over the Sovereign a remarkable ascendancy. It is interesting to speculate on what would have been her attitude towards Melbourne if he had become Prime Minister towards the end of the reign instead of at the beginning. The permanent, or at least the chief, influences in the Queen's life were the Prince Consort and Stockmar. We discover in the meticulous and laborious Albert a statesman, devoid of passion or emotion, weary sometimes of even the Queen's eager affection, and patiently devoted to a people by whom he never was understood. From the first Victoria had a self-confidence which bordered upon arrogance. To a degree she was schooled in constitutionalism by the Prince Consort but even he sought to keep a reserve of power in the Crown which was not compatible with the absolutism of Parliament. Indeed it has been suggested that if he had lived he would substantially have restored the authority of the Sovereign over the Lords and Commons. But one must forget Gladstone to believe that Personal Government could ever have been reestablished in Great Britain. To the last the Queen exalted her prerogative, and if she did not control policy at least imposed great drudgery upon her ministers.

In foreign policy Victoria was sometimes vacillating and unwise and too often governed by personal considerations. Possibly she contributed to the creation of the German Empire through the influence of Stockmar and her reverence for the connections and the memory of Albert. It is strange that she could have come under the spell of Louis Napoleon but to fawning and flattery she always succumbed. Nothing is more amazing than her appetite for the flagrant and pompous adulation which she accepted from Disraeli as the true measure of his devotion and her deserts. Mr. Strachey describes Disraeli as an old comedian and a comedian he was in all his relations with Victoria. The more we learn of Disraeli's last years the more we are amazed that he could have acquired such ascendancy over the hard, cold, practical British people and the more clearly we see that the theatrical quality which he displayed as a young man was the actual revelation of himself and that nothing of this quality was lost, if something was concealed, as he grew older. But are we not deceived in the British people. Are they not really sentimentalists who take refuge in reserve or flippancy. Towards the Queen Disraeli was a posturing and preposterous courtier. One wonders that he dared and wonders even more that she never understood. We think least of the Queen when Disraeli worships with the audacity of a Jazz god and least of Disraeli when he seems to make sport of an old and venerable woman. Still in each there was greatness and even in high places the creature is made subject to vanity.

It is impossible to think that the Queen was wise in her long and laborious mourning. She gave to private grief something of what she owed to England. Her grief had even fantastic manifestations and in phases of her character there was a strange futility. As we get nearer

the end we feel that length of years became her great possession. Age gave her dignity and power and the respect which she had long commanded deepened into a jealous and solicitous affection. She loved again to go among her people. They saw in her the glory of an era and the splendor of an Empire. They bared their heads and reverenced and she was comforted and strengthened by their love and respect. The Queen of Mr. Strachey's book is not altogether great nor altogether lovely but we are not disillusioned and we close the volume with the conviction that when all is said "She wrought her people lasting good".

IV

It is difficult to determine whether the Legislature of Ontario or the Dominion Senate committed the chief single act of folly during the parliamentary season. The Legislature appropriated $1,000,000 to build a plant for the manufacture of cement. Ontario has as much need for another cement plant as a cow has for a kodak. But the amount was voted at a time when the Government finds it very difficult to raise the money necessary to meet obligations which cannot be evaded. It is understood that during all this year the Government will have to raise between $2,500,000 and $3,000,000 monthly for good roads, hydro construction and other projects to which the Province is committed. At the end of the year we will be far on the way to a Provincial debt of $200,000,000, while the obligations of Quebec show no substantial increase.

It is true that Hydro and the Provincial Railway are revenue-earning services but the experiences of the last few years leave us less confident than we were that Government guarantees constitute no actual liability. Besides if taxation in Ontario becomes substantially greater than in Quebec the position of many industries may be unfavorably affected and the movement of factories may be towards the neighboring Province. Even the advantage of cheap power may be offset by heavier taxation. The chief responsibility for the situation which is developing does not lie upon the Drury Government. Many of the obligations for which it must provide were inherited while there is a constant demand for new services with an ever enlarging officialdom and ever-increasing expenditures. It cannot be said, however, that the Drury Government shows any genius for economy while the charges of extravagance by Farmer candidates in the last Provincial election against other Governments read strangely and humourously in the light of its own performances. It is disquieting to reflect that the Government hesitates to provide adequate support for the universities and yet can sanction a grant of a million for a State cement plant. Fortunately we may hope that the cost of State cement will not be more than twenty-five or fifty per cent higher than the price at which it could be got from the existing factories.

There is always the danger that State enterprises will lean upon the public taxes and that the people never can know the actual cost of operation. In Toronto we are taking over the Street Railway with the overwhelming approval of the taxpayers. We have had such unsatisfactory experiences of operation by a private company that no other proposal would be considered. But there is danger that fares will not be fixed at a price which will protect the citizens against open or concealed deficits. If they are not so fixed there is a serious prospect that the rate, which is now thirty-three mills, may run towards forty mills in the future. What Toronto supremely needs is a lower rate of taxation and what Ontario needs as sorely is a halt

to the continuous issue of new Provincial securities. The great project at Chippewa must be completed but we should think long and deeply before we put millions into radial railways while cement plants are a luxury that we can do without.

The Senate distinguished itself by rejecting the appropriation for a National Research Institute. The proposal was killed in the name of economy. It is impossible to exaggerate the need for economy but it is even more difficult to exaggerate the need for research in Canada. Nothing would contribute more directly to industrial and national progress than such an Institute as was approved by a responsible parliamentary committee and by unanimous vote of the House of Commons. All other countries recognize as never before the necessity for industrial efficiency and exact knowledge of the extent and character of natural resources. The experiences of the war have revolutionized the attitude of Great Britain towards research while the United States in provision for research is moving towards a foremost position among the nations. There is economy in saving money but even greater economy in increasing wealth and production. The Senate was shortsighted, uninformed, and reactionary. The measure which was rejected is just such a measure as should have originated in the Upper Chamber and should have received its devoted and united support. Its action amounts to a vote of want of confidence in the resources of the country and the capacity of the people to develop these resources in the common interest. There never was greater need for a constructive programme in Canada but governments, legislatures and parliaments, even after the tremendous upheaval of war, seem to be unable to rise above the old parish controversies or improve upon the old, unoriginal, familiar methods of taxing and spending.

V

Some amazing statistics are furnished by the Prohibition Commissioner for the State of Ohio. He declares, according to the Columbus correspondent of *The Cleveland Plain Dealer*, that two years ago there were only one hundred stills in the State while now "an estimate of fifty thousand active stills in the State is conservative". It is further stated that before Prohibition there were only two hundred breweries in Ohio but now "the number runs into hundreds of thousands". The police of Columbus estimate that one family out of every four brews its own beer, that many women are "making beer for themsedves, their family and friends", that apricots and raisins for the manufacture of liquor have an enormous sale in the groceries, and that "in some communities nearly one hundred per cent. of the homes are engaged in the production of either distilled or fermented liquor". *The New York Times* points out that according to these "statistics" Ohio, with a population of 5,800,000 has 290,000 breweries. As Paul Dombey said to Mrs. Pipchin, "I don't believe that story". Even when we think the best of ourselves we will probably admit that we are not so much more sober or virtuous than the people of Ohio and we know that no such conditions prevail under prohibition in this country. It is a pity we could not have got the Prohibition Commissioner for Ohio to take the Canadian census. We need more tax-payers and a return by the Ohio official would be momentarily comforting even if a recount should be demanded. There is reason to think, from the best information that can be obtained, that many of the "dry" States are still comparatively "wet" and that the problem of enforcement in many communities is singularly per-

plexing and difficult, but that multitudes of people who voted for prohibition are engaged in the manufacture of liquor is a story which may safely be rejected without calling witnesses.

VI

The first set speech delivered in London by Mr. George Harvey, the new American Ambassador, has provoked angry and general protest in the United States. It was such a speech as could have been made in his own country to his own people, but one wonders that it should have been spoken in Great Britain. Mr. Harvey has been a bold and brilliant political journalist. He has been proclaimed as the discoverer of Mr. Wilson's "availability" as Democratic candidate for the Presidency and as one of the chief instruments in securing Mr. Wilson's nomination and first election. Later Wilson alienated Harvey as he alienated many other people by whose admiration and service he had profited, and in the last Presidential contest no one fought with greater vigour for Harding's election or was more bitter and destructive in criticism of Wilson's personality and the fruits of his administration than his old panegyrist and apologist. Remarkably, too, the man who crossed over from the Democrats to the Republicans and who at best could have gleaned only a few sheaves in the Republican harvest was rewarded by appointment to the great position of Ambassador to London.

It is, however, much the fashion in the United States to give high posts in the diplomatic service to authors and journalists and it seems to be less true there than in Canada that "They who love you for your political service love you less than their dinner and they who hate you hate you worse than the devil". There were some signs of this Republican affection for Harvey when he secured one of the best places the President had at his disposal but loyalty to Mr. Harding prevented any serious protest by Republicans in Congress against the appointment. The chances are that Mr. Harvey will represent his country ably and faithfully in Great Britain and doubtless he will learn by the experience through which he is now passing that in the arena of diplomacy all the rash freedom of the journalist may not be wisely exercised.

In the speech which has evoked so much protest and which shows all the evidences of deliberate and careful preparation Mr. Harvey said:

"We deceive ourselves occasionally, of course—pray, who does not?—but generally to our own amusement, just as other folks delight in calling one another names, but do not encourage the practice on the part of outsiders. Even to this day, at rare intervals, an ebullient sophomore seeks applause and wins a smile by shouting that 'we won the war'. Far more prevalent until recently was the impression—and this was, and still is, in a measure sincere—that we went into the war to rescue humanity from all kinds of menacing perils. Not a few remain convinced that we sent our young soldiers across the sea to save this kingdom, and France, and Italy. That is not the fact.. We sent them solely to save the United States of America, and most reluctantly and laggardly at that.. We were not too proud to fight, whatever that may mean. . We were afraid not to fight. That is the real truth of the matter.. And so we came along toward the end and helped you and your Allies to shorten the war.. That is all we did, and all we claim to have done.. True, if the conflict had continued for three or four years we could and should have sent over from five to ten millions more men already provided under the great draft; but happily the need did not arise.. So we can pass on to the business now confronting us—and a very real business it is, as you know full well, and as we are beginning to realize."

These are frank and courageous sentences, but one feels that the ultimate judgment of history upon America's contribution to the final defeat of the Central Empires will be less cautious and less grudging. We who belong to

the British Empire believe that British intervention saved France and that the endurance and the resources of the British peoples were predominant factors in the long and desperate conflict. But it would be grossly unjust and infinitely ungrateful to deny that the war was shortened, many thousands of lives saved and the power of the Allies enormously strengthened by the decision of Washington to enter the conflict. Nor may we forget that the tradition and teaching of American statesmen from the foundation of the Republic were against any actual participation in the quarrels of Europe. It is true that Germany carried the quarrel to the shores of the United States but it cannot be fairly contended that that country had any such relation to the situation in Europe as had France or Great Britain or even Canada, South Africa and the Australasian Dominions of the British Commonwealth. There are sentences in Mr. Harvey's speech which suggest that his animus against Wilson is still acute and no doubt Democratic hostility to the Ambassador has sharpened the criticism to which he has been subjected.

The New York Times declares that the reemonstrances against Mr. Harvey's speech come up from all parts of the country like the sound of many waters. It says, "Preachers have deplored and condemned it from their pulpits; orators from their platforms; newspapers almost unanimously." It denounces "his cold-blooded and depreciating account of the motives of American soldiers". The speech is traced to "anti-Wilson animus" and *The Times* asserts that Mr. Harvey's blunder "has had to be corrected by the Secretary of the Navy and the President of the United States, who use in their addresses the purest Wilsonese in describing the lofty ideals with which this nation went to war". Finally it is said:

"How did he come to miss it so sadly in this instance? Apparently, because he set out to show the British that at last an American Ambassador had arrived with no nonsense about him; an implacable political realist, who looked at things as they are; an inveterate enemy of all namby-pamby sentimentalism. But he forgot how near he was to Decoration Day. He had ceased to recall the flood of unselfish emotion which swept this nation into the war four years ago.. He used words which seemed to commercialize and degrade the feelings which animated Americans on entering the war and sustained them during it—feelings of the high and almost sacred nature which President Harding has been fervently commemorating, thus furnishing the antidote to Colonel Harvey's speech. The American Ambassador should at least have remembered, so near the Napoleon centenary, who it was that said: 'Imagination rules the world'. His rude trampling upon the finest growths in the imagination of his countrymen may be explained, in one way or another, but cannot be excused. In the representative of the United States in England it was a blunder worse than a crime."

The speech which the President delivered at Washington on Memorial Day is in striking contrast with that which the Ambassador made in London. It is commonly regarded as a rebuke to Harvey, although there is no direct reference to the minister whom he sent to England.

"Wherever men are free they are wont to give thought to our country's services in freedom's cause.. Where men may but aspire to a freedom not yet achieved, their instinct turns the eye and the thought of hope this way, and they pray that their cause may gain our approbation. They know that we have never drawn the sword of oppression, that we have not sought what was not our own, nor taken all that we might have claimed.. They have seen our protecting arms stretched over the outposts of liberty on every continent. For more than a century our plighted word warned tyranny from half the world; then, when the gage was taken up by mad ambition, men felt the blow that arm could strike when freedom answered in its utmost might. Across the seas we sent our hosts of liberty's sons, commissioned to redress the eternal scales.

"There are gathered here the ashes of a great army of those who fought in the struggle which preserved our Union and insured our high place in the community of nations. Our debt to them will never be paid, but we can come for them and for

ourselves, on this national commemoration day to attest our veneration and undying love. They rendered a service greater than they knew, for they saved our nation to the cause of human freedom and paved the way to that power and influence which enabled it to play its part in behalf of all mankind in the time of supreme crisis of the world. We will not over appraise their sacrifice if we say that, had they failed, their failure would have so weakened the forces of liberty and enlightenment that these would have been doomed, in the more recent world trial, to failure and defeat. A divided America would have been incapable of the effort that was demanded to hold our present-day civilization secure. The heroic dead, for whom the day was originated, preserved the ark of the covenant of union and nationality, and in that service they made possible the exalted place so recently won for our country."

Mr. Harvey was emphatic in his declaration that the United States would not join the League of Nations. Again he spoke with the freedom of a journalist rather than with the reticence of an ambassador. He said: "The question of America's participation in the League came before the people, and the people decided against it by a majority of seven millions out of a total vote of twenty-five millions. Prior to that election there had been much discussion of the real meaning of the word 'madate'. There has been little since. A single example provided the definition. A majority of seven millions clearly conveyed a mandate that could be neither misunderstood nor disregarded." He added: "It follows then, inevitably and irresistibly, that our present Government could not, without betrayal of its creators and masters, and will not, I can assure you, have anything whatsoever to do with the League or with any commission or committee appointed by it or responsible to it, directlty or indirectly, openly or furtively."

The British press has treated the speech with reserve, but clearly there is reluctance to accept Mr. Harvey's deliverance as the final judgment of his countrymen. In France it is doubtful if the League has ever been regarded as more than an expedient concession to American and British sentimentalism. For it must be remembered that the League which Mr. Harvey disowns in the name of the United States was the favorite child of an American President who broke his health and his heart in a passionate struggle for its adoption by the American people. Strangely enough, too, the conviction that America would have the League and nothing but the League turned a great body of British opinion towards its support. But apparently Wilson spoke for a minority while Harvey speaks for a majority. The United States still holds to the traditions of the fathers. It will not take responsibilities in the Old World. It will not have Leagues or mandates. Hence whether the British Empire has one vote or five votes in the Assembly of Nations ceases to be a cause of concern at Washington. One wonders, too, if the separate representation of Canada in the Assembly is worth the heavy cost that is involved for any useful or practical result that can follow. The Empire is a partnership and only as a partner in the concern can we be influential in foreign policy. It is suggested that we may speak also for the United States but possibly we shall have to speak without any direct commission from Washington. There is an idealism which costs much and yields nothing commensurate with the outlay.

Before Mr. Harding was elected President of the United States it was commonly alleged that he was weak, complacent, commonplace, and undistinguished. But as President he is confounding the prophets. There are those who criticize his speeches and messages as feebly forcible and oratorically grandiloquent. They say that he is more prolific in words than in ideas. They say he is verbose and watery and that he professionalizes emotion. But in action he is direct and straightforward. His Cabinet seems to be united and loyal. He does not seem to be at the call of any clique or faction.. He is conciliatory but not flabby or uncertain. The people are learning, as has

happened so often in the United States, that the actual President, if not all that was painted in the campaign literature of his own party, has far greater qualifications for the high place he holds than his opponents would admit before he was elected. What is of chief interest to the British peoples is that he is sympathetic and generous in all his references to Great Britain and asserts ungrudgingly and unequivocally the supreme need and value of a good understanding betwee the Republic and the Empire.. He does not forget that American and British soldiers fought side by side in Europe nor why they fought, nor against whom they fought. He shows no disposition to cultivate elements in the United States that are hostile to Great Britain nor elements in the Old World that desire to divide the nations, which were allied in the war, for the comfort and advantage of Germany. If he continues as he has begun, whether the United States is in or out of the League of Nations, the example of Washington will be influential in restoring stable conditions in Europe and in restraining forces in his own country which would make mischief between the two great English-speaking commonwealths.

THROWN IN

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

THE DOCTOR

Mrs. Finlayson and the Stork.

The stork had been hovering over the village, and in response to prevailing rumours there was much conjecture as to where it would alight first. Old Mrs. Finlayson (rest her ashes!), who had been midwife to the community ever since babies began to come our way, expressed the fear that she would be flitting about like a devil's darning-needle, with all three cases on her hands at once. She was one of those aged persons who always have been full of years and who go on living, decade after decade, and seeming never to grow older. She had heard that a young doctor was about to settle in the village, and she observed that it would be a good time for him to start, for there was enough business in sight to keep him in practice for a whole month. After that, if he had luck, there would be an outbreak of measles, a ravage of shingles or a visitation of the itch. In any event, somebody would be sure to want a tooth extracted, a broken arm reset or a bottle of bitters to be used against failing appetite.

Appetite, happily, was a manifestation which with most of us failed not. Indeed, if we needed the doctor at all it was to alleviate the results of over-eating. We had colds, as a matter of course, and attacks of heartburn; Miss Pringle had chronic headache, Mrs. Jackson a constant pain in her side, and old Bill Pearson had rheumatism so bad he couldn't sit still in church.

The Doctor in Church.

In church, they used to say, it was that most of them first saw the doctor. Word had been passed round, stirring their curiosity, that he was to be there, otherwise none but the ever-faithful would have turned out on the coldest and stormiest night of a cold and stormy winter. And when they saw him, they used to say, they saw the tallest man in the congregation; and when he walked down the aisle he at once established himself as a man of superior bearing, superior personality, and superior attainment. He was large in pro-

portion to his height, and his wavy brown hair lay back thick from a high forehead. He had mild blue eyes, firm features and a countenance that, even if grave, denoted intellectuality, good judgment, and kindliness. It was whispered about that he was a bachelor and that he was going to board for a while with Dougald MacLaren, a farmer whom Joe Morris in harvest time used to divert from his trade by paying him for pitching sheaves the astounding wage of forty dollars a month and everything found.

He had Mild Blue Eyes.

But now the time of year was the very opposite from the harvest. It was indeed the dead of winter. A great mantle of snow lay upon the ground, and still it was snowing. All the sidewalks were blocked, and it was against great odds that the farmers had come to worship. Some had come in bodsleighs, some on horseback and some afoot. And while it was possible for them to come, it looked as if it would be impossible for them to return. For a great wind had arisen and the snow was forming into immense drifts, drifts that here and there blocked the highway and choked the main village street. Against that wind and through those drifts no span of horses could venture, no man afoot could wend his way.

But there was one man who had to make a way. That man was the miller. He told afterwards how he came down the slope from his house, leaving his wife with the pains on her and making a way through the snow, which was knee deep above the fence, upon the top of which he walked with dire uncertainty. He went down by the side of the mill, crossed over on the edge of Tufford's field, and by sheer perseverance reached the corner of the blacksmith's shop. From that point he floundered out into the middle of the street and by turning his back to the wind managed to reach the church door. Jessie Littlejohn used to tell us that when he turned the knob and walked in she thought sure it was a ghost. For the miller was whiter than the flour he ground between the upper and the nether stones. He stood for a moment panting, and then, right in the middle of the sermon and much to everyone's consternation, he walked up the aisle, laid a hand upon the doctor's shoulder and whispered in his ear. Everyone knew the portent of that whisper.

The doctor bent down for his cap before standing up to put on his buffalo coat. Then he and the miller together walked down the aisle and out into the storm. Their exit almost broke up the service, for it was impossible that anyone could

The Miller and the Doctor.

She was so Frail and so Young!

follow the sermon while thoughts of the miller's young wife rushed in, while in fancy appeared the picture of the two men struggling through the snow. And there had been also the premonition that the miller's wife would not pull through. She was so frail and so young! And nobody but the doctor ever knew how she fought for her life, how she tried to rally her strength when she heard the first faint cry of her little one.

"I came a day too late," said the doctor, and next morning there was crape on the door.

The doctor took for his office the front room of the house where he boarded. It was a small office, but quite large enough for the extent of his practice. The equipment was not great. For the peculiar requirements of his profession he had a leather case of lances and small knives, a galvanic battery, several forceps, a roll or two of sticking plaster, some shingles for splints, a long flat knife and a walnut board for mixing salve and rolling pills, a mortar and pestle, a tiny scale, and several rows of bottles and jars that contained such drugs and febrifuges as iodine, laudanum, paregoric, quinine, tincture of arnica, pepsin, strychnin, santonin, camphor, tincture of gentian, tincture of iron, Turkish rhubarb, Epsom salts, calomel, sweet nitre, ammonia, saltpetre, sulphur, lard, and that abominably distasteful cathartic jalap.

The lard was home rendered, like the tincture of gentian, which always was held in a "gem" jar, with the dark brown roots visible in the liquid. And it had an important place in the scheme of economy, for lard was the basic element in all the salves and ointment that the doctor had concocted and then, according to demand, mixed with his own hands.

We are treating of a time, it should be understood, that preceded the introduction of the sugar-coated pill and the immense promulgation of the patent panacea. It was not convenient then to buy remedies ready-made, and in remote districts like ours even the doctor was regarded as a luxury. We took our catharties neat and were cured by sheer force of the nausea that ensued. Who could forget those dark brown pills that the doctor used to roll by hand, having first kneaded the paste on his slab of walnut, using that flat, flexible blade of steel? They even smelt to heaven. Ugh! And then the salves and ointments that he used to concoct! The jar of lard would come down, and then the sulphur, and the calomel and the zinc. We could have ringworm, and he would cure us. We could have eczema, and he would give

The Calomel and the Zinc.

relief. We could have the itch, a very common complaint in our day, but not anathema, and he could cure us offhand. And when it came to resetting fractured bones, his touch was as discerning as the X-ray. Shingles he used for splints, cotton batting for pads, and for binding he tore strips from a discarded shirt or the housewife's apron. Water with a few drops of carbolic acid was the only wash that was used in dressing, and it served its purpose very well, for we found great satisfaction in the sight of a wound festering, because we knew then that it was on the highway towards recovery. Of course, there were some cases where in time mortification set in, but such cases, due to neglect and bad living, were hopeless from the beginning.

He Could Cure us Offhand.

But to begin again, we must go back to the doctor. It must not be supposed that he was one of those young upstarts who called inflammation appendicitis and didn't know the difference and who wouldn't give countenance to the good old practice of bleeding. For everybody knew that the tavern-keeper would have been dead long ago if the doctor hadn't taken half a cup of blood from him every month. And no doubt many will remember George Norris. George endured two strokes of paralysis, and when they used to put him in a rocking chair and carry him out onto the verandah, where he used to sit in the sun, the neighbours would drop in to sympathize with him and to remark how terrible it was that the third stroke always should prove fatal. For George's benefit they would cite cases where the third stroke, following close on the second, had ended in death; and George, as if defending himself in particular and the affliction of paralysis in general, would reply by quoting the doctor's assertion that it was by no calculation certain that he would die of a third stroke. And the doctor was right. For George, having caught cold while sitting on the verandah, died within the week of inflammation of the lungs.

Inflammation was as common then as influenza is now. A case of it brought the doctor into close contact with the reeve's family, with the important result that, having cured the reeve's wife, he couldn't cure himself except by marrying the reeve's only daughter. And then when they tore down the old log tavern he built a frame house on the spot where it had stood. Hard by he built a duplex stable and barn, with enough room for a horse, a cow, a buggy, a cutter, an oat-bin and several tons of hay. The parcel of land upon which these buildings stood was in extent at least one-fifth of an

The Doctor's Equipment.

The Doctor's Office.

acre, which was well occupied by northern spy apple-trees, a hencoop and a pigsty. His office was in the corner of the house nearest the stable door. It contained a lounge, a counter, several chairs and a box stove, beside which on winter evenings several neighbours used to love to sit and relate encounters they had had with wildcats in Boyle's bush and black bears in the tamarac swamp. Once in a while the Frenchman, on his way home half drunk from Dublin, would open a tin of oysters, an edible that seemed to be highly relished if mixed with beer and McCormick's biscuits.

Just off the office there was a "consulting-room". It was furnished with a bed, a washstand and a lift-lid desk that always gave out a pungent odour of pears. That is where the doctor slept, even long after his wife, who had borne for him three children, had been carried thence through the front door. And that is where, in case of sickness, anyone hurrying late at night, would find him. All one had to do, having come so far, was to tap on the window. Then the doctor would say, "Yes, yes; I'll be there", groan a little, jump up, slip into his trousers, go forward, open the door, ask a few questions, and then come back and finish dressing.

Dressing in such circumstances, with the prospect of a five-mile drive, was not unpleasant on fine summer nights with the moon high in heaven and clover smelling sweet under the dew. But on cold, stormy winter nights, with the banked fire low in the stove and frost coating the panes! Ugh! I can hear him even now. "Oh, dear, dear me!" he would say. "Who can it be?" And then he would spring out from the warm blankets and shiver into his clothes. "Oh, dear, dear me!"

"I asked her if she couldn't thole over till morning," the man at the door would say, by way of apology, and then he would remark that there were bad drifts on the mountain and that it was necessary to take to the fields just this side of Hogarth's bridge. And with that he would hurry away, for his sick wife would be tholing it all alone until his return.

And then the doctor, with his lantern lit, would sally forth into the storm. The old horse, hearing him, would whicker, knowing well what it meant. But a gust of wind rushing through between house and stable would blow the light out. Then the doctor would reenter the office and relight it. Again it would be blown out. Again he would relight it. And again it would be blown out. Then we would hear a bang, with the noise of broken glass, and in the morning we would

The Tragedy of the Lantern.

find the lantern, flattened and useless, lying beside the stable door.

Not too Bad in Summer.

No, it was not too bad on fine summer nights, with frogs singing in all low places and fireflys lighting the gloom. But when the doctor had to wade knee deep through spring freshets, weighting the cutter down with fence rails, when the horse would stand and shiver and refuse to go on because the culvert in front of him had been washed away, when the temperature would be twenty below zero, and a blizzard blowing, when rain and sleet cut into the face on late fall nights, when diphtheria would attack one household and scarlet fever another, when Barbara Brown would have inflammation, and Mrs. Burton pleurisy, when Jim Feeney would go out of his head and cut his throat, when a limb would fall on Billy Johnson and fracture his skull, when the mowing machine would run over little Johnnie Jones, when the new tavernkeeper would break out in delirium tremens, when big Angus would be raging with liquor and about to throw the sewing-machine through the window, when Ferguson's baby would swallow a button, when Jimmy Norris would drop dead in the field—when these things happened the doctor's job was by no reckoning all beer and skittles. And he had as well to be peacemaker where there was domestic infelicity and general arbiter in petty disputes that were too far removed from any court of law. At fairs and debates he was a judge and at public meetings the chairman.

But for all these services the doctor got his reward. For pulling a tooth he would charge twenty-five cents. For an ordinary consultation, with a bottle of medicine or a box of pills, he would mark down one dollar. For a case of confinement, with all attendance, his fee was five dollars if he thought he couldn't get ten. Many, many times he forgot to make any charge at all. Very often his reward came in everyday commodities of exchange. From the storekeeper he got groceries and many of the odds and ends that ordinarily are required in simple households. Then, too, from others he got turkeys for Christmas, geese for New Year's Day, eggs and butter galore, milk when his cow ran dry, and wood in great piles that almost filled his yard. He got maple syrup and potatoes, turnips and mangold wurtzels, cheese and cider, chicken feed, chop stuff and flour, horseshoes and buggy tires, dressed hogs and quarters of beef. In barns of the countryside he had enough hay and oats to supply a regiment of cavalry.

Produce for the Doctor.

Short of Actual Cash.

All these things came to him whether he needed them or not. But he got insignificantly little else. For it was a time when everybody seemed to be long of commodities and short of actual cash. If the cobbler mended our shoes he required in exchange a gargle or a liniment. If the farrier gave old Jack a dose for the botts, a fair exchange was a box of pills for the mother-in-law. It always was supposed that at the end of the year there would be a reckoning. But in most instances it was the reckoning that availeth nothing. For how, as old Charlie used to express it, can you take blood out of a stone? If the doctor owed the blacksmith thirty dollars and the blacksmith owed the doctor only twenty, how could the accounts be balanced if the doctor had nothing but pills, drugs and professional skill? Likewise if the minister owed the doctor forty dollars and had spent all his stipend, how could he pay the debt if he had nothing to offer but stale sermons and the authority to officiate at weddings and funerals? There, then, was a ludicrous progress of affairs. But we all seemed to live, somehow or other, and a few of us, notwithstanding the doctor's skill, seemed to die. For dying, to pronounce a platitude, is the common and the crowning achievement of mankind. It therefor should not astonish or distress anyone if we conclude this chronicle by recording the death of the doctor. Yes, without asking leave or giving notice, the very man who for almost half a century had been trying to keep the grim reaper away from others, at last, himself, maybe in an unguarded moment, felt the keen edge of the blade. It was during the epidemic of the flu, after he had fought the scourge, perhaps only half-armed, day after day, night after night, like many another doctor, with the shrouds full. Upon his tombstone we should engrave these words:

Died with the Shrouds Full.

"He saved others; himself he did not save."

THE RAG MAT

From the Photograph by
Edith S. Watson

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THE RARE PRODUCT OF HIS GENERATION

(J. W. FLAVELLE)

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

A FRIEND of mine asked me the other day why I had not written an article on Sir Joseph Flavelle. I said that I knew almost nothing about the man. I had seen him perhaps half a dozen times, knew something about his career, had heard him deliver a somewhat formal address, and above all else had seen his name bandied about as the arch enemy of the public welfare.

"But I scarcely know the man," I said.

"So much the better," he replied, "because you could write without prejudice."

"But I *am* prejudiced," I rejoined.

"I suppose," he went on, "that, like everyone else, you have formed a prejudice just because you don't know."

Then I explained that it is safe to believe, whenever a man is so much blamed as J. W. Flavelle has been, whenever his name is maligned by petty politicians or abused by cheap journalists—it is safe to believe that a herring has crossed the trail somewhere. I added that when public indignation as to profiteering, for instance, focused on one man, at a time indeed when every man, woman and child that drove a rivet, or turned a lathe or furbished a garment was a profiteer, you might well look round for the man whose conscience would permit him to throw the first stone. "To hell with profits," said Flavelle, and we, the public, misunderstanding as we usually do, did not know that he was intensely in earnest, that he saw as no one else seemed to see that whether we made millionaires of some

and paupers of others we just *had* to produce. And like the jealous brothers of Sir Joseph's namesake of the coat of many colours we would have liked to drop him into a well.

I got all my pettifogginess as to production and doing things knocked out of me when I went down to look around Valcartier. We used sometimes to smile at our blustering Minister of Militia, but, all said and done, somebody was keeping things humming. It wasn't so much a question as to whether we should pay four dollars, for instance, for blankets as it was of getting blankets at all. When we had to have twenty thousand pounds of beef at the camp every day we couldn't quibble very much about the price. We simply had to get the beef. And so when J. W. Flavelle became Chairman of the Imperial Munitions Board he said, "To hell with profits." He saw immediately that his chief concern was production. That was very well on its face. But Sir Joseph soon discovered that ruinous contracts had been made both as to price and date of delivery, and he had to set things right, right as to the Imperial Government and equitable as to the manufacturers. That is where, when he cut down some outrageous profits, he became in the mouths of some a "cropper". But he saw his duty, and did not swerve from it. That was in November, 1915. What was the result? That year was just about to close with a production of five million shells. Next year, with Sir Joseph as Chairman, twenty million was produced and in 1917 twenty-four million.

Why did the Government, in a crisis of this kind, choose for that important position a man who knew nothing about munitions? Because they needed a man—the Empire needed him—with superhuman executive ability and superhuman energy and superhuman driving force. And it was in no haphazard manner that they called on J. W. Flavelle.

Flavelle already was a wealthy man. He withdrew from the William Davies Company and left himself free to serve his country. At any rate he did serve it. He served it during those trying years, and the only return he received was abuse from his own people whom he was serving.

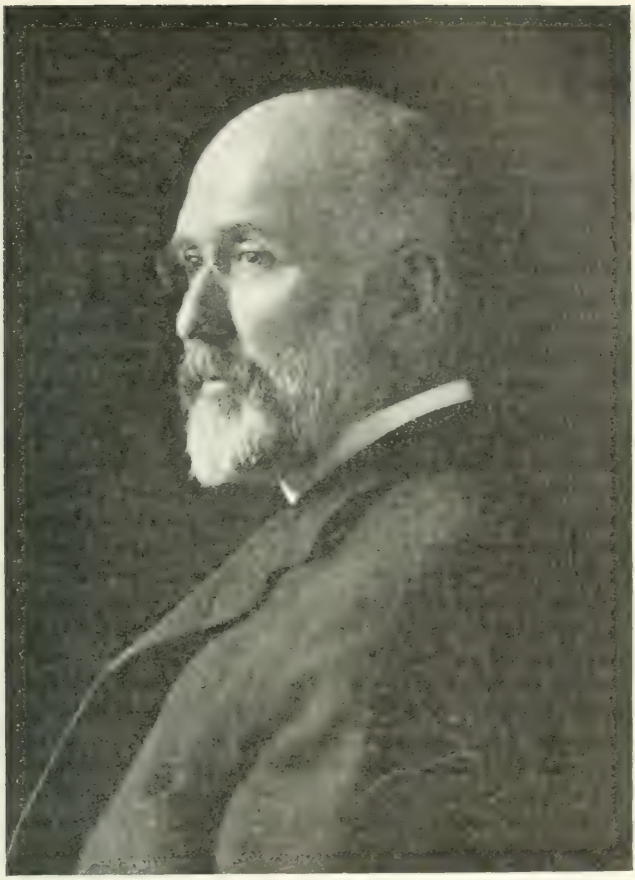
"But I scarcely know the man," I said.

However, I had seen him in the offices of the Imperial Munitions Board, and there he had immediately impresed me as being of extraordinary calibre, although he was unaffected, simple, yet direct. He had an agreeable personality, an engaging smile, but he seemed to be above the common devices that men use to attract others. He held a position of tremendous authority and multitudinous exactions, and yet you could make an appointment to see him more easily than you could to see your dentist. He was absolute arbiter as to contracts for the supply of munitions, and he made adjustments, standing between the Imperial Government and the manufacturers, with an unflinching sense of duty and an unswerving determination to act fairly, even if at times severely, and that in face of the fact that he knew he was making personal enemies and leaving himself open to abuse. More than that, we are beginning to realize that during the most critical years of the war he was the great driving force behind the Government.

"But," as I told my friend, "I scarcely knew the man."

"Then you can write without prejudice."

But I *was* prejudiced. I believed that any man who could suddenly wield such tremendous authority must be a rare product. I began to make inquiries, and I learned that it was by no mere flipping of a coin that J. W. Flavelle was asked, indeed, almost commanded, to take the chairmanship of that board. For one day he received a telegram to the effect that the



Sir Joseph Flavelle

Governor-General desired his presence at Ottawa. He went immediately to the Capital, and before he returned to Toronto he had agreed to accept the position. And his acceptance meant acceptance with a vengeance. He turned his back on the William Davies Company, the one concern for the growth and expansion of which he had a profound pride, and it is believed that he refused to have anything to do with the direction of the affairs of that company during the period of the war. His active employment just now is the Presidency of the Robert Simpson Company.

It is an interesting fact that as soon as Flavelle entered on his new work as arbiter of munitions he went down to Montreal. Montreal, of all places for J. W. Flavelle! He was from good old Tory Toronto! He was a director of the Canadian Bank of Commerce! He was a Methodist! And yet within a month the big fellows down there were swearing by him. For he soon showed them his mettle, showed them that he was out for Canada and the Empire, not for Toronto or Montreal. He went to Shaughnessy, just as one of many instances, and told him that there was a man on the purchasing staff of the C.P.R. that the Government needed.

"But we can't spare him," said Shaughnessy.

"But you must," said Flavelle, and

the C.P.R., like it did, in hundreds of other instances, spared him.

He got track of C. B. Gordon, one of that inner, exclusive Montreal group, and now just ask Sir Charles Gordon what he thinks of Sir Joseph Flavelle. He got around him such a group of men that it was a pity to see them disbanded when the war came to an end. The Board, as first chosen by Mr. Flavelle, consisted of General Bertram, Colonel D. Carnegie, C. B. Gordon, G. Dawson, F. Perry, J. A. Vaillancourt, E. R. Wood, and, later, Hon. R. H. Brand and Brig.-General W. E. Edwards.

But who is J. W. Flavelle, this man who refused to accede to the wishes of ones close to him, wishes that would have had him leave the country for a time to escape the constant attacks that were being made on him in public? Who is this man who said, "No, I have my duty to perform, and as long as I believe I'm right I'll stay here and do my duty"? He was born at Peterboro', Ontario, of Irish parentage, sixty-three years ago. While he was still a young man he went to Toronto and engaged in business as a wholesale produce merchant. But in order to expand the business, he required more capital than the two or three relatives who were backing him could command. He went to George A. Cox, President of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, because Cox had known him all his life. Byron E. Walker (now Sir Edmund) was General Manager of the bank. Cox went to Walker, but Walker said that the sum required was altogether more than they could consider lending in the circumstances. In any case, Cox wanted Walker to meet the young man, but Walker didn't wish to meet him merely for the privilege of telling him that the loan was refused. Then Cox said that he had known J. W. Flavelle from boyhood, and that he would rather lend him any money he required and feel safe about it than he would any other man in the world. With that Walker consented to meet him and the loan for the whole amount was negotiated. Flavelle had the satisfaction, years later, of being appointed a director of the same bank, and Sir Edmund Walker says that he knows no man who fulfils his promises like Sir Joseph Flavelle.

That loan gave J. W. Flavelle the foundation he needed for his business. Later he joined the Gunns under the name of Gunn, Flavelle and Company, and in 1891 he went over to the William Davies Company. Those were the days when we had no artificial refrigeration, and when hogs were killed and dressed on the farm, hauled to the nearest market and shipped in carloads to Toronto. Then came refrigeration and the advent of the huge packing houses, where hogs entered alive and came out in the form of cured meats and the various by-products that have been the basis of many a fortune. Flavelle, who always gets to the bottom of everything he undertakes and who takes nothing for granted, foresaw the great possibilities. He revolutionized the Davies business, and one of the features was the establishing in likely places throughout Toronto of retail shops where Davies products could be supplied to a great mass of the population. He grew in wealth, and he grew also in knowledge. For he was fond of reading, especially history, biography and reminiscence, and in that way he acquired more learning, in addition to what he had acquired at the public and grammar schools of his youth, than most persons possess who profess education. He took a profound interest in church work, in his home, where he and his wife (Clara Ellsworth) were rearing a son and two daughters, and in the general welfare of the city. He became a trustee of the Toronto General Hospital, and he succeeded George Gooderham as Chairman of the Board. When he retired he nominated as his successor Mr. C. S. Blackwell, a gentleman who for twenty-five years had been a rival in business.

And when J. W. Flavelle became Chairman of the Hospital Board he found on his hands a very decrepit institution. But he undertook the huge task of providing Toronto with a proper hospital. Right in the midst of his great business activities and responsibilities, for he had many interests apart from the William Davies Company, he gave hours of his business day, day in and day out, week after week, month after month, year after year, and would not let go until he had secured the property on College street, where the hospital stands, and had built and equipped thereon an institution equal to anything of the kind anywhere. He insisited on the best of everything, and sought advice from the best sources. Cost was not considered when efficiency was at stake. The result was a hospital that cost $3,500,000, and which, it is estimated, could not be duplicated to-day at a cost of less than $10,000,000. And when the whole place was completed there was a deficit of $800,000. Towards paying that off he gave from his own private purse $250,000. That gift he could not conceal. Nor could he keep hidden the fact that he gave $100,00 to the Methodist Forward Movement. But as to charity, he does not let his right hand know the gifts of the left. His friends, however, know his many generous impulses, and his impulses as to the public are quite as generous, though generally misunderstood. It was one of these impulses that caused him to get control of *The Toronto News* and give the public an absolutely independent newspaper, high-class and unassailable. He made J. W. (now Sir John) Willison editor and Dr. A. H. U. Colquhoun (now Deputy Minister of Education for Ontario) news editor. But he soon learned, to his great cost, that the mass of the people will not support a publication of that character. Nevertheless it was a splendid venture.

Men who know acknowledge that Sir Joseph Flavelle possesses the keenest executive mind in Canada. He is regarded as a shrewd, aggressive, far-sighted business man, as one who never has and never will be induced to combine with others for the sake of profit or to facilitate trade. He almost makes a god of individualism. Every man must stand, as the English say, on his own. He has no sympathy with the manufacturer who relies on the Manufacturers' Association to see that the tariff is high enough to enable him to get along nicely without exertion. Nor can he abide the workman who drags along, content in the belief that his union will protect him. Every man must stand on his own feet. There should not be any reliance on governments or societies or organizations of any kind. He admires men of vision, because he himself is a man of vision. But he is sensitive, reticent, abhors presumption, and naturally is opposed to vulgarity or coarseness. He enjoys sport, is a rugby football fan, and plays the seductive game of golf. He is a member of many clubs, but he does not frequent them, for he is devoted to his work. He can do and does the work of several men, and in business insists on brushing aside everything that retards progress. This, then, is the man who is being urged to accept the task of solving Canada's intricate railway problem. What a boon for the public if such a man were actually in public life! What a mayor of Toronto, for instance, he would make, when you consider the General Hospital! But men of his type cannot countenance the connivings of political associates. He takes a straight course in everything. And, then, according to the best information, you couldn't budge Flavelle. You couldn't corrupt Flavelle. You couldn't even make him turn an easy corner. For he goes straight right through. I have heard him described as the "odd product of his generation". I prefer to call him the "rare product". The King has conferred on him a baronetcy. The least we should do is to give him credit.

THE MAN WHO WENT BACK

BY BERNARD MUDDIMAN

MORE than half the civilized world is mere mechanism and therefore thinks mechanically. From the early morning time-clock pusher to the night-watchman the civilized world rotates and functions machine-like. Even religion has its prayer-wheel system.

But there are always a few who revolt—men who refuse to become clock-worn automatons or electric puppets. Amongst such choice souls I have an idea Gadsby's legal domicile is to be found—little white-haired, pink-cheeked Alan Gadsby, evolved from an Ontario farm, the Varsity and ice cream. He, at least, had had a kind of vision of his own rich and neat like that of a luminist. He too was not content to be monotonously the same. He found salvation through a Protean process comprehending perhaps that the man who does not change is spiritually lost. Renovation and reintegration are only to be found by inconsistency. Self-renewal meant Gadsby's life.

Not that it was always so. His awakening only came after reproachless service. For ten years after his graduation in engineering he served the Dominion Government faultlessly, first as a junior, then as a resident engineer in a flat western micro-metropolis. Then came the war and Gadsby started on his Odyssey. Expatriation proved the supreme antidote for his years of supine service and routine thought. Travel leading to the trenches gave Gadsby new criterions, strange (unholy I think his people said) vistas. Mentally he went out of gear and incidentally made an excellent soldier.

This is not a history of the late European unpleasantness, for Gadsby ultimately came home as white-haired and pink-skinned as ever to be demobilized. Under a beneficent government he resumed his official duties and resat in his office chair. But Gadsby himself was changed. Some have come back minus an arm or have forgotten a piece of their leg; but Gadsby, though physically intact, came back intellectually winged. The excellent, methodical Gadsby still sat at his desk, but he found it changed. He was looking at things from a new angle like every other Canadian who has come back.

Subconsciously he was disappointed with his old life. Distance had lent it a charm, while return had robbed it of even its old time unquestioned pursuit. Many things now, indeed, had taken on a purposeless significance, while others were always whipping him to unfavourable comparisons.

First of all it began with his food. The cooking seemed to have lost its savour. He was always fastidiously realizing its limitations. Now in France what omelettes, what salades, what soups!—whenever at least one got back from the trenches to France, for Gadsby somehow never remotely associated the trenches with France. The trenches had been Canada against Germany but when one had a day in Amiens, Doullens or St. Pol, one had spent it in a foreign country, where, at least, the cooking had a real savour

without sousing one's meat in ketchup. No matter what old familiar restaurant he tried Gadsby's heart went out in memory to the flesh-pots of France.

Then Gadsby found his attitude towards his own women had changed. He had new ideas—not very deep ones—but dimly vague trends of thought. He had become all at once critical. The local sirens were too obvious. He saw beneath their feminine witchery, the obvious means that produced the effect. His own sister Madge, a college girl, once his idol, decidedly failed to allure. Peggy Hardcastle, to whom he was engaged, loomed up untidy in a disconcerting way. The girl he had left was not really changed, of course—but it was he who had altered so that he could hardly tolerate her. Her conversation once so delightful he now found inane. Her way of dressing once so stylish now dawned on him as tasteless. He remembered women who had worn their clothes not whose clothes wore them. Her skirt really did not hang any more as it used to. His own sister even astounded him with her ignorance of those petty, little artifices he could not put a name to but whose absence was now so appallingly apparent.

Gadsby had never been a philanderer or a guzzler. Before the war the local Chinese restaurant and Peggy Hardcastle had seemed admirable things in their place. Now the pleasure had gone out of them. To swallow Sam Lee's cooking or pass an evening with Peggy was no longer pleasant, but even harassing. His friends, too, dawned on him with a new precision and he was flabbergasted by their limitations. He found himself disorientated, thrown back on himself, unless he could get together with one or two other returned men of an evening for a chat. A tiff soon separated him from Peggy, while he growled daily at his food.

Morosely he began to sulk at his roller-topped desk like Achilles. The local tennis and canoe club palled. Yet, if you had remarked he was discontented, he would have denied it. If you asked him what was wrong he would have grunted "Nothing!"

What was the matter with his old life? What had changed the meaning of things for him? I do not believe he really ever deliberately pondered on such broad issues. What was actually stirring in him was the memory of some dinner at Les Huitres or a wet clinging kiss of Margot's once before they had moved up out of a village to the line. Margot had only been a girl of the estaminet—but with such a jolly laugh. What really was calling him was the constant change of it all—the feeling of novelty that is so necessary to those who would live and not vegetate.

As he sat disgruntled at his desk sharp and precious vignettes came before his dreaming eyes. He forgot the present and began to relive the past. The very roads with their tall poplars, straight, unending, white and hard, returned. He recalled not war scenes but vistas of the countryside where they had sat drinking red wine; the village thick with orchards in the spring sun; the little stream where they had washed their shirts and then fished in the fall; the quaint farmhouse, low and rambling with its stinking courtyard and thrifty mistress who had cooked for them; one Christmas an old priest who had opened his cellar and whose prebytère a few days later had been bombed to nothingness. He saw a mule amusing a village. He recorded the laughing faces of Margot and other girls moving around little Henri's first communion dinner table. All these distant places, all these strange faces suddenly became more real to him than the life he had always lived and the people who had reared him. He felt himself not returning to life but leaving it to become once more a civilized automaton. It was then Gadsby revolted. He threw up his job, as easily as he had broken off his engagement. To the horror of his relatives

he told them roundly he had to go back. France, with her thousand memories, her immemorial charms, was calling him.

II

It was full spring tide when he landed in France. The sheer green of the trees was already thickening to summer verdure. As he drank his *petit verre* in the Louvre at Boulogne, it all came back to him with a familiar air. He felt himself strangely at home all at once. Every soldier in the last war has two countries—his own and France. It seemed to him in some respects as though he had never been demobilized. The familiar smells, the familiar scenes, the trim, chattering girls, the hard cobbled street, the familiar colours and ways of going about things awoke his lethargy and he was astonished to find himself not in khaki, not to hear the honk and rumble of the Army Service Corps' lorries or see a trim traffic policeman. He found himself watching for brass hearts and listening for the measured tramp of men. And, as it never came, a sadness supreme and immeasurable filled his being as he saw that all that had passed away to become one day a legend of "les Anglais".

Passing through the countryside in the train, a loneliness for his soldier mates came upon him. The carriages seemed hostile and barren without their lining of khaki. In a way the land seemed to have fallen into alien hands. Had he and they not a proprietory right to these places where men of his race had fought and died. The French had taken it back again from the tommies and their old camp fires were burnt out and scattered to the winds. Etaples and Montreuil—how well he knew them and how deserted they seemed slumbering in the afternoon sunlight! And with each completed stage of the journey to the old front line he found the strange quiet of it all more penetrating. Here in the shade of those trees the bivouacs had been in '15. In that village they had billeted for a while on their way up. There they had drunk and feasted on rest, for no man had known when he would leave it all. But they had never thought of death then, for life had been so busy.

And now the country grew undulant as the train in a peculiar French way rolled on to Aubigny. Towards sunset it left him stirred to the depths at the little station where the R.T.O.'s office had been—gazing at the open country, whose broad expanse was bathed in the caressing radiance of the waxing springtide with its lush grass and gloating bird choirs. Down the old familiar road he swung and consciously the old wornout melody, "It's a long, long way to Tipperary", seemed to echo to his eager steps.

At the inn they knew him. His entry seemed so natural— both to him and them. But the queer silence of the well-known room rather appalled him as he sat down to an omelette and red wine, cheese and black coffee with a dash of cognac.

"Monsieur had come back to see them. Ah monsieur, we women have much to be thankful for now the war it is over." To these elementary bucolic minds the wonder of its all being over had not yet passed. The incredible had been realized, and after five years there was no more distant gun fire and the fields round Arras slept silently rich with the dead.

"How is the commerce! Monsieur it could not be worse! It is the peace." To the French money is the supreme mystery; and, essentially practical, they have brought it into all their philosophy of life,; it permeates their very being and charms their dreams.

"But Monsieur has not met mon mari. Jean, come to meet the Canadian offer, the Captain." For four years on and off little Gadsby had known Madame, but Monsieur had always been like Malbrouck, "a la guerre". So it was with an odd feel-

ing he found himself shaking hands with Monsieur Fournel—a dark-haired giant, with a balloon-like paunch surmounted by a ruddy face across which a formidable black moustache lay.

They cracked a bottle, for the honour was mutual. They found the wine broke up their strangeness and they began to talk of the war. Fournel had served first near Nancy, then round Compiègne. He related the scandal of the Camembert issued to the poilus. Gadsby spoke feelingly of plum and apple. Then they decided without the French would have been a washout. It is like that soldiers speak of the war. They do not talk of barrages and falling men, of attack and counter-attack, of high explosives and charges, but of the rats, the lice and the chuck. Those other things they have left for the romantic liars who write and talk of the war and who never saw it.

Monsieur obliged with "Madelon". Little Gadsby, by request, retaliated with "The Sweetest Girl I know", but the heart had gone out of these songs and in the end they settled down to a discussion on the high cost of living before turning in.

III

The next morning Gadsby moved forwards to the old line. He had decided to walk across that countryside he knew like his own hand and whose roads and paths he had traversed in the blackest of nights. It was not that he was bound for the old trench area directly. He wished rather to make a village where they had returned time out of mind from the front line and which, through the wildest hours, had still always managed to shelter its inhabitants though long range guns had tossed H. E. shells in it and its nights had been fearful with Fritz's egg-dropping bombers.

To arrive on foot was the only fitting way it seemed to Gadsby. To have hired a rig and been driven over would have been desecration to a sacred memory. So, with an old knapsack and a bidon full of wine he set off before the sun had fully warmed the hillsides or scattered the light valley mist. And as he went gaily forth, he visioned with a lighter heart the village before him. A spirit of elation of a strength he could not fathom had arisen within him for the walk. Without definite thought a deep love of this country and the village to which he was proceeding lured him on and entered into the innermost depths of his spirit. He saw the church with its spire on the side of the hill, the village and the outlying farms, the little stream darkly flowing under the stone arch of the old bridge and away through the rich valley meadows. He remembered the curé with his shambling walk and threadbare soutane, his silver hair and wizened face that smiled so bravely. He recalled the noisy estaminet with its stream of dusty, thirsty drinkers. He recalled the farm and Léontine, the golden-haired French girl, who had bewitched an army with her thrilling eyes and banter. He recalled his old billet with that peculiar French country odour-blend of the cow byre, hay, the dung-hill.

"Léontine—how many would have liked to have married the witch!"

He could see her now mocking and daring, putting the overbold in their place, wheedling one and all to be her slaves.

When he came to the Arras-Doullens road it was high noon and there he decided to rest. The air was pleasant and warm while he sat on a bank and lunched. Finishing his meal he lit his pipe and lay down on the sweet smelling grass. Looking up into the delicate blue sky it was not long before sleep overcame him.

In his unconsciousness he saw swimming into his ken an endless procession of khaki-clad men, dirty and tired, covered in mud and dust, swarming down the long, straight highway, white and hard between its

lombardy poplars. And each man was glad and crowned with flowers and in his tired eyes was the look of those who have reached their goal. Among them all he was looking for familiar faces and there were some who reminded him of those who had died, but they were transfigured by their mystic look like all those who have suffered.

It was evening when Gadsby arrived at his old billet and in the windless air blue spirals from the village chimneys went floating up like gracious columns.

The old village schoolmaster and Madame were standing in the door as though waiting to greet him, for by odd currents and as speedily as wireless news travels in the French countryside.

"Welcome back, Monsieur Gadesbee," they said simply, "the dinner is ready."

"Riz-de-veau—your favourite, monsieur," Madame added. "Yes, yes, you must stop here. Mon mari has found a bottle of passable wine for these times. Your old room, do you understand, monsieur?"

At the table it was like old times, only the distant guns were not booming and the air of the evening was strangely quiet. They regaled him as though he had come back home with all the local news. Monsieur le Curé was dead. It was the war—that abominable war that killed him. Léontine?—yes, Léontine Barthelot had gone away and was married. She had found it really too quiet after all her dear "Tommies" had gone. Yes these were quiet days now in the village though their own men had come back. One missed one's friends and now all the brave English (and that means you Canadians, too) had gone and no one heard of them any more. It was as though a piece of one's life had been taken away. It had been so quiet"—this was added with some spite by madame—"that many of the women actually regretted the blessed peace—the shameless creatures. Look at the Valins—those people at the estaminet—they, too, had actually shut up and gone away. But anyone without a pair of spectacles could see such people had made enough to go and retire. No better than robbers, that is what I call them, selling all that tricked wine to our noble allies."

Little Gadsby blinked as he thought of the thirsty souls thus graced.

"However," continued madame, "one had to face things and not loose one's soup plate."

IV

Gadsby slept in his old room on the monumental wooden bedstead with its clean-smelling, crisp linen washed in the stream, whose faint purl nearby through the open window sang him to sleep as it gushed through to the half open sluices of the mill across the road.

The next day was full of shocks for Gadsby which all the welcome of villagers could not soften. He was looking all the time for his old comrades now scattered never to fall in there again in the village street. He was haunted by the past and his ears were strained as he wandered in the orchard white with broken blossom for the distant barking of the guns. The number of Frenchmen, too, in what had been a village of women and old men, disconcerted him.

So as the days lapsed tranquilly by he took to wandering off by himself up to the old line. Here the busy farmers' ploughs had already been at work over the shell-poxed land smoothing it out. In other places the grass had grown carpeting it over and the trneches had already fallen in, looking more like drain ditches than shelters where men had lived and fought. Only the dead, gaunt trees stood out like lifeless gallows and the ruined, blackened farm houses or rubbish heaps that had once been prosperous villages still remained significant relics of the hell that had been.

Often he would join a peasant family by invitation at their meal—for

the news of the returned Canadian soldier had been noised abroad. Then when he was beginning to tire of it all and his inability to find the old life, the inevitable happened, he met a *girl* one day in this way. A farmer coming to the village had asked him to help in removing some English boxes. Martin was wary of such things as all the farmers were. For more than one too hasty had had cause to regret stirring the debris of war. So Gadsby went over and found some forgotten boxes of hand grenades, and one containing detonators in a field that had more than once been blotched with blood. After a morning spent in disposing of their contents old Martin brought Gadsby back to a shack built up of old duckboards, the frame of mission huts and other truck on the site where his farm had been. It was then Gadsby met Adèle, the old man's only daughter. When the war had settled into the stationary warfare of the trenches the pair had been refugees in the south of France and had only come back recently in order to reclaim their land.

She sat on his left hand, ate her meal without a word and at the same time was up and down serving the two men. Her presence was like an exhilarating perfume. It did not disturb Gadsby but soothed him like a man feels after he has found what he has been looking for. A daughter of the soil she had the solid frame, the slow nonchalance of gesture, the profound eyes of those who live close to the earth. Her steady limbs, her lithe body had hoed and ploughed until she had become in her late 'teens as strong as a young man. Only her latin blood had stamped her with an elegance of curve, an exotc twist of nostril, an extra-vividness of pupil and blackness of hair.

She was French in her trotting gait, her banter and debonnair freedom. Natural, she knew no irksome restraint. Later these things dawned on him. Her naturalness, her obvious pleasure in little things, as when she watched a butterfly or listened to a bird's note, first charmed him. Her good-humoured air seemed to Gadsby as a beneficent blessing. It stimulated after long disappointment like a new illusion strengthens tired men. By the end of the afternoon he was quite fascinated but he felt she was still aloof, remote both racially, mentally and physically. He could not touch her to the interest she had quickened within him by a few words, gestures, acts. He went away disquieted by the intangibility of her personality. After a game of écart he retired not to sleep, but to smoke and vision.

Then day after day he found himself inventing excuses to present himself at old Martin's. By his engineering skill the new farm house began to rise and a barn. The old farmer, like all country folk, was quick-witted enough to realize the benefit of such aid and day by day Gadsby found himself more installed, more welcomed at the farm by the owner. But Adèle remained insoluble—a good-humoured inspiration for the little, pink-cheeked engineer who hardly dare analyze this new intensity of want.

Was there no way of approach to her? Silently she served their meals. Unobstrusively she went about her work—but it was she—and nothing else that lured him there.

They used to dine outdoors and plan and discuss the reconstruction of the farm. Then for a while the two men would linger over their pipes in silence with half-filled glasses. Those were the happiest moments for Gadsby as he surreptitiously stole glimpses of Adèle as she came and went. Only occasionally their eyes met. Then with a slight flutter of skirts hers were averted or was it with banter, Gadsby would ask himself? The rich smell of the loam and the heat of the sun on the grass framed her. Hatless and in black, straight and lithe, she was never at rest and seemed tireless.

Then old Martin one day fell from an insecure ladder breaking his arm.

Gadsby came to her help but he found Adèle just as evasive and resourceful as ever. And gradually working there on the farm in the old man's place the quiet harmony of the elemental lives of those who plough and sow entered his soul. He began to understand the aloofness of her nature and appreciate its winsome charm. He comprehended slowly the absolute freedom of spirit of these French toilers among whom he had so long lived without justly realizing their perfect tranquillity. The good wine, the well-cooked victuals on their tables, the closeness of the soil became hearteasing things. The clack of the clogs of all these sturdy, slow people came to him like a rhythmic chant of the hours. Their linen washed by their women in the open stream and not in a closed washhouse gained a certain sweetness of open free things. Their fields, rich in manure and continually tilled by their industrious hands, were fertile.

Slowly the evenings used to fall like a dream over the countryside and the hour, grave and profound after the day's labour, awoke a vivid desire in Gadsby for this new, old life of the fields of the French country folk. With a tractor plough how easy this land would work at his bidding. With someone like Adèle a man would not live in vain.

At his old billet in the village the good folk used to chaff him, as Madame said.

"Ah, that Adèle, what a travailleuse she is—then too, mon dieu, what a girl to steal a man's wits!"

Thereat the old man cracked his fingers and guffawed. Gadsby discomfitted would beat a retreat to his room to curse their impudence. So it came on him one day he must go. Quite suddenly he made up his mind. He must move on. Possibly it was her lack of response or his own inability to pursue her. He did not know which. All he was aware of was that there was something intangible he could not surmount. He was not *her* man.

Next day he spent the morning in packing and fuming. It was late in the afternoon when he went out to the farm. It was she who met and put herself at once to berate him.

"A nice thing," her black eyes snapped. "Here was one waiting all day for a lout of man who overslept himself." It was inconsiderate and there had been an omelette specially cooked for him and father had no tobacco. If people were going to act so, it were much better they stayed away.

"Adèle," he spluttered, huffed to the hip, "if that's what you want, I came to tell you I am going away."

"Going away!" she cried startled.

"Yes, right away, do you understand," he thundered.

She whitened, turned slowly away and burst into heart-rending sobs.

"Why, Adèle," he cried, thunderstruck at her new move, "what does it mean?"

"It means," she said vixenly, "you are an idiot."

A great confidence filled him at her words. He felt like a victor after abandoning all hope. With a quick step he was at her side and caught her to him. At the same moment old Martin hobbled out to the porch of the new house.

"Bien, mes enfants, comme la vie est belle si on s'aime. A table!"

With a coquettish smile Adèle brushed his lips with her own and was gone. The old farmer laughed approvingly. Gadsby forgot that he had ever thought of going way. But it came to him at last definitely why he had come back to the reviving fields of Picardy after the rack and storm had passed over them. It was to find this rose of Picardy and now he would never leave her or her garden. He had come back for the last time like many better men before him and he was content to live on there where so many of his comrades' bodies were powdering into dust while their spirits were redolent in the flowers of France.

TORONTO THEATRES IN THE EIGHTIES

BY WILLIAM G. COLGATE

BACK in the eighties, so called, when top hats, hoop-skirts and side-whiskers were the vogue, and bob-tailed horse-cars swayed nervously over the cobbled tracks and the lamplighter went his rounds at dusk, a visit to the theatre was an event. The amusement columns of the Toronto newspapers of the day show that the dramatic fare, if meagre, was often quite good. Few of the playhouses which then flourished are known to theatregoers of the present generation. Of course the Grand Opera House remains, a sort of histrionic link with the past. As for the others they are merely memories.

Shaftesbury Hall, which stood at the northeast corner of Queen and James streets, was a rallying point for public speakers of note who came to Toronto, as was also the Pavilion of the Horticultural (now Allan) Gardens. Both places furnished suitable and popular accommodation for musical and amateur theatrical entertainments, and on Sundays, as if to atone for their moral turpitude, supplied rostrums for imported prohibition orators of the Sam Jones type. Country visitors to the city favoured the Eden Musee on Yonge Street, about where the Strand now is, while the Toronto Opera House (now the Regent Theatre) presented a varied programme each season comprising everything from minstrel shows to melodrama.

In those primitive days of the theatre the stock company was a regular institution. Leading actors, or 'stars', such as Booth, Jefferson, and Keene travelled from town to town to be supported in each instance by the local stock company. This, of course, was before the advent of the present 'star' system.

The scenery was of the most meagre and crudest kind, and the footlights were gas jets from which the heat, particularly of a mild night, was so intense as to cause the grease paint at times to melt on the players' faces. The spotlight and the gorgeous and highly artistic lighting effects made possible by the introduction of electricity were as yet unknown. With the serious Toronto audience of the eighties, however, the play, not the accessories, was the thing, and it is not at all likely that their enjoyment was diluted by any inevitable shortcomings in either scenery or 'props'.

Among the many famous players familiar to Toronto theatregoers of a generation or so ago may be mentioned Adelaide Neilson, John T. Raymond, in Mark Twain's comedy, 'Puddenhead Wilson'; Emma Abbot and her grand opera company in repertoire; that hardy perennial, Joseph Murphy in 'Kerry Ghow' and 'Shaun Rhue'; Charlotte Cushman; James O'Neil of Monte Cristo fame in 'A Celebrated Case' and 'An American King'; Madame Modjeska in 'As You Like It', and 'Mary Stuart' and

'Twelfth Night': Maurice Barrymore; Nat Goodwin; Henry Irving and Ellen Terry in 'The Merchant of Venice', 'The Bells', 'The Belle's Stratagem, 'King Charles I' and 'Louis XI'; the celebrated Italian actor, Alexandre Salvini in 'The Three Guardsmen', 'Hamlet' and 'Ruy Blas'; Dion Boicicault in 'The Shaughran'; Lawrence Barrett in 'Francesca de Rimini', 'Richelieu' and 'Julius Caesar'; Denham Thompson in 'The Old Homestead', the forerunner of 'Shore Acres' and 'Way Down East'; Mme. Albini in grand opera; Sol Smith Russell in 'Edgewood Folks' and Sheridan's 'The Rivals'; Thomas W. Keene in 'Richard III', 'Hamlet', 'Lady of Lyons', 'Macbeth' and 'Louis XI'; besides others, most of whom, with perhaps one or two notable exceptions, have since taken their last call as Death the prompter rang down the curtain on the tragedy of Life.

From the list just given it will be seen that the local playgoer of five and thirty years ago had rather a pronounced taste for a theatrical bill-of-fare of a fairly substantial sort. Not for him the confections and sweetmeats of light comedy and the modern "revue". Unless perchance a show like 'The Black Crook' came to town, which in the nature of things, was a rare event. Even at that it would blush beside some of the more sophisticated productions of our day. Though contemporary public prints contained vigorous and unsparing denunciation of it as the last word in feminine revelation, now it would be voted tame by the blasé patron of such eye-filling spectacles as 'Aphrodite' and 'Scandal'. To pharaphrase a once-popular song, "It's a long way from Shakespeare to burlesque".

> The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
> For we that live to please must please to live.

Thus spake our good friend, Doctor Johnson, whose wisdom on the subject of stage was more popular than his plays. The dictum laid down by the great lexicographer more than one hundred years ago has the imperishable quality of truth. And players who came to Toronto theatres in the eighties had been taught the axiom in the school of the threatre, where the apprenticeship is long and the discipline stern. This is not to say that Toronto of those days was immune from poor shows. Her share she certainly had. But the poor, ill-constructed musical comedy and producers of inane drama gave her a fairly wide berth. Perhaps this is why 'dark houses' occurred with some frequency, or it may have been that Toronto's population of about a hundred thousand was too small to permit of longer visits. But whatever the reason, routing arrangements often caused gaps between shows, while there were usually changes of bill in those that came. Two or three nights at the utmost was the general duration of an engagement.

In the allocation of seats several distinctions were made which now seem somewhat curious. For example, during the visit of Her Majesty's Opera Company at the Grand Opera House, February, 1883, when Albini appeared in 'Lucia de Lammermoor', the seat sale was advertised as follows:

PRICES OF ADMISSION

Orchestra and Parquet Chairs	$3.00
Parquet Circle Sofa and Parquet Chair	$2.50
Dress Circle Sofas	$2.00
Gallery	$1.00
General Admission	$1.50
Private Boxes	$20.00 to $25.00

While on her American tour, Albani was under the management of Col. Henry Mapleson, the veteran impresario, who was also the means of bringing Henry Irving and other notable theatrical and operatic stars to this side of the Atlantic. As may be surmised, the absence of any such monopoly as exists to-day did not preclude the theatrical managers of a

former generation from getting a goodly portion of the public's money. And since actors' salaries for the most part were small and travelling expenses lower, the profits of the management at the end of a season were often very great.

It was Irving's first visit to Toronto on February 21st, 1884, that awoke the minds of local theatregoers to the latent possibilities of the drama, revealed it as a thing of beauty and power, and showed conclusively how tawdry and poverty-stricken were the mountings of the most eminent of the American players as compared with those of the English tragedian. Although a long anticipated and much heralded event, some disappointment was evinced at his first three performances at the Grand.

The bill for the opening night was 'The Bells' and 'The Belle's Stratagem' in which Irving played the parts of Mathias and Doricourt, respectively. Expectation was keyed high. People had stood for hours waiting for the doors to open. "The house," said *The Globe* critic, "was crowded from pit to dome. On the lower floor every seat was occupied and camp stools filled the aisles. The gallery also was thronged densely as if the border drama had replaced the legitimate."

Nevertheless while the crowd acclaimed Irving for his personality as much as for his acting, there was evident a note of disappointment in the reviews of the next morning. It is gratifying to find, however, that following the performances of 'Charles I' and 'Louis XI' the tone of the criticisms had decidedly improved and in one or two instances, at least, had become highly laudatory. Henceforth the positions of Irving and Terry with Toronto audiences were assured.

Among the names which appear on the programme of the first American tour of Irving and Terry are those of Martin Harvey, Fuller Mellish and William Haviland. It is curious to note also that of William Terriss who was shot some years after by a crank as he was entering the stage door of the Lyceum Theatre in London.

Some idea of the interest centred in the engagement can be gathered from the fact that T. J. Day, a well-known Guelph stationer of the time, inserted a display advertisement in the amusement columns of *The Globe* offering two box seats for twenty dollars. Theatrical speculation apparently is not an exclusively modern profession. A novelty of the Irving-Terry engagement was the publication in the local contemporary newspapers of the cast of characters for each performance.

Irish plays and Irish actors have always been popular in Toronto, and of the latter none more so, perhaps, than Joseph Murphy. By no means a front-rank comedian, his unvarying popularity arose not so much from the nature of his art as from the general appeal of his plays. Old-timers will likely recall one of his earlier visits when he appeared for three nights in February, 1883, in 'Shaun Rhue', and was advertised to sing 'his great pathetic song', 'Maunlie'. The announcement indicates that if 'Joe' were Irish he was not lacking in certain Scotch attributes, for it concludes with "Free list entirely suspended for the Wednesday matinee." Murphy must have been a great favourite in those days.

An advertisement of about the same period proclaiming the final appearance of Callendar's Consolidated Spectacular Minstrels reminds one of Barnum at his best. But as crowning the attraction the reader is solemnly assured that there will be "no stale jokes" or "no old-time songs", as if a minstrel show could get along without either. No doubt the 'Old Folks at Home', 'Swanee River', 'Old Black Joe' and similar plantatioin melodies were esteemed more suitable for grand opera or Shakespeare in the mind of the man who framed the announcement. It would be safe to wager that no call was made for the S. R. O. sign.

A thrilling feature presented by the French Troupe of Dancers who appeared for two nights at the Grand in the early eighties was "Lotta in her Great Leap from the Dome of the Theatre to the Stage Below!" We fancy this innovation must have established a precedent for the loop-the-loop, high diving, human-fly stunts and other later and hair-raising flirtation with death. Lotta afterwards became famous in Dickensian roles.

Sometimes politics got mixed up with the stage even as it does now; nearly always however to the detriment of the theatre. It is curious to note in this connection that Frank Marshall, a British dramatist, wrote 'Robert Emmett' for Henry Irving who was unable to produce it in London, because of the feeling towards Ireland, Irish Nationalists, and Irish patriots. Consequently, Dion Boicicault, himself a thoroughgoing Irishman, took over the play and made a success of it.

It is not generally known, perhaps, that some time after Irving had returned to England from his first American tour he was asked to contest a constituency in the Liberal interest, but declined. One naturally speculates as to what sort of parliamentarian the great actor would have made. In any event we may be sure that he would not have been satisfied to remain a mere 'super' in the big show at Westminster. True to his calling and supported by talents above the common, he would soon have made a place for himself in the centre of the stage.

Benefit performances, while now associated with charity, were in former days taken as a matter of right by actors, managers and others attached to the theatre. And now and again a retired player will record how on such occasions his salary, rarely large, was considerably augmented by reason of his personal popularity with the public. It is interesting to note that in the middle eighties, or to be exact, March, 1884, O. B. Sheppard, then manager of the Grand Opera House, was tendered a benefit by Edwin Thorne in 'The Black Flag' and the Citizens of Toronto. The success of this event may have emboldened the genial and dignified 'O.B.' to later appear as aldermanic candidate. In this he was eminently successful, and it is not long since that he concluded a long and honourable career in the service of the city. As a theatrical manager of many years' standing, he was well known to the acting profession, and was highly esteemed for his worth both as a man and as an official. The tribute of a benefit in his early association with the stage testifies to that. For a manager, not an actor, to receive one was a rare occurrence.

Probably the last benefit performance of this kind in Toronto was that given for J. C. Connor, a veteran manager of the old Theatre Royal some fifteen years ago. The programme was contributed largely by local entertainers and was presented at the old Toronto Opera House, now the Regent Theatre.

Sic transit gloria mundi histrionis. The end of a very incomplete record of a notable period in the theatrical history of Toronto is reached. It is time for the curtain. A new era opens.

HALIFAX HARBOUR

From the Painting by A. Y. Jackson — Exhibited by the Canadian National Exhibition

THE STOOL PIGEON

BY GEORGE ADAIR

AN overcoat, even when cut by a Bond street tailor, is of no great value. Neither, for that matter, is a blue ribbon, or a fox-brush, or a pair of elk horns. Yet there are times when trifles such as these can give purpose to an otherwise idle life.

When Van Tuyl's paragon of a butler carried away my topcoat, I found myself possessed by one determination, teased by one hope, and that was at some time and in some way to recover a garment so gratuitously and so unjustly taken from me.

The sheer thought of seeing that solemn-eyed thief strutting about in my borrowed plumes was sufficient to rowel me into an ever-extending search for the impostor. That ever-extending search, in turn, carried me to many devious and astounding corners of the city, to unsavory cellars where lemon-steerers and slough-beaters foregathered, to ill-lit rooms where anarchists nightly ate the fire of their own ineffectual oratory, to heavy-fumed drinking-places where pocket-slashers and till-tappers and dummy-chuckers and dips forgot their more arduous hours.

But more and more often I found my steps unconsciously directed towards that particular den of subterranean iniquities known as *The Café of Failures*. For is was in this new-world *Cabaret du Néant* that I had first heard of my engaging butler and his methods. Night by night I went back to that dimly lit den of life's discards, the same as a bewildered beagle goes back to its last trace of aniseed. I grew inured to its bad air, unobservant of its scorbutic waiters, undisturbed by its ominous-looking warren of private rooms, and apathetic before its meretricious blondes.

Yet at no time was I one of the circle about me. At no time was I anything more than a spectator of their ever-shifting and ever-mystifying dramas. And this not unnatural secretiveness on their part, combined with a not unnatural curiosity on my own, finally compelled me to a method of espionage in which I grew to take some little pride.

This method, for all its ingenuity, was simple enough to any one of even ordinary scientific attainments. When I found, for example, that the more select of those under-world conferences invariably took place in one of that tier of wooden-partitioned drinking-rooms which lined the *café's* east side, I perceived that if I could not invade those rooms in body I might at least be there in another form. So with the help of my friend Durkin, the reformed wire-tapper, I constructed a piece of machinery for the projection of the spirit into unwelcome corners.

This instrument, in fact, was little more than an enlargement of the ordinary telephone transmitter. It was made by attaching to an oblong of glass, constituting, of course, an insulated base, two carbon supports, with cavities, and four cross-pieces, also of carbon, with pointed ends, fitting loosely into the cavities placed along the side of the two supports. The result was—this carbon being what

electricians call "a high resistance" and the loose contact-points where the laterals rested making resistance still higher, that all vibration, however minute, jarred the points against their supports and varied resistance in proportion to the vibration itself. This produced a changing current in the "primary" of the induction coil, and in turn reproduced, greatly magnified, in the "secondary" where with the help of a small watch-case receiver it could be easily heard.

In other words, I simply contrived a mechanical sound-magnifier, a microphone, an instrument which translated the lighest tap of a pencil end into something which reached the ear with the force of a hammer-blow. And the whole thing, battery, coil, insulated wire, carbon bars and glass base, could be carried in its leather case or thrust under my coat as easily as a folded opera hat.

It was equally easy, I found, to let it hang flat against the side wall of that rancid little *chambre particuliére* which stood next to the room where most of those star-chamber conspiracies seemed to take place. My method of adjusting the microphone was quite simple.

From the painted wooden partition I lifted down the gilt-framed picture of a bacchanalian lady whose seminudity disseminated the virtues of a champagne which I knew to be made from the refuse of the humble apple-evaporator. At the topmost edge of the square of dust where this picture had hung, I carefully screwed two L-hooks and to these hooks attached my microphone-base. Then I rehung the picture, leaving it there to screen my apparatus. My cloth-covered wires, which ran from this picture to the back of the worn leather couch against the wall, I very nicely concealed by pinning close under a stretch of gas pipe and poking in under the edge of the tattered brown linoleum.

Yet it was only on the third evening of my mildly exhilarating ocupation of that stuffy little *camera obscura* that certain things occurred to rob my espionage of its impersonal and half-hearted excitement. I had ordered a bottle of *Chianti* and gone into that room to all intents and purposes a diffident and maundering *bon-vivant* looking for nothing more than a quiet corner wherein to doze.

Yet for one long hour I had sat in that secret auditorium, with my watch-case receiver at my ear, while a garrulous quartette of strike-breakers enlarged on the beatitude of beating up a "cop" who had ill-used one of their number.

It must have been a full half hour after they had gone before I again lifted the phone to my ear. What I heard this time was another man's voice, alert, eager, a little high-pitched with excitement.

"I tell you, Chuck," this thin and eager voice was declaring, the thing's a pipe! I got it worked out like a game o' checkers. But Redney 'nd me can't do a thing unless you stake us to a boat and a batch o' tools!"

"What kind o' tools?" asked a deep and cavernous bass voice. In that voice I could feel caution and stolidity, even an overtone of autocratic indifference.

"Ten bones'd get the whole outfit," was the other's answer.

"But what kind o' tools?" insisted the imperturbed bass voice.

There was a second or two of silence.

"That's spielin' the whole song," demurred the other.

"Well, the whole song's what I want to know," was the calm and cavernous answer. "You'll recall that three weeks ago I staked you boys for that express-wagon job—and I ain't seen nothing from it yet!"

"Aw, that was a frame-up," protested the first speaker. "Some squealer was layin' for us!"

It was a new voice that spoke next, a husky and quavering one, as though it came from an alkaline throat not infrequently irrigated with fusel-oil whisky.

"Tony, we *got* to let Chuck in on this. We got to!"

"Why've we got to?"

"Two men can't work it alone," complained the latest speaker. "You know that. We can't take chances—and Gawd knows there's enough for three in this haul!"

Again there was a brief silence.

"You make me sick!" suddenly exploded the treble-voiced youth who had first spoken. "You'd think it was *me* who's been singin' about keepin' this thing so quiet!"

"What're you boys beefin' about, anyway?" interposed the bass voice.

"I ain't beefin' about you. I ain't kickin' against lettin' you in. But what I want to know is how're we goin' to split when you *are* in? Who follied this thing up from the first? Who did the dirty work on it? Who nosed round that pier and measured her off, and got a bead on the whole lay-out?"

"Then what'd you take *me* in for?" demanded the worthy called Redney. "Why didn't you go ahead and hog the whole thing, without havin' me trailin' round?"

"Cut that out. You know I've got to have help," was the treble-noted retort. "You know it's too big for one guy to handle."

"And it's so big you've got to have a boat and outfit," suggested the bass-voiced man. "And I'll bet you and Redney can't raise two bits between you."

"And you get me a tub with a kicker in, and two or three tools, and then you've got the nerve to hold me up for a third rakeoff!"

"I don't see as I'm holdin' anybody up," retorted the deep-voiced man. "You came to me, and I told you I was ready to talk business. You said you wanted help. Well, if you want help you've got to pay for it, same as I pay for those cigars!"

"I'm willin' to pay for it," answered the high-voiced youth, with a quietness not altogether divorced from sulkiness.

"Then what're we wastin' good time over?" inquired the one known as Redney. "This ain't a case o' milkin' coffee-bags from a slip-lighter. This haul's big enough for three."

"Well, what *is* your haul?" demanded the bass voice.

Again there was a silence of several seconds.

"Cough it up," prompted Redney. The silence that ensued seemed to imply that the younger man was slowly and reluctantly arriving at a change of front. There was the sound of a chair being pushed back, of a match being struck, of a glass being put down on a table-top.

"Chuck," said the treble-voiced youth with a slow and impressive solemnity that was strangely in contrast to his earlier speech, "Chuck, we're up against the biggest stunt that was ever pulled off in this burg of two-bone pikers!"

"So you've been insinuatin'," was the answer that came out of the silence. "But I've been sittin' here half an hour waitin' to get a line on what you're chewin' about."

"Chuck," said the treble voice, "you read the papers, don't you?"

"Now and then," acknowledged the bass voice.

"Well, did you see yesterday morning where the steamer *Finance* was rammed by the White Star *Georgic*? Where she went down in the lower bay before she got started on her way South?"

"I sure did."

"Well, did you read about her carryin' one hundred and ten thousand dollars in gold—in gold taken from the Sub-Treasury here and done up in wooden boxes and consigned for that Panama Construction Comp'ny?"

"I sure did."

"And did your eye fall on the item that all day yesterday the divers from the wreckin' comp'ny were workin' on that steamer, workin' like niggers gettin' that gold out of her strong-room?"

"Sure!"

"And do you happen to know where that gold is now?" was the oratorical challenge.

"Just wait a minute," remarked the other in his heavy guttural. "Is *that* your coup?"

"That's my coup!" was the confident reply.

"Well, you've picked a lemon," the big voice calmly announced. "There's nothin' doin', kiddo, nothin' doin'!"

"Not on your life," was the tense rejoinder. "I know what I'm talkin' about. And Redney knows."

"And I know that gold went south on the steamer *Advance,"* proclaimed the bass voice. "I happen to know they re-shipped the whole bunch o' metal on their second steamer."

"Where'd you find that out?" demanded the scoffing treble voice.

"Not bein' in the Sub-Treasury this summer, I had to fall back on the papers for the news."

"And that's where you and the papers are in dead wrong! That's how they're foolin' you and ev'ry other guy not in the know. I'll tell you where that gold is. I'll tell you where it lies, to the foot, at this minute!"

"Well?"

"She's lyin' in the store room in a pile o' wooden boxes, on that Panama Comp'ny's pier down at the foot o' Twenty-eight' street!"

"You're dreamin', Tony, dreamin'. No sane folks leave gold lyin' round loose that way. No, sir, that's what they've got a nice stone Sub-Treasury for."

"Look a' here, Chuck," went on the tense treble voice. "Jus' figure out what this day is. And find out when them wreckers got that gold out o' the *Finance's* strong room. And what d'you get? They lightered them boxes up the North River at one o'clock Saturday afternoon. Then swung in next to the *Advance* and put half-a-dozen cases o' lead paint aboard. Then they tarpaulined them boxes o' gold and swung into the Panama Comp'ny's slip and unloaded that cargo *at two o'clock Saturday afternoon!"*

"Well, s'pose they did?"

"Don't you tumble? Saturday afternoon there's no Sub-Treasury open. And to-day's Sunday, ain't it? And they won't get into that Sub-Treasury until to-morrow morning. And as sure as I know I'm sittin' in this chair, I know that gold's lyin' out there on that Twenty-eight' street pier!"

No one in that little room stirred. They seemed to be sitting in silent tableau. Then I heard the man with the bass voice slowly and meditatively intone an expletive.

"Well, I'll be damned!"

The youngest of the trio spoke again, in lowered but excited tones.

"In gold, Chuck, pure gold! In fine yellow gold lyin' there waitin' to be rolled over and looked after! Talk about treasure-huntin'! Talk about Spanish mains and pirate ships! My Gawd, Chuck, *we* don't need to travel down to no Mosquito Coast to dig up our doubloons! We got 'em right here at our back door!"

Some one struck a match.

"But how're we goin' to pick 'em?" placidly inquired the man called Chuck. It was as apparent that he already counted himself one of the party as it was that their intention had not quite carried him off his feet.

"Look here," broke in the fiery-minded youth known as Tony, and from the sound and the short interludes of silence he seemed to be drawing a map on a slip of paper "Here's your pier. And here's your store room. And here's where your gold lies. And here's the first door. And here's the second. We don't need to count on the doors. They've got a watchman somewhere about here. And they've put two of their special guards here at the land end of the pier. The store room itself is empty. They've got it double-locked, and a closed-circuit alarm system to cinch the thing. But what t'ell use is that when we can get right up into the bowels o' that room without touchin' a lock or a burglar alarm, without makin' a sound!"

"Thin and eager voice declaring, 'the thing's a pipe!'"

"How?" inquired the bass voice.

"Here's your pier bottom. Here's the river slip. We row into that slip without showin' a light, and with the kicker shut off, naturally. We slide in under without makin' a sound. Then we get our measurements. Then we make fast to this pile, and throw out a line to this one, and a second to this one, to hold us steady against the tide and the ferry wash. Then we find our right plank. We can do that by pokin' a flashlight up against 'em where it'll never be seen. Then we take a brace and bit and run a row o' holes across that plank, the two rows about thrity inches apart, each hole touchin' the other. Don't you see, with a good sharp extension bit we can cut out that square in half an hour or so, without makin' any more noise than you'd make scratchin' a match on your pants' leg!"

"And when you get out your square?"

"Then Redney and me climbs through. Redney'll be the stall. He watches the door from the inside. You stay in the boat, with an eye peeled down below. I pass you the gold. We cut loose and slip off with the tide. When we're out o' hearin' we throw on the kicker and go kitin' down to that Bath Beach joint o' yours where we'll have that one hundred and ten thousand in gold melted down and weighed out before they get that store room door unlocked in the morning!"

"Not so loud, Tony; not so loud!" cautioned the conspirator called Redney. There was a moment of silence.

In that silence, and without the aid of my microphone, I heard the sound of steps as they approached my door and came to a stop.

"Listen!" suddenly whispered one of the men in the other room.

As I sat there, listening as intently as my neighbors, the knob of my door turned. Then the door itself was impatiently shaken.

That sound brought me to my feet with a start of alarm. Accident had enmeshed me in a movement that was

too gigantic to be overlooked. The one thing I could not afford, at such a time, was discovery.

Three silent steps took me across the room to my microphone. One movement lifted the telltale instrument from its hooks, and a second movement jerked free the wires pinned in close along the gas pipe. Another movement or two saw my apparatus slipped into its case and the case dropped down behind the worn leather-couch back. Then I sank into the chair beside the table, knowing there was nothing to betray me. Yet as I lounged there over my bottle of *Chianti* I could feel the excitement of the moment accelerate my pulse. I made an effort to get my feelings under control as second by second slipped away and nothing of importance took place. It was, I decided, my wall-eyed waiter friend, doubtlessly bearing a message that more lucrative patrons were desiring my fetid-aired cubby-hole.

Then, of a sudden, I became aware of the fact that voices were whispering close outside my door. The next moment I heard the crunch of wood subjected to pressure, and before I could move or realize the full meaning of that sound, the door had been forced open and three men were staring in at me.

I looked up at them with a start—which, however, I had the inspired foresight to translate into a hiccough. That hiccough reminded me that I had a rôle to sustain, a rôle of carefree and irresponsible intoxication.

So, opprobrious as the whole farce seemed to me, I pushed my hat back on my head and blinkingly stared at the three intruders as they sauntered nonchalantly into the room. Yet as I winked up at them with all the sleepy unconcern at my command, I could see that each one of that trio was very much on the alert. It was the youngest of the three who spoke to me.

"Sister," he said, and he spoke with an oily sauvity not at all to my liking, "I kind o' thought I smelt gas leakin' in here."

He had the effrontery to turn and stare about at the four walls of the room. Then he moved easily across the floor to where the champagne picture hung. What he saw, or did not see there, I had no means of determining. For to turn and look after him would be to betray my part.

"That leak ain't in this room," admitted the second of the trio, a swarthy and loose-lipped land pirate with a sweep of carroty bang which covered his left eyebrow. I knew, even before he spoke, that he was the man called Redney, just as I knew the first speaker was the youth they had addressed as Tony. About the third man, who towered above the other two in his giant-like stature, there was a sense of calm and solidity that seemed almost pachydermatous. Yet this same solidity in some way warned me that he might be the most dangerous of them all.

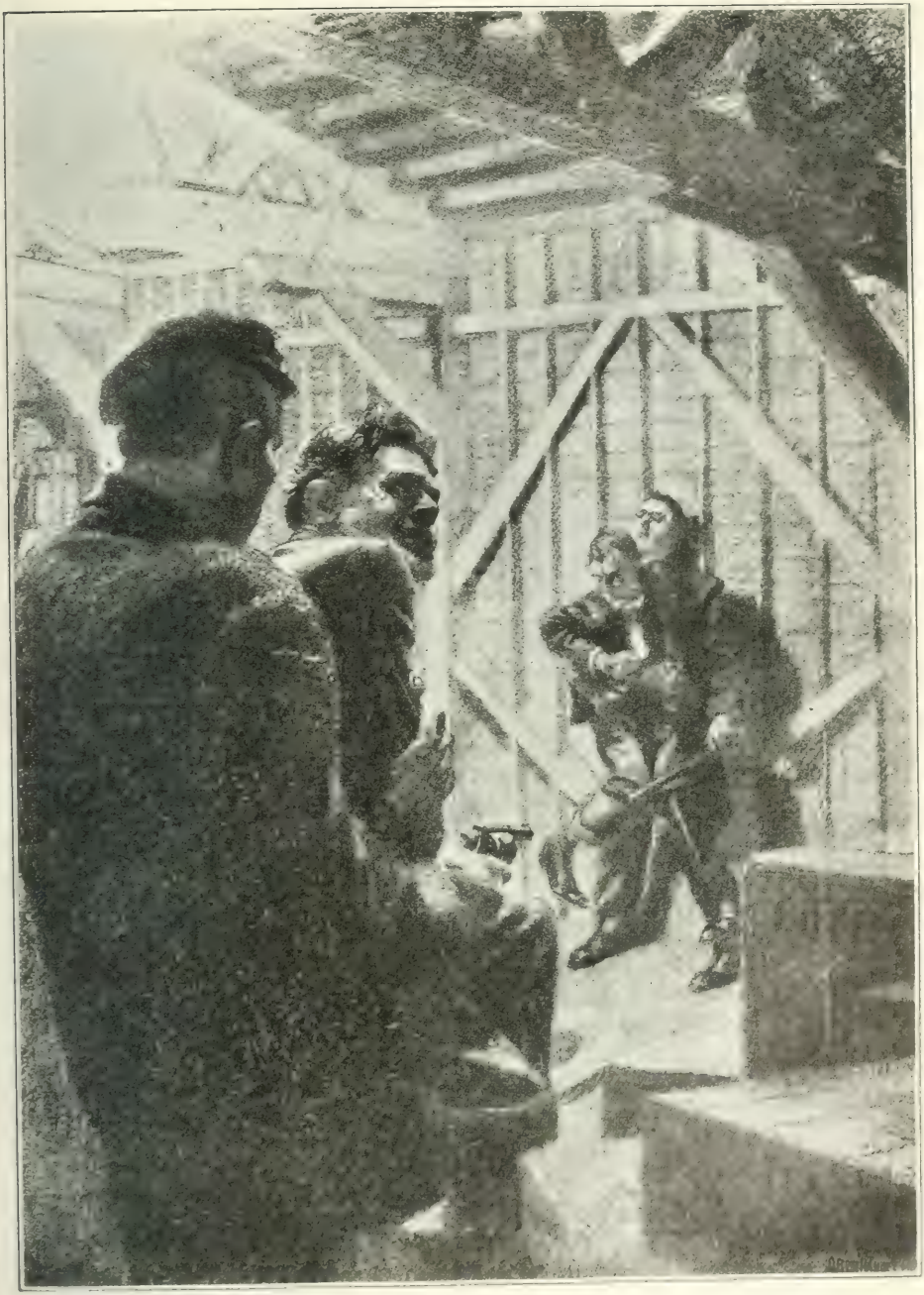
" 'Sssh all righ'!" I loosely condoned, with a sleepy lurch of the body. How far my acting was convincing to them was a matter of vast concern to me. The man named Tony, who had continued to study the wooden partition against which my microphone had hung, turned back to the table and calmly seated himself beside me. My heart went down like an elevator with a broken cable when I noticed the nervous sweat which had come out on his forehead.

"Say, Sister, this puts the drinks on us," he declared, with an airiness which I felt to be as unreal as my own inebriacy. I saw him motion for the other two to seat themselves.

They did so, a little mystified, each man keeping his eyes fixed on the youth called Tony. The latter laughed, for no reason that I could understand, and over his shoulder bawled out the one word, "Shimmey!"

Shimmey, I remembered, was my friend the wall-eyed waiter. And this waiter it was who stepped trailingly into the room.

"Shimmey," said the voluble youth at my side. "We introoded on this



"Put down that gun!" howled Creegan. "You can't shoot him!"

gen'lmun. And we got to square ourselves. So what's it goin' to be?''

''Nothin'!'' I protested with a repugnant wave of the hand.

''You mean we ain't good enough for you to drink with?'' demanded the youth called Tony. I could see what he wanted. I could feel what was coming. He was looking for some reason, however, tenuous, to start trouble. Without fail he would find it in time. But my one desire was to defer that outcome as long as possible. So I grinned back at him, rather idiotically I'm afraid.

''All righ','' I weakly agreed, blinking about at my tormentors. ''Bring me a bran'y an' soda.''

The other three men looked at the waiter. The waiter, in turn, looked at them. Then he studied my face. There was something decidedly unpleasant in his coldly speculative eyes.

''Shimmey, d'you understand? This gen'lmun wants a brandy and soda.''

The waiter, still studying me, said ''Sure!'' Then he turned on his heel and walked out of the room.

I knew, in my prophetic bones, that there was some form of trouble brewing in that malodorous little room. But I was determined to side-step it, to avoid it, to the last extremity. And I was still nodding amiably about when the waiter returned with his tray of glasses.

''Well, here's how,'' said the youth, and we all lifted our glasses.

That brandy and soda, I knew, would not be the best of its kind. I also clearly saw that it would be unwise to decline it. So I swallowed the stuff as a child swallows medicine.

I downed it in a gulp or two, and put the glass back on the table. Then I proceeded to wipe my mouth with the back of my hand, after the approved fashion of my environment.

It was fortunate, at that moment, that my hand was well up in front of my face. For as the truth of the whole thing came home to me, as sharp and quick as an electric spark, there must have been a second two when my rôle slipped away from me. I had, it is true, inwardly fortified myself against a draught that would prove highly unpalatable. But the taste which I now detected, the acrid, unmistakable over-familiar taste, was too much for my startled nerves. I hid my sudden body movement only by means of a simulated hiccough. The thing I had unmistakably tasted was chloral hydrate, knock-out drops.

The idea, of a sudden, struck me as being so ludicrous that I laughed. The mere thought of any such maneuver was too much for me—the foolish hope that a homeopathic little pill of chloral would put me under the table, like any shopgirl lured from a dance hall! They were trying to drug me. Drug me who had taken double and triple doses night after night as I fought for sleep! Who on bad occasions had even known the narcotic to be forcibly wrested from my clutch by those who stood appalled at the quantities that my long-inured system demanded, and knew only too well that in time it meant madness.

But I remembered, as I saw the three men staring at me, that I still had a rôle to sustain. I knew it would be unwise to let those sweet worthies know just how the land lay. I enjoyed an advantage much too exceptional and much too valuable to be lightly surrendered.

So to all outward signs and appearances I let the drug do its work. I carefully acted out my pretended lapse into somnolent indifference. I lost the power to co-ordinate; my speech grew inarticulate; my shoulders drooped forward across the table edge. I wilted down like a cut dockweed, until my face lay flat against the beer-stained wood.

''He's off,'' murmured the man called Chuck. He rose to his feet as he spoke.

''Then we got to beat it,'' declared the youth named Tony, already on his feet. I could hear him take a deep breath as he stood there. ''And the next long nose who gives me heart dis-

ease like this is goin' to get five inches o' cold steel!''

He knelt before me as he spoke, pulled back my feet, and ran a knife edge along the shoe laces. Then he promptly pulled the shoes from my feet. These shoes, apparently, he kept in his hand. ''That'll help anchor 'im, I guess,'' I heard him remark.

''Let's get on the job,'' suggested the big man, obviously impatient at the delay. ''If there's nothin' but three inches o' plank between us and that gold, let's get busy!''

I sat there, with my head on that table top so redolent of the soured beverages of other days, and listened to them as they moved across the room. I listened as they passed out and swung the door shut behind them. I waited there for another minute or two without moving, knowing only too well what a second discovery would entail.

My head was still bent over that unclean table top when I heard the broken-latched door once more pushed slowly open, and steps slowly cross the floor to where I sat.

Some one, I knew, was staring down at me. I felt four distended finger tips push inquisitively at my head, rolling it a little to one side. Then the figure bending above me shifted its position. A hand felt cautiously about my body. It strayed lower, until it reached my watch pocket.

I could see nothing of my enemy's face, and nothing of his figure. All I got a glimpse of was a patch of extremely soiled linen. But that glimpse was sufficient. It was my friend, the wall-eyed waiter, resolutely deciding to make hay while the sun shone.

With one movement I rose from the chair and wheeled about so as to face him. That quick body twist spun his own figure halfway around.

My fist caught him on the forward side of the relaxed jawbone. He struck the worn leather couch as he fell, and then rolled completely over, as inert as a sack of bran. I looked down at him for a moment or two as he lay face upward on the floor. Then I dropped on one knee beside him, unlaced his slattern and square-toed shoes, and calmly adjusted them to my own feet.

Once out in the street I quickened my steps and rounded the first corner. Then I hurried on, turning still another corner, and still another, making doubly sure I was leaving no chance to be trailed. Then I swung aboard a cross-town car, alighting again at a corner flashing with the vulgar brilliance of an all-night drug store.

I went straight to the telephone booth of that drug store, and there I promptly called up police headquarters. I felt, as I asked for Lieutenant Belton, a person of some importance. Then I waited while the precious moments flew by.

Lieutenant Belton, I was finally informed, was at his room in the Hotel York on Seventh avenue. So I rang up the Hotel York, only to be informed that the Lieutenant was not in.

I slammed the receiver down on its hook and ending the foolish colloquy, thought of Creegan, my old detective friend. Then with a jaw-grip of determinatioin I caught the receiver up again, ordered a taxicab, paid for my calls, consulted my watch, and paced up and down like a caged hyena, waiting for my cab.

Another precious ten minutes slipped away before I got to Creegan's door in Forty-third street, pushed the bell button above the mail box, and stood there with my finger on it for exactly a minute and a half.

Then I suddenly remembered that the clicking door latch beside me implied that my entrance was being automatically solicited. I stepped into the dimly lighted hall and made my way determinedly up the narrow carpeted stairs.

Creegan, himself, confronted me as I swung about the banister turn of the shadowy second landing.

''You wake those kids up,'' he solemnly warned me, "and I'll kill you!''

"Creegan," I cried, and it seemed foolish that I should have to inveigle and coax him into a crusade which meant infinitely more to him than to me, "I'm going to make you famous!"

"How soon?" he diffidently inquired.

"Inside of two hours' time," was my answer.

"Don't *wake* those *kids!*" he commanded, looking back over his shoulder.

I caught him by the sleeve, and held him there, for some vague premonition of a sudden withdrawal and a bolted door made me desperate. And time, I knew, was getting short.

"For Heaven's sake, listen to me," I said as I held him. And as he stood there under the singing gas jet, with his skeptically tilted stogy in one corner of his skeptical mouth, I told him in as few words as I could what had happened that night.

"Come in while I get my boots on," he quietly remarked, leading me into an unlighted hallway and from that into a bedroom about the size of a ship's cabin. "And speak low," he said, with a nod toward the rear end of the hall. Then as he sat on the edge of the bed pulling on his shoes he made me recount everything for the second time, stopping me with an occasional question, fixing me with an occasionally cogitative eye.

"But we haven't a minute to lose," I warned him, for the second time, as he slipped away into a remoter cubby hole of a room to see, as he put it, "if the kids were keeping covered."

He rejoined me at the stairhead, with the softest of Irish smiles still on his face. By the time we had reached the street and stepped into the waiting taxi, that smile had disappeared. He merely smoked another stogy as we made our way out toward the end of Twenty-eighth street.

At Tenth avenue, he suddenly decided it was better for us to go on foot. So he threw away his stogy end a little ruefully and led me down a street as narrow and empty as a river bed. He led me into a part of New York that I had never before known. It was a district of bald brick walls, of rough flag and cobblestone underfoot, of lonely street lamps ,of shipping platforms and unbroken warehouse sides, of storage yards and milk depots, with railway tracks bisecting streets as empty as though they were the streets of a dead city. No one appeared before us. Nothing gave sign of being alive in that area of desolate ugliness which seemed like the back yard of all the world concentrated in a few huddled squares.

We were almost on West street itself before I was conscious of the periodic sound of boat whistles complaining through the night. The air, I noticed, took on a fresher and cleaner smell. Creegan, without speaking, drew me in close to a wall end at the corner, and together we stood staring out toward the Hudson.

Directly in front of us, beyond a host of barrels which stippled the asphalt, a veritable city of barrels that looked like the stump age of a burned-over Douglas-pine woodland, stood the façade of the Panama Company's pier structure. It looked substantial and solemn enough, under its sober sheeting of corrugated iron. And two equally solemn figures, somber and silent in their dark overcoats, stood impassively on guard before its closed doors.

"Come on," Creegan finally whispered, walking quickly south to the end of Twenty-seventh street. He suddenly stopped and caught at my arm to arrest my own steps. We stood there, listening. Out of the silence, apparently from mid-river, sounded the quick staccato coughing of a gasoline motor. It sounded for a moment or two, and then it grew silent.

We stood there without moving. Then the figure at my side seemed stung into sudden madness. Without a word of warning or explanation, my companion ducked down and went dodging in and out between the huddled clumps of barrels, threading a

"It was not until the hand held the flaringmatch up, that Creegan moved."

circuitous path toward the slip edge. I saw him drop down on all fours and peer over the stringpiece. Then I saw him draw back, rise to his feet, and run northward toward the pier door where the two watchmen were standing.

What he said to those watchmen I had no means of knowing. One of them, however, swung about and tattooed on the door with a night stick before Creegan could catch his arm and stop him. Before I could join them, some one from within had thrown open the door. I saw Creegan and the first man dive into the chill-aired, high-vaulted building, with its exotic odors of spice and coffee and mysterious tropical bales. I heard somebody call out to turn on the lights, and then Creegan's disgustedly warning voice call back for him to shut up. Then somewhere in the gloom inside a further colloquy took place, a tangle

of voices, a call for quietness, followed by a sibilant hiss of caution.

Creegan appeared in the doorway again. I could see that he was motioning for me.

"Come on," he whispered. And I tiptoed in after him, under that echoing vaulted roof where the outline of a wheeled gangway looked oddly like the skeleton of some great dinosaur, and the pungent spicy odors took me at one breath two thousand miles southward into the Tropics.

"Take off those shoes," quietly commanded Creegan. And I dropped beside him on the bare pier planks and slipped my feet out of Shimmey's ungainly toed shoes.

A man moved aside from a door as we stepped silently up to it. Creegan turned to whisper a word or two in his ear. Then he opened the door and led me by the sleeve into the utter darkness within, closing and locking the door after him.

I was startled by the sudden contact of Creegan's groping fingers. I realized that he was thrusting a short cylindrical object up against my body.

"Take this," he whispered.

"What is it?" I demanded in an answering whisper.

"It's a flashlight. Press here—see! And throw it on when I say so!"

I took the flashlight, pressed as he told me, and saw a feeble glow of light from its glass-globed end. About this end he had swathed a cotton pocket handkerchief. More actual illumination would have come from a tallow candle. But it seemed sufficient for Creegan's purpose. I could see him peer about, step across to a pile of stout wooden boxes, count them, test one as to its weight, squint once more searchingly about the room, and then drop full length on the plank flooring and press his ear to the wood.

He writhed and crawled about there, from one quarter of the room to another, every minute or so pressing an ear against the boards under him. He kept returning, I noticed, to one area in the center of the room, not more than a yard away from the pile of wooden boxes. Then he leaned forward on his knees, his hands supporting his body in a grotesquely bearlike posture. He continued to kneel there intently watching the oak plank directly in front of him.

I saw one hand suddenly move forward and feel along an inch or two of this plank, come to a stop, and then suddenly raise and wave in the air. I did not realize, at the moment, that the signal was for me.

"Put her out," he whispered. And as I lifted my thumb from the contact point the room was again plunged into utter darkness. Yet through that darkness I could hear a distinct sound, a low yet unmistakable noise of splintering wood, followed by an even louder sound as though an auger were being withdrawn from a hole in the planking at my feet.

Then up from the floor on which Creegan knelt a thin ray of light flickered and wavered and disappeared. A rumble of guarded voices crept to my ears, and again I could detect that faint yet pregnant gnawing sound as the busy auger once more ate into the oak planking on which we stood.

I suddenly felt Creegan's hand grope against my knee. He rose to his feet beside me.

"It's all right," he whispered, with a calmness which left me a little ashamed of my own excitement. "You stay here until I come back."

I stood there listening to the slight noise of the door as he opened it and closed it after him. And I once more heard the telltale splintering of wood indicating that the auger had completed its second hole through the planking. Then came the sound of its withdrawal, and again the wavering pencil of light as the men under the pier examined their work and adjusted their auger end for its next perforation.

A new anxiety began to weigh on me. I began to wonder what could be keeping Creegan so long. I grew terrified at the thought that he might be

too late. Vague contingencies on which I had failed to reckon began to present themselves to me. I realized that those three desperate men, once they saw I was again coming between them and their ends, would be satisfied with no half measures.

Then occurred a movement which nearly brought a cry from my startled lips. A hand reaching slowly out through the darkness, came in contact with my knee, and clutched it. That contact, coming as it did without warning, without reason, sent a palpitating chill through all my body. The wonder was that I did not kick out like a frightened colt, or start to flail about me with my flashlight. All I did, however, was to twist and swing away. Yet before I could get to my feet, the hand had clutched the side of my coat. And as those clutching fingers held there, I heard a voice whisper out of the darkness:

"Here, take this," and the moment I heard it I was able to breathe again, for I knew it was Creegan. "You may need it."

He was holding what I took to be a policeman's night stick up in front of me. I took it from him, marveling how he could have reëntered that room without my hearing him.

"There's a light-switch against the wall there, they say," was his next whispered message to me. "Find it. Keep back there and throw it on if I give the word."

I felt and pawed and padded about the wall for an uncertan moment or two.

"Got it?" came Creegan's whispering voice across the darkness.

"Yes," I whispered back.

He did not speak again, for a newer sound fell on both his ears and mine. It was a sound of prodding and prying, as though the men below were jimmying at their loosened square of planking.

I leaned forward, listening, for I could hear the squeak and grate of the shifting timber block. I did not hear it actually fall away. But I was suddenly conscious of a breath of cooler air in the room where I stood.

Then I heard a treble voice say, "A little higher."

The speaker seemed so close that I felt I could have stooped down and touched his body. I knew, even before I saw the spurt of flame, where he struck a match along the floor, that the man was already halfway up through the hole. I could see the dirt-covered, clawlike hand as it held the match, nursing the tiny flame, patiently waiting for it to grow. It was not until this hand held the flaring match up before his very face that Creegan moved.

That movement was as simple as it was unexpected. I had no distinct vision of it, but I knew what it meant. I knew, the moment I heard the dull and sickening impact of seasoned wood against a human skull-bone.

There was just one blow. But it was so well placed that a second seemed unnecessary. Then, as far as I could judge, Creegan took hold of the stunned man and drew him bodily up through the hole in the floor.

A moment later a voice was saying, "Here, pull!" And I knew that the second man was on his way up into the room.

What prevented Creegan from repeating his maneuver with the night stick I could not tell. But I knew the second attack was not the clean-cut job of the first, for even as Creegan seized the body halfway up through the opening, the struggle must have begun.

The consciousness that that struggle was not to be promptly decided, that a third factor might at any moment appear in the fight, stung me into the necessity of some sort of blind action on my own part. I thought of the first man, and that he would surely be armed. I ran out toward the center of the room, stumbled over the boxes of gold, and fell sprawling along the floor. Without so much as getting on my feet again I groped out until I found the prostrate body. It took me

only a moment feeling about that limp form to discover the revolver. I was still on my knees when I heard Creegan call out through the darkness.

"The light!" he gasped. "Turn on the light!"

I swung recklessly about at the note of alarm in his voice and tried to grope my way toward him. Only some last extremity could have wrung that call from him. It was only too plain that his position was now a perilous one. But what that peril was I could not decipher.

"Where are you?" I gasped, feeling that wherever he lay he needed help, that the quickest service I could render him would be to reach his side.

"The light, you fool!" he cried out. "The light!"

I dodged and groped back to the wall where I felt the light-switch to be. I had my fingers actually on the switch when an arm like a derrick swung out through the darkness and at one stroke knocked the breath out of my body and flattened me against the wall. Before I could recover my breath, a second movement spun me half around and lifted me clear off my feet. By this time the great arm was close about me, pinning my hands down to my side.

Before I could cry out or make an effort to escape, the hulk holding me had shifted his grip, bringing me about directly in front of him and holding me there with a grasp that made even breathing a thing of torture. And as he held me he reached out and turned on the light with his own hand. I knew even before I actually saw him that it was the third man.

I also knew before that light came on what his purpose was. He was holding me there as a shield in front of him. This much I realized even before I saw the revolver with which he was menacing the enemy. What held my blinking and bewildered eyes was the fact that Creegan, himself, on the far side of the room, was holding the struggling and twisting body of the man called Redney in precisely the same position.

But what disheartened me was the discovery that Creegan held nothing but a night stick in his left hand. All the strength of his right hand, I could see, was needed to hold his man. And his revolver was still in his pocket.

I had the presence of mind to remember my own revolver. And my predicament made me desperate. The gang had sown dragon teeth, and now they could reap their harvest and get away.

I made a pretence of struggling free from my captor's clutch, but all the while I was working one elbow back, farther and farther back, so that a hand could be thrust into my coat pocket. I reached the pocket without being noticed. My fingers closed about the butt of the revolver. And still my purpose had not been discovered.

As I lifted the firearm from my pocket I was no longer a reasoning human being. At the same time that I felt this red flash of rage through my body, I also felt the clutch about my waist relax. The big man behind me was ejaculating a single word. It was "Creegan!"

Why that one shout should have the debilitating effect on Creegan which it did I had no means of knowing. But I saw the sweat-stained and blood-marked face of my colleague suddenly change. His eyes stared stupidly, his jaw fell, and he stood there panting and open-mouthed, as though the last drop of courage had oozed out of his body.

I felt that he was giving up, that he was surrendering, even before I saw him let the man he had been holding fall away from him. But I remembered the revolver in my hand and the ignominies I had suffered. And again I felt that wave of something stronger than my own will, and I knew that my moment had come.

I had the revolver at half-arm, with its muzzle in against the body crushing mine, when Creegan's voice came sharp and imperative.

"Stop!" he cried, and the horror in his tone puzzled me.

"Why?" I demanded in a new and terrible calm. But I did not lower my revolver.

"Stop that!" he shouted, and his newer note, more of anger than fear, bewildered me a bit. But Creegan, as he caught at the coat collar of the man called Redney, did not answer my repeated question. Instead, he stared at the man beside me.

"Well, I'll be damned!" he finally murmured.

"What t' hell are *you* doin' here?" cut in the big man as he pushed my revolver end away and dropped his own gun into his pocket. "I've been trailin' these guys for five weeks—and I want to know why you're queerin' my job!"

Creegan, who had been feeling his front teeth between an investigatory thumb and forefinger, blinked up at the big man. Then he turned angrily on me.

"Put down that gun!" he howled. He took a deep breath. Then he laughed, mirthlessly, disgustedly. "You can't shoot *him!*"

"Why can't I?"

"He's a stool pigeon!"

"And what's a stool pigeon?" I demanded, not knowing what to think or do.

Creegan laughed for the second time as he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

"He's a Headquarters' gink who stays on the fence, who tries to hunt with the hounds the same time he's runnin' with the hares—and gener'ly goes round queerin' an honest officer's work!"

MAKE-BELIEVE

By MARTHA OSTENSO

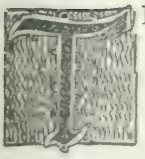
I LOVED the rose-sweet of his mouth,
And so,
I pretended not to hear
The brittle words he spoke.
I loved the sombre dreaming of his eyes,
And so,
I pretended not to see
That they looked not at me.
I loved his hands, his fine, strong hands,
That wrought and moulded cold white marble
Warm with sentient life.
And so,
I pretended not to feel
That never did a shape of beauty gleam
In the old, old gloom
Of my room.
But in the lone night hours,
When my heart heard only its own dull beating,
It cried out aloud against the want . . . . the want!

NEARING THE END

From the Photograph by
[illegible] Watson

BILLY THORPE'S STYMIE

BY ALAN SULLIVAN



HE qualities by virtue of which Billy Thorpe became scratch man of the Flamboro Golf Club always baffled my understanding. To watch him play three holes would have appeared sufficient to grant him a handicap of at least ten strokes. At the sixth one would cut the handicap to five, and at the ninth (for we had but nine) one would oscillate between replacing the original ten or docking them altogether.

His stance and address were absolutely good form. He would place himself with preternatural gravity, while comfortable little movements of settlements ran through his body and down his arm to the club whose face lay delicately just clear of the ball. His legs took, as it were, firmer hold of the ground. Came then a three—always three—easy half swings, till, presto, the transformation. Billy's body would contort, his shoulders hunch and stiffen, his knees bend, his expression change to one of indescribable malignity. The club would hiss into a vicious swing, bisected by a clean smack. The ball would leap forward with that low scream which is known, and longed for by golfers and can only be described as sounding as though it were wet. Billy would again become normal and with that grin beloved by all would say, "Rotten, ain't it," and loafing two hundred and fifty yards up the fair green would regard a perfect lie with supreme contempt.

It was after he came under the disturbing influence of Sally Desmond that his game fell off. The way of it was that in a peculiarly abandoned moment he overdrove the sixth green (two hundred and seventy yards) and in the first long bounce hit Sally on the arm. Rumour has it that Sally, who had from beneath her dark lashes covertly regarded Billy's casual immunity for the past two years, did not move as rapidly as she might at his frenzied shouts. But it suffices to say that when he arrived hot and breathless he found her looking distractingly faint and nursing an angry red patch on the whitest forearm in the club.

"I'm f-f-frightfully sorry," he blurted. "I was a f-f-fearful ass. Are you much hurt?" Billy always stammered when excited.

"Not a bit," she said pluckily. "I shouldn't have been on the green. I'd be all right in a moment if I had a little water. It's nothing."

Billy regarded the pail in which we washed our balls. "I'll run up and g-g-get some from the clubhouse. The water's turned off the g-g-green till to-night." With this he shot me an imperative glance.

I caught it. "Stay where you are," I put in hastily.

The clubhouse was out of sight behind some trees, and to these I raced dutifully. But once behind them I fell into a more or less thoughtful stroll. Sally didn't want any water, and if I had read Billy's glance aright it wasn't water that he wanted either. I had an intuitive flash that my pre-

cipitative return with that water might insert a stone between the wheels of destiny and throw the whole machine out of gear. A quarter of an hour later when I rounded the trees again I saw them some fifty yards from the green. Billy was giving her a lesson in approaching. I was behind them.

"You'll never d-d-do it that way," I heard him say desperately. "G-g-get under your b-b-ball, use your wrists. Why don't you l-l-look at the da-da-dashed thing instead of me."

I held my breath for Sally's answer. It was not thus that she was wont to be addressed. Then it came.

"I'm so sorry Mr. Thorpe. I'll try again. You're a perfectly ripping instructor." This with all the humility in the world.

I groaned in spirit, and with a wave of wisdom I saw the end of our golf—Billy's and mine together. I saw Billy smiling fatuously while Sally, under his guidance, went round in seventy—scratch being forty-two. I saw the free swing of the bachelor contract into the somewhat stiff and jerky punch of the married man who is afraid of overdoing it. I saw Billy's invitational mustard and cress disposition ripen into the, to me, bromidic view of the benedict and his runabout enlarge and soften into the padded proportions of the family limousine. And as a result I felt cross and lonely when I reached the two.

"Here it is." I put as much solicitude into my voice as possible.

Sally smiled divinely, thanked me and began to bathe the injured arm. Billy regarded the bruise with such extraordinary attention that the affair suggested a sentimental clinic. The soft strokes of Sally's long fingers over the tender skin seemed to woo him into a sort of trance out of which his voice burst jerkily.

"I'll never play g-g-golf again," he announced with grim conviction.

Sally stared at him and a sudden flush came over her smooth cheeks.

"You'll play next week as you've never played in your life. You've got to, for the honour of the club."

"You mean—"

"I mean against Mr. Bendleigh. It's sure to be a splendid match. Isn't it?"

I nodded. "I hope so. Billy's our best."

Billy grunted. "He'll knock c-c-corners off me. I'm not in his class."

We both expostulated and did our best to arouse that latent quality of good natured cynicism under which Billy shone brightest. But we had our doubts. Bendleigh who was coming up to stay with the Desmonds for our yearly club tournament had little left to learn of golf. He played a long straight ball and had excellent control. He had won the tournament last year, and, rumour put it, was now coming to the mountains for something more than golf. The elder Desmond apparently approved of him, and Sally—well it was hard to say just how Sally felt.

"The c-committee c-calls me scratch," went on Billy, "b-but I'm not."

Sally looked at him thoughtfully. His frame of mind seemed unnatural and neither of us liked it.

"Look here, Miss Desmond." he said presently, "do you want me to win this ma-match?"

She did not speak until her gaze had explored the rims of the surrounding mountains. Presently she looked straight at him. "I want the best man to win."

Billy rolled over on the turf. His inimitable grin broadened on his face, but there was something behind it I had never seen before. His eyes caught those of Sally and held them.

"Then he certainly will," he said soberly.

There was so much in all this that did not seem to have come out that we all sat silent for a little before going to the clubhouse. Once there, and in the now deserted dressing-room, Billy turned to me. "Jim," he

said slowly and impressively, "you've got to play eighteen holes with me every day till the match. I'll beat you, though you know more about golf than I do. I'll give you an increasing handicap. Your job is to light unto me when I go wrong, insult me, do or say anything you like, *but make me play good golf*. No cigarettes and drinks until this thing is won. Are you on?"

I assured him I was, after which we went out on the verandah and I noticed that Billy seemed distinctly exhilarated and talked to everyone except Sally.

All this happened on a Saturday. Next Thursday Bendleigh turned up at the Thorpes and Billy and I saw him drive off on a practice round. I don't know whether we were the more struck by that drive or by the fact that Sally, looking enchanting in a light tan suit, was caddying for him, but as the ball, hit clean in a long lashing swing, sailed away, Sally, half turning, gave Billy a swift inscrutable glance. What he made of it he never said, but it indubitably did much to demoralize his game that afternoon. He pulled, sliced, and topped; he got amazing distance only to fritter it away with futile putts. He smashed blindly into the rough and recovered with utter brilliancy. He achieved the impossible and missed the obvious, till, at the sixth hole where the green lies close up against the mountain slope, he flung himself in the grass and regarded me with aversion.

"She's in love with him, Jim; I'm sure of it."

I lit a contemplative pipe, further golf being out of the question. "Why?"

"Would she caddy for him if she weren't?"

"That's hospitality, Billy, not love; besides—"

"Besides what?" he blurted.

"It's natural she should be interested in his game. The Desmonds stand for him at the club and Bendleigh's all right."

"I know he is, and that's what's the matter. I've known him for years. Jim, he goes about things just the way I don't and he gets there. It's the same in his business. He's cool and deliberate and never makes a false move and knows exactly what the other fellow's going to do. He is a walking calculator, and I can't calculate. I'll bet he's got the whole match laid out in his mind. He won't overdrive or putt short or play any of my fool tricks, and about half way around it will rattle me and then you can ring down the curtain. Jim, he's so darned well balanced that he ain't human, and I need to swallow a gyroscope to steady me up."

"Which game are you thinking of, old man?" I said carelessly.

He glanced at me sharply, "Both."

"I thought so, but, Billy, don't you suppose that a girl fancies just a little variety in the round—of life, I mean? As I see it if she knew that every time her husband would do the third hole in three and the fourth in five and so on, things would drag a bit. My observation is that a woman likes a pull or a slice occasionally. It varies the—er—the monotony of the thing—and," I chuckled, "there's not much monotony about the game you've played to-day."

Billy selected a long stem of hay and chewed it thoughtfully. The clouds were swarming on the summit of Round Top and staring up he seemed to discern something compelling amongst their shifting masses. After a little he chuckled whimsically.

"Jim, some one's going to get licked both ways,—and it's a fifty-fifty bet. Who are you backing?"

"You."

"What a dear old idiot it is," he said softly, and picked up his driver.

During the next few days I watched Bendleigh in between my practice rounds. He was as keen as a knife—a bit too keen. It struck me that he always picked up his own ball and never let his caddy touch it. Once he questioned the professional's score,

only to laugh it off when that slow spoken Scotsman stared at him with a wintry gray eye and suggested that the visitor finish the round by himself. I noticed too that Sally Desmond bracketed him on absolute equality with Billy. So far as she was concerned it was evidently an open game, but gradually the club became possessed of a certain subconscious assurance that Saturday would see more things settled than the Flamboro open championship. On the Friday I played the last practice round with Billy.

All went well and he averaged about par till the sixth hole. I had given up any remarks except those of encouragement, and watched his active body uncoil itself over his drives, thinking all the time that if Billy had just found out that he had been in love with Sally Desmond for years past there were few men I knew who could take it as he did.

The sixth hole on the Flamboro course needs only a clean drive of very moderate length to reach the fair green and be practically out of trouble. But failing this there is some two hundred and fifty feet from the lee an overgrown ditch provocative of despair. To the left are tall grass, weeds and bushes, and to the right low ground with young trees and a tangle of undergrowth. And just here Billy half pulled, half topped his drive and slammed into the ditch.

We marked it as we thought closely, but searched in vain for ten minutes. Finally, he dropped another red stamped Colonel and forged ahead, playing as brilliantly as ever. At the club we found Sally and her mother. Bendleigh was drinking tea with them and he greeted Billy with a certain formality that puzzled me till I looked at Sally. Her eyes were dancing.

"Good round?" said Bendleigh.

"Fair to middling," grunted Billy, and passed on.

Sally beckoned to me, "What did he do it in?"

"Shade over par. Lost a ball at the sixth, otherwise would have beaten par," then for Bondleigh's benefit I threw in, "but he wasn't particularly on the spot."

"Do have some tea," put in Mrs. Desmond.

I sat down having a sudden desire to see more of Bendleigh. As I observed his face more closely, it seemed that while it's general aspect was pleasing, there were points about it I didn't like. The eyes were a bit close set and fine lines had begun to appear at the corners. He looked, as Billy said, a human calculator, and his lips were too tight for my fancy. But he was brown, well built and had the make up of a good sportsman. Thus far had I got when Mrs. Desmond put in,

"You'll dine with us to-morrow night and bring Mr. Thorpe. It will be a sort of love feast after the match. Mr. Bendleigh leaves by the evening train on Sunday and I'd like to have the two champions at my table before he goes."

Just at that moment I caught Sally's eye and she shot me an extraordinary glance which said quite plainly that though her mother meant well, that hospitable lady had not the slightest idea of how matters really stood, and that I might safely leave the affairs to her. And all of this I was content to do and did not even mention it to Billy.

The Flamboro course never looked better than it did next day, rimmed with mountains over whose rounded tops white fleecy clouds were trailing lazily. The flanks of the hills were set with scattered cottages, the roofs of which thrust up through the great green carpet of trees. The air was still and sweet. I have always thought that the course was more difficult than it appeared, because the hills killed its perspective, and distances were hard to judge. But be that as it may, it seemed a fine fairway when people began to gather for the match. Bendleigh came with the

Desmonds with whom he had gone back to lunch.

The morning rounds had, as was expected, elimiated all but Billy and himself, and when they went off to the first tee they were followed at a respectful distance by some fifty people. Sally and I drifted together. She did not say a word and her lips were pressed tight.

The two first drives lay practically side by side on the sloping fair green. Bendleigh's address and swing was a thing of beauty, but he did not get as much distance as I expected. His approach was only fair and he holed out in four. Billy's second went into the rough but he recovered brilliantly and halved the hole. The second tee is well up in the side hill and placed most invitingly for a smashing drive. The whole countryside seems to open below it. Here Bendleigh got more distance but was outdriven by thirty yards. I saw his eyes narrow as the ball screamed off and heard Sally give a delightful gasp. Then the fates turned and Billy played short lofting into the face of the ramp that guards the second green. Bendleigh's face did not alter a shade till, in an after thought, he jerked out, "hard lines". He took the hole in four to Billy's five.

The approach to the third is over a bit of road, a patch of rough and an angling ditch. Both got fair drives, and Billy with a royal mashie stroke dropped his second on the green some five feet short of the hole. A moment later Bendleigh's second rolled up and rested some six feet farther off. Billy's lay exactly stymie.

I drew a long breath and was feeling for my score card when Billy, with a grin in Sally's direction, stooped and picked up his ball, marking position with a leaf. That done he blurted at Bendleigh, "Carry on, old man."

To do the latter justice he did expostulate, if but mildly, and point out that this was match play, but Billy only laughed and said life was too short to be so particular. Upon which his opponent after mature scrutiny of the ground pulled off a twelve-foot putt, while he missed one at five and was two down. There were murmurs in the group behind me and two spots of pink in Sally's cheeks.

The fourth tee is much like the second, but not so high up, and the hole offers no difficulties to straight play. It was halved in three, and the fifth in five.

Both drove clean toward the sixth. Bendleigh started after his ball, but Billy took a swerve, walking toward the ditch where we had hunted unsuccessfully the day before. He walked so deliberately that I got the impression he was going to find something, and sure enough just as he reached that overgrown hazard he stooped, and then with a keen glance at me straightened up and strolled on. Bendleigh was thirty yards ahead. Instinctively I turned toward the ditch, but at a scowl from Billy I followed him.

"What is it?" whispered Sally at my side.

"I don't know," I said under my breath, "but Billy seems to. Carry on."

At the ninth Bendleigh was still one up. After a short rest the two started on the final round. Bendleigh's play became if possible more exact even than before. It was the cleanest thing I have ever seen in non-professional golf. Billy, on the contrary, dropped into his old erratic ways, but always recovering with a scintillating brilliancy that revealed the extraordinary game he would achieve if ever he gained complete and constant control. During the first five holes, which were halved, I began to see that this unexpectedness was beginning to get on Bendleigh's nerves, as well it might. At one moment Blly seemed hopelessly out of play, and in the next he would lie comfortably on or near the green. And at the sixth tee Bendleigh for the very

first time topped his drive and whizzed a daisy cutter toward the ditch, while Billy sent a screamer up the middle of the fair green.

I think we were all glad—suddenly glad. There had been a certain quality in Bendleigh's keenness which went a bit beyond good sport, and contrasted unfavourably with Billy's palpable bonhomie, so it happened that there was just a long drawn "Ah" from the crowd, and the only ejaculatioin of "hard luck" came from Billy himself. Bendleigh heard that, and flushing a little, set off after the two caddies, followed at a little distance by Billy. Sally and I stayed with the crowd.

The search must have lasted for five minutes, and all four of them were poking in the ditch when Bendleigh, who was rooting about some twenty feet from Billy, suddenly called "I've got it", and at the words Billy raised his head and stared at the vistor with the most astonished expression imaginable. Simultaneously Bendleigh lifted his niblick and smote hard. It was a good shot out of back ground and lit a hundred yards down the fair green. The crowd moved forward but for an instant Billy stood still, his puzzled glance shifting from Bendleigh's tall figure to the now rolling ball. Then he chuckled and followed on. Bendleigh won that hole owing to Billy's bad putting, and this put him two up with four to go. At the seventh both were on the green in two, but Bendleigh overran and Billy won out in three. The latter still wore a half dazed expression and apparently could not trust himself to glance at Sally or me. At the eighth he pulled a long whistling drive just into the edge of the rough while Bendleigh's lay glistening in the middle of the fair green two hundred yards from the tee. It looked a safe hole for him till Billy after a titanic lift out of the rough hit the edge of the hole with his third and dropped in. The crowd gasped and stiffened, Sally turned a brick red, Bendleigh managed to get out a curt "Well played", and I had a growing conviction that I was watching something more than a game of golf, though the two were square with one hole to go. And all the time Billy kept shooting queer little side-long glances at Bendleigh as though to assure himself of something he could hardly believe.

The last hole was a breathless affair. Billy strolled up to his ball and, as he would have put it, pasted the sphere in the nose to the tune of over two hundred and fifty yards. Bendleigh addressed so long that I wanted to shout, and Sally's fingers tightened on my arm like talons. He got straightness but no great distance, and I could not help admiring the composure in his smooth lean face. The clubhouse had emptied itself around the last green. Mrs. Desmond was looking at Sally with affectionate but puzzled solicitude, and beside her was Julia Brock. Julia and I had been wondering for ten years whether we loved or just respected each other. It was all very animated and pretty, with a background of velvet hills, and nothing to be heard but the rattle of the club bags and the what might be described as a subdued rustle of voices. Bendleigh smiled at Mrs. Desmond, but Billy did not even look up. He was utterly preoccupied.

Bendleigh won the hole, won it, I think, because Billy glanced at Sally just as he was making a six-foot putt. An instant silence fell as the champion straightened up, and then came a chorus of congratulations. Billy's face had changed not at all, but he looked again at Sally and did not seem to see the victor's half movement as though to shake hands. The group broke up and remingled, and his voice came in my ear.

"Wait for me in the dressing-room, will you?"

I nodded, and the next moment he was speakng very earnestly to Sally. She seemed puzzled till presently they started off alone across the interven-

ing rough towards the sixth hole. There I could see their diminutive figures step down into the ditch, where Sally hunted and after a while pointed to something. Then they stood quite still for an instant, after which she stooped and very slowly they turned uphill toward the clubhouse.

Tea being over, Bendleigh was presented with the cup which, of course, he left with the club to be played for next year. It was an excellent score, being eighty for the eighteen holes, or four over par. Billy's was only two more. Mrs. Desmond gave the cup in a kindly, bewildered manner, glancing with ill disguised inquiry at Sally as though indeed the promise of her daughter lay within its chiselled bowl. But Sally seemed unusually happy and smiled on Billy just as she did on Bendleigh when his brown hand outstretched for the trophy.

In a corner of the dressing-room I tackled Billy. "What's up, old chap?"

He grunted, disappeared into a shower bath and out of the cascade his voice came cheerfully. "Nice game of golf, eh? That's what I like about golf—no funny work in it—nice clean game."

Knowing Billy I waited till he emerged glowing. "Mrs. D. has asked me to dinner, says you're coming—did she ask us before?"

I nodded. "She did, but I couldn't tell whether you'd want to go if—"

"If I was licked," he growled, "well, the score says I'm licked, and yet I wouldn't miss that dinner for anything."

"I'm glad of that, Billy."

His face sobered. "Look here, old man, just you let me gas along in my own way for a few hours. It will all come out in the wash, understand?"

I didn't understand in the least and said so.

"Well, I've got something on my chest, and when I get it off you'll approve—are you willing to let it go at that?"

More puzzled than ever, I did let it go at that, and Julia Brock drove me home, and so welcome was her presence that I began to wonder what the limousine would have felt like had it been ours instead of hers. She was good enough to pick me up later and took me to the Desmonds where we met half a dozen others, and sat down to dinner with shaded candles on the table and through the open windows could see the evening flush in the sky and the purple shadows climbing the long flanks of the Catskills. Bendleigh sat at Mrs. Desmond's right with Sally next him. Billy was on the opposite side of the table and farther down. I was thoughtfully placed next Julia and she welcomed it with a little smile that seemed genuinely unaffected. I liked it. The rest were anywhere.

Dinner passed off very happily with the usual badinage of people who have been wise enough to put aside the graver things of life for a few carefree months. Sally looked radiant, and in a queer way expectant. Billy said very little and ate less, and I never knew Julia show to greater advantage. There wasn't much said about golf, perhaps on account of Billy, but I had a perfectly correct feeling that that would come later. Bendleigh was quite talkative, but in a way his manners were too perfect for an Anglo-Saxon, and I wondered more than ever just what lay underneath them. He was very attentive to the elder Desmonds—too attentive, I assumed, from Sally's expression. When the ladies got up I saw something flash between her and Billy.

The door had no sooner closed than the chat turned to golf and the match of the day. Bendleigh very civilly explained that Billy should have won, while Billy contented himself with the dry remark that Bendleigh played a more accurate game than himself, then added with a queer inflection—in most respects; and I was turning that over in my mind when old Desmond suggested that the game should

be played over again on the table with almonds for balls, and fruit and finger-bowls for hazards and bunkers.

Just as soon as the proposal was made Billy got very red and then quite pale, after which he said he was willing if it suited Bendleigh.

The table was half cleared and the thing started. Each exactly remembered each stroke, and it was all supremely interesting, but before the first round was finished Billy had begun to stutter. Drives, approaches, putts—were replayed with perfect precision, till we reached the sixth, and here Bendleigh pushed his almond two or three inches ahead and to the left.

"I'm in the ditch," he smiled.

Billy took six inches. "I'm in the m-m-middle of the fa-fa-fair green."

Bendleigh's lips tightened ever so little and he flickered on his almond. "I'm out," he announced.

Billy grew fiery red to his temples. "I b-b-beg your p-p-pardon, but you are nothing of the sort."

I saw Bendleigh's chin shoot out and the tan on his cheeks give place to a dusky, mottled colour. Old Desmond blinked over his plate and said, "God bless my soul." The others stared, eyebrows lifted, first at Billy who was crimson, then at the almonds, and lastly at Bendleigh.

"I don't think I quite understand," said the latter showing more of his white teeth than ever before.

"You pl-pl-played a bub-ball I lost yesterday, and if you didn't know it then you knew it t-t-two minutes later." Billy's speech was laboured, but he was in deadly earnest.

A most complete silence possessed the rest of us except old Desmond who tried to put in something but failed utterly. Then Billy came in again.

"A man who p-p-plays always with a dimple knows when he p-p-picks up a colonel thirty-one. You knew, b-b-but you didn't say a word."

By this time we were all on our feet. Bendleigh was leaning far forward and had grasped his wine glass. It was apparently meant for Billy's face.

"Prove it," he snarled, and in that defiance stood to me at least naked and revealed.

Billy felt in his pocket and rolled a dimple across the polished table. It glanced against a finger-bowl and brought up at the edge of the doily in front of Bendleigh.

"There's your b-b-ball," he said grimly in spite of his stutter. "It was found where you left it three hours ago. It was within t-t-two feet of m-m-mine. You d-d-didn't p-p-play it because it was not p-p-playable and would have c-c-cost you a stroke. M-m-mine suited you better. And the next hole you used a new d-d-dimple. Now I'll t-t-trouble you for my b-b-ball.

Bendleigh's fingers tightened on the stem of his wineglass.

"It's a lie," he shouted thickly, "who says they found it?"

Billy turned quite gravely to his host. "Mr. Desmond," he said slowly, "may I t-t-tell Mr. Bub-Bendleigh that Miss Sally f-f-found his bub-ball?"

The old chap's eyes seemed about to start out of his head when Bendleigh drew in his breath sharply. His face looked caved in, his cheek bones stood out almost whitely, and his eyes had receded to mere pin points. He gulped once or twice and looked past Billy to the head of the table. But he had no chance to get any farther. Mr. Desmond wa son his feet and speaking in his best after dinner manner.

"Mr. Bendleigh, I—er—regret-that—er-an occurrence of this kind should have taken place at a club of which I have been privileged to be president for some years. If you desire to make a formal statement in the matter I suggest that you do so at once in writing and address it—er—to the committee." Then he gathered us all up in his eye. "And gentlemen, we will decide not to—er—mention this

for—ahem—the sake of the club, and in the meantime we might—ah—join the ladies."

It was all rather fine and very well done, and we went out onto the verandah leaving Bendleigh staring dully at a dimple ball that gleamed white against the dark sheen of mahogany. He had not moved. As we emerged the old man put his hand on Billy's shoulder.

"Mr. Thorpe, this is a very unfortunate affair, but some how it leaves me with a certain sense of relief. I think you will find my daughter just across the lawn. She seems to be looking for fire-flies."

Billy swallowed a lump in his throat and disappeared. I strolled on and was delighted to find Julia Brock by herself in a far corner. She seemed to have been waiting for me.

AS PLAYERS PASS

By JOHN HANLON

ACROSS the cobbles of the town,
The rude wheels grumble, axles grind,
Past gables quaint with ivied crown,
The caravan finds ways that wind,
What of the boy with eyes of brown
Whom Columbine has left behind?

The pale stars glimmer elfishly,
The paler town lights fade away.
Past meadow and past poplar tree,
The Players pass where broad roads stray
While Columbine meets dreams—but he
Awaits a dawning, drabber day.

In cricket chirp her laughter lifts,
As branches sway he sees her dance,
From lily beds her perfume drifts,
Through her the wayward winds of chance
Have brought to hum-drum him the gifts
Of one brief day of glad romance.

The carts have made the hillock's brim,
As rude wheels rumble, axles grind,
Asleep she smiles, while stars grow dim,
The morrow newer loves will find
For Columbine,—but what of him
Whom Columbine has left behind?

THE NAME "CANADA"

BY ISABEL SKELTON

CANADA—the Dominion of Canada! What a firm and established ring the words have in our ears. The name was inevitable, it seems today. Not so at Confederation. When the various provinces of British North America were about to unite in a new state, there was much heart-searching and racking of brains for a suitable name. Our leading newspapers opened their columns for suggestions and during the autumn and early winter of 1864-65, many indeed availed themselves of the privilege. Whatever cogency their recommendations had then, now that years of associations and affection have so endeared the name "Canada" to our hearts, we cannot take them seriously. They are, however, interesting and pleasant subjects for our facetiæ.

"Take", said some, "on the authority of good classical models, the initial letters of the words 'The United Provinces of North America', which of course, would be the best name were it not too long, and thus coin a beautiful new word 'Tupona' as the name of our land". This "beautiful new word" did not sound equally well to all. It was at once criticized as too intimately associated with two-penny. This, in turn, it was said, "by a phonasm or amplification imperatively coercive on the most unenergetic imagination becomes two-penny—half-penny, scilicet, mean, contemptible, insignficant, beneath notice, which is by no means our intention".

Another "beautiful new word", formed on the same principle, met with equally hard judgment. Take the initial letters of England, France, Ireland, Scotland, Germany and Aborigines, and they form the word "Efisga" and give us a "most seasonable and dispassionate motto". "Efisga"! "May thou whose origins are here loudly echoed, attain a destiny as indissolubly interwoven." Surely patriotic wish for unity and concord, combined with evenhanded justice could not soar to higher heights than this. Efisga!

"The authority of good classical models" urged by the supporters of the first suggestions, proved to be one of the most fertile fields to produce a crop of new names. "Transatlantia", a district beyond the Atlantic; "Transsylvania", the wood lands beyond the sea; "Canadensia", a district including Canada—we must remember that Canada in those days meant only our present Provinces of Quebec and Ontario, so this name was strictly correct —"Vesperia", the territory towards sundown; "Mesopelagia", an interoceanic territory, and "Aquilonia", pronounced by its sponsors to be "a

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AUTHOR'S NOTE: The Author begs to acknowledge that, in preparing this article, she had consulted the following books for information or misinformation:

HARPER: Dictionary of Classical Literature.
OLCOTT: Star Lore of All Ages.
OLCOTT: Sun Lore of All Ages.
FLAMMARION: Astronomical Myths.
LOCKYER: Dawn and Development of Astronomy.

short, expressive and smooth sounding name, most appropriate to the latitude of our country". One shudders to think for what solemn, bloodless sons "Transylvania", "Mesopelagia" or "Aquilonia", would have cast the parts.

However, the names stood by no means alone in their learning and shockingness. Even loving loyalty to the House of good Queen Vic, hardly redeem the following Albertoria, proclaimed as equally acceptable to all since it was composed of five letters from each of the words "Albert and Victoria", "Victoralia", "Alexandrina", "Victorialand" and "Albertsland" are further examples of the same sentiment.

Not loyalty to their sovereign, but love of their fatherland, explained the number and variety of another class of suggestions. Long as was the phrase, no name received authoritative sanction as often as did *British North America.* Akin to this was "Western Britannia", or "Britannia West", "Britannia" alone is often found and defended on the ground that though famous in song and story, it had never really been applied geographically. "Britannica" was another variation. "I think it a very happy idea," writes one correspondent, 'Britannica' would be the daughter of our venerated mother Britannia, and the name would serve to remind us of our allegiance to the parent". "Albona", "Albionora" or "New Albion", were others due to a different derivation, but with similar associations. These latter, however, never managed to take strong hold of the popular fancy. One carper, for example, wrote, "Albona, I think a very infelicitous combination, 'al bon' implying as it does, all bone and no muscle".

On the other hand, many went to Canadian history for their inspiration. What could be more appropriate than the name "Champlain", the name of Canada's first Governor? This was the hero whose dauntless explorations had opened up parts of all the provinces, of the Maritimes as well as of the Canadas. Besides all having their part in the historic associations of the word "Champlain", it would be a delicate compliment to the French who were sometimes fearful that their individuality would be lost in the larger state. "Cabotia" had in a like manner its supporters, as also "Acadia" and "Hochelaga". Relating to these in spirit yet differing in suggestion was the name "Colonia" which seems to have had large sanction. "Our state is to be a great union of colonies", writes one man, "Why not call it then 'Colonia'. This is short, euphonious and suggestive, and besides, sounds well in connection with office, person or locality. For example, 'the Viceroy of Colonia' is a dignified, well-rounded phrase".

But most popular of all to judge from the number of letters, were the names that owed their origin to patriotic love for the country itself. Her starry skies and northern lights, her beautiful hills and lakes and waterfalls had cast their own spell over the people. Even if to-day we feel that many of these suggestions, such as "Laurentia", and 'Niagarentia', were more suitable names for a steamship than a nation, yet they have an interest decidedly their own. Take another example, the suggestion "Ursalia". We cannot help but have some sympathy with its popularity. We need not go far to look for a name for our Confederacy. We find the same and our banner in the glory of our northern skies—Ursa Major, with a star for each of the provinces (the Northwest being one) separately bright and beautiful, while collectively attractive and commanding. Let "Ursalia" be the name of our coming Empire, and old Grizzly himself our crest, a warm hug for our allies and a death grip for our foes. Then we need not fear comparison with lion, wolf-dog, red dragon or white elephant, raven, cock or eagle, double or single-headed, bald or plucked. "Borealia" was another of similar root. But one critic rather spoiled it with a wicked pun. "It is an ice name,

cold and blustering". Another less supercilious says, "'Borealia' indicates the position of our country but the *ia* termination is feeble". The name "Norland" indicates the position rather better than either "Borealia" or "Ursalia", and the form of the word is according to the genius of the English language. The name "Norland" would sound familiar to ears accustomed to "England", "Scotland" and "Ireland", and no strong, sturdy son of British America need be ashamed to be called a *Norlander* or a *Norseman,* but I, for one, would blush to hear the manly farmers of Canada West distinguished under the name of "Tuponese".

Yet another whose inspiration doubtless came from the same patriotic fountain suggested the name of our largest lake, Superior. "Now let us see", he says with self-confident pride, "how this name would look were it adopted. We will suppose a United States editor (of *The New York Herald,* for instance), commencing a paragraph to the following effect: "Intelligence has been received from Washington that Secretary So-an-So is now in communication with the *Superior* Government in regard to the—etc', or, 'Secretary Seward has just received a dispatch from the *Superior* Government at Ottawa; I think in regard to our foreign relations the name would sound well.....None of the provinces could object to the name seeing that it may be called the parent of the mighty St. Lawrence, the common bond of union on this side of the continent, and were our friends on the Pacific side to cast their lot with us they could have no serious objection to a Superior name. Should the name now proposed be adopted should we not have a Superior Governor-General, a Superior Parliament, Superior laws, and be altogether a Superior people"?

Such are some of the might-have-beens, and thankful we are that they never became more than might-have-beens. How would any one of us feel, as D'Arcy McGee once put it, to waken up on July the first, instead of a Canadian, a Tuponian or a Hochelagander?

THE CASE OF THE ORIENTAL IN B. C.

BY LUKIN JOHNSTON

WITH the eyes of Europe still concentrated on the intricate problems of reconstruction it is not to be expected that statesmen of the Old World can pay much attention as yet to the more distant problems of the Pacific. The time is coming, however, when the British Dominions in the Pacific Ocean will expect that some more definite line of policy than exists at present will be defined towards the special problems which confront them.

In British Columbia there is a feeling that the terms of amendment or renewal of the Anglo-Japanese alliance will not be dealt with satisfactorily, unless the matter of Oriental immigration to white men's countries is considered and provided for on a permanent basis.

For some years Oriental immigration to Canada has been limited only by a series of "understandings" of a temporary nature, culminating in the order-in-council of June, 1919, which denies entry to the Dominion to "labourers" of any nationality. That the order was aimed primarily at Orientals is generally understood.

At intervals during the last twenty years relations between east and west have been complicated by violent outbreaks of hostility against Orienal-immigrants. The wider the understanding of the facts of the case and of the views of the people of British Dominions most concerned, the less chance there will be of friction and misunderstanding when the time comes for settlement.

The man from eastern Canada, who rarely sees a Japanese or a Chinaman in the streets of his home town, is inclined to regard as a crank the British Columbian who suggests that Canada has an Oriental problem of her own. In the same way the man from Minneapolis pays little attention to his brother from California who tells him that out of all the children born in that State in 1919, one in every thirteen was a Japanese. Outside the Pacific States there are not sufficient Orientals to attract attention.

British Columbians who have fought alongside Japanese in Canadian battalions in France; who enjoyed the protection of the Japanese Imperial navy during many months; who have seen many thousands of Chinese going to, and returning from, service in the Allied cause on the Western Front, would be the last to entertain ill-founded and unwarranted feelings of hostility towards the people of these great races. They appreciate to the full the many desirable qualities of both Chinese and Japanese. By frequent contact with cultured men of these races they have come to realize that they are of a civilization as highly developed in many respects as our own, and one which was ancient and advanced before western civilization existed.

Bombast and bluster will not be found in the Canadian attitude to-

ward this intricate question. At the same time there is a desire for frankness on both sides. Canadians are of opinion that the colour line cannot be eliminated; the two races cannot be assimilated. Japanese remain citizens of Japan however long their residence in Canada. By the very law of their country they owe first allegiance to their Emperor.

The problems of British Columbia and California are to some extent identical, and the one cannot well be considered without relation to the other. With this in mind, the views and actions of the people of California on the subject are of deep interest to British Columbia and are worthy of close study.

In California, out of a population of approximately 2,500,000, there are 123,150 Orientals, made up as follows: Japanese, 87,279; Chinese, 33,271, and natives of India (popularly called collectively "Hindus"), 2,600. The problem as far as the Chinese are concerned seems to have been disposed of satisfactorily some years ago by the Chinese Exclusion Act, prohibiting any further immigration of people of this race to California. The effect is seen in the steady reduction by death of the Chinese population, and by the steady decline in the birth-rate. To-day there are 3000 less Chinese in California than there were ten years ago, and nearly 40,000 less than in 1890.

"Hindus" are not now permitted to emigrate from India to the United States or to Canada, by the Government of India, so that they have ceased to constitute a menace in either country.

Of the Japanese in California, the record is very different. In 1910 there were in that State 41,356 Japanese. At the end of 1919 there were 87,279, an increase of 111 per cent. Of this increase 25,592 came by immigration and 20,331 by birth in the country. Japanese registered births in California in the ten years 1910 to 1919, numbered 27,828.

In Sacramento county for the year 1919, Japanese births in rural districts comprised 49.7 of all births. Board of Control tabulated records show that the percentage of births to white women in California in 1919 were 9.9, while the number of children born to Japanese women of mature age, of whom there are approximately 15,000, averaged 28.8 per cent.

The total acreage in California occupied by Japanese is given by the same authority as 458,056, figures which tally closely with those compiled by the California-Japanese Association. Governor Stephens gives the value of the produce grown by Japanese in California in 1919 as $67,145,730, a tenfold increase in ten years. Land owned by Japanese amounts to 74,769 acres, while under lease to them are some 388,000 acres.

Briefly these figures give the basis of the California case.

British Columbia, with an estimated population of 450,000, has 58,420 Orientals (more than 12 per cent.), made up as follows: Chinese, 40,877; Japanese, 15,180, and natives of India, 2,363. In the rest of Canada there are 13,486 Chinese, 599 Japanese, and 76 Hindus.

The Chinese confine their attention largely to truck gardening, in which they are successful owing to their tremendous energy and to their frugal habits of life; to domestic service and to the more menial tasks of industry. Chinese own and lease considerable areas of fertile land close to the larger cities, and besides having green-grocery stores in the cheaper parts of the towns they peddle their wares from house to house. The chief competition with white men is in the market gardening line and in the lumber mills of the Province. Among their number, of course, there are criminals who smuggle and sell to their own and to white people, drugs in considerable quantities, but, generally speaking, they are law-abiding citizens. Where the average wage of the white labourer is $5 a day, the Chinaman works for $3 to $4.50 a day.

As a domestic servant the Chinaman would be hard to replace in British Columbia. White domestic help is almost unobtainable, and the Chinaman has become sufficiently westernized to take advantage of the opportunity to organize and thus raise his rate of pay from the $25 a month of ten years ago to the present standard of $60 to $70 a month with board. Their standard of living is much below the white man's, and a large part of their earnings is sent directly home to China. This aspect of the question is of some importance, for it will be seen that if there are for example 30,000 Chinese in B. C., earning an average of $4 a day, the aggregate of their earnings amounts to $36,000,000 a year. Probably half of this large sum is sent directly out of the country and constitutes a serious economic loss to the country.

Under the existing temporary legislation no Chinese worker is allowed to enter the country, but before this regulation came into force they were permitted to enter on payment of a head tax of $500, half of which went to the Province and half to the Dominion. Chinese women at that time could enter on payment of a head tax of $1,000.

The case of the Japanese is very different. They are more aggressive than the Chinamen, and are by no means content to be "hewers of wood and drawers of water." Where ten years ago there were few Japanese stores outside of "Jap Town" in the large cities, to-day their shops are to be found in the most expensive business districts. They enter many lines of commerce. There are Japanese banks and fish canneries, and they own and operate considerable areas of fruit land. Here it is worth noting that the statement was made in 1919 before the United States House Committee on Immigration, that in Seattle, Wash., 47 per cent. of the hotels, among them some of the most exclusive, and 25 per cent. of the grocery establishments of that city were operated by Japanese.

While from the Okanagan Valley of B. C., where there are large tracts of the best fruit-growing land in the Province, there have come strenuous protests against the encroachment of the Japanese in recent years, it is in the coast fishing industry that their activities have become most noticeable. Of the 4,566 gill-net licenses for salmon éshing in the season 1919-20, 2,272 were issued to Japanese, against 1,766 to British subjects, including native Indians. Of the 2,173 trolling licenses issued, 584 went to Japanese, against 1,133 to British subjects. Japanese are largely employed as crews on purse-seine boats, though these forms of license cannot be issued direct to them.

The valuable herring fisheries of this coast are now almost entirely in the hands of Japanese. During the war, by way of assisting this branch of their industry, all Japanese ships subsidized by the Japanese Government plying between B. C. ports and Japan, were compelled to allot certain space to herring. By this means they built up a very large industry at a time when British shipping was otherwise occupied.

Except for the order-in-council referred to previously, the only existing regulations governing the entry of Japanese into Canada is contained in the "gentlemen's agreement" entered into in 1908, by which not more than 400 Japanese per year were to be given passports from their country to Canada. Opinions differ as to whether this agreement has been fully lived up to.

The political status of Japanese in British Columbia is peculiar and complicated. Under Japanese law a child is a Japanese if his or her father is a Japanese subject at the time of birth, irrespective of the place of birth. Japanese can only be expatriated at any time under very exceptional circumstances, and in point of fact, the very great majority of Japanese in British Columbia, and in California, art still Japanese subjects. The British-born subjects of these people

thus have dual citizenship. They are Japanese by their father's nationality and British by their own birth.

Under the election laws of Canada no Oriental, except 154 Japanese who fought with the Canadian forces in France and have returned, are entitled to the franchise, and this applies only to the provincial voters' list. Japanese and Chinamen may become naturalized but cannot vote, except in cases mentioned above. Their children attend the public schools and imbibe knowledge alongside white children, a practice to which no great objection seems to be voiced in the bigger cities. In many cases Japanese children attend their own schools after ordinary school hours, where they learn their own language, history and customs.

In California the problem has advanced several stages further than in British Columbia. As yet the question of "picture brides" has not arisen in Canada, and there has been no occasion for evasion of existing land laws by means of "guardianship" of minors as in the south. By "picture brides" are meant women, who, while still in their own country, have been married to Japanese in the United States according to the laws of Japan. More than 5,000 Japanese women have entered California by this means and joined their husbands there.

The people of California have made a deep study of this whole perplexing question. They are in possession of accurate data on every conceivable phase of it. The statistics they bring forward with regard to land holdings and birth-rate give powerful backing to their demands for a permanent settlement. Unfortunately, perhaps, no such elaborate study has been made in British Columbia, but there is a strong desire to see the matter considered in a comprehensive way, rather than that it should be allowed to drift along in a haphazard manner until a critical situation has been reached.

FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

I

Mr. Meighen's position at the Imperial Conference cuts to the roots of our relations with Great Britain. He has gone farther with the extreme autonomists than has any other political leader in Canadian history. With his teaching, if he is not misrepresented in the cable despatches, we are familiar in the editorial pages of *The Toronto Star* and *The Manitoba Free Press*, in the speeches of Mr. John S. Ewart, K.C., and in the argument of the Kingdom papers. It was said during the American Civil War that while every Democrat was not a Copperhead every Copperhead was a Democrat. So while every autonomist in Canada is not a separatist every separatist is an autonomist. It would, of course, be ridiculous to suggest that Mr. Meighen or Mr. Rowell or Sir Robert Borden are separatists but there is room for doubt about the direction in which some of their arguments carry us, and it is desirable, therefore, that their position should be made clearer and that Canada should go forward with full knowledge of the direction it is taking.

Ten years ago we rejected a trade compact with Washington, not so much because of its actual provisions as because of its tendencies and implications. What are the actual tendencies and implications of Mr. Meighen's "four points" at the Imperial Conference? He insists, if we are to rely upon the despatches, that the Dominions shall have complete and detailed knowledge of all negotiations with and all relations between Great Britain and other countries even in cases where no direct Canadian interest is involved. He stipulates that where Dominion interests are involved or may arise consent of the Dominions shall be the essential condition of any treaty or understanding between the United Kingdom and other countries. He suggests that no treaty or understanding negotiated by Great Britain shall bind the Dominions unless it is formally accepted and decisively ratified by the Dominion Parliaments, and he demands that over all questions affecting relations between Canada and the United States the authority of Canada shall be absolute and final.

II

These surely are great and revolutionary demands which require full and dispassionate consideration by the Canadian people. Virtually we proclaim a new Monroe Doctrine and complete the exclusion of Great Britain from this continent. If the Imperial Government and Parliament may have no voice in questions affecting Canada and the United States it would be unreasonable to suggest that they should have any responsibility for agreements entered into between the two countries or for differences arising between the

two countries. In short, Canada issues a Declaration of Independence on this continent, denies responsibility for general British interests and disclaims any dependence upon British naval or military power for the protection of purely Canadian interests. Clearly where we take absolute power we must take absolute responsibility. If we reject co-operation we must take the consequences of independence.

Mr. Meighen's position is logical enough but it is none the less revolutionary, and fundamentally alters the old conception of the Imperial relation and the position of Canada in the Empire. It is a change not to be accepted without deep and anxious consideration, and not until the Canadian people have pronounced judgment upon its immediate implications and its conceivable consequences. One feels that the political leaders have been precipitate. On Imperial and foreign policy no differences separate Mr. Meighen from Mr. King or Mr. Crerar. We have been warned over and over against the centralizing tendencies of the Round Table groups and the conspiracies, imaginary or otherwise, of Jingo Imperialists, but we have not understood that the whole structure of the Empire was to be recast behind the backs of the people and that in advance of the projected Constitutional Conference there was to be a vital disturbance of established relations between the Dominions and the Mother Country.

It seems, too, that while Canada claims absolute sovereignty over questions affecting this country and the United States we oppose renewal of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty which vitally affects Australia and New Zealand. In short we would greatly extend the political authority of Canada, restrict the political authority of Great Britain, and challenge the authority of the Australasian Dominions over questions in which they have the deepest and most profound concern. We would claim the right to dictate our own policy on the Pacific, in alliance with the United States, and yet would ask Great Britain to denounce a treaty to which Australia and New Zealand seem to attach high value and which incidentally perhaps affords some guarantee of security for India. Is it too much to suggest that Mr. Meighen's "four points" would erect Canada into the dominant power in the British Empire, give us a super position among the Dominions, deprive Great Britain of any real power on the American continent, and repose sovereignty over the Pacific in the United States and Canada, or in the United States if Canada and the Republic could not agree upon a common policy. For manifestly if we assert absolute control over British policy on this continent we cannot reasonably appeal to Great Britain if we find ourselves in conflict with Washington over questions of vital consequence to the welfare and security of Canada.

There are other phases of the great problems which cannot be ignored, If we are to have a voice in all questions which affect the Empire all over the world what obligations shall we assume for the defence of the common interest? Surely where we assume to give advice we must be ready to give support. If we undertake to dictate policy in North America we must have some reserve of power to give effect to our policy if it is challenged. Or do we mean to rely wholly upon Washington and the League of Nations to which Washington will not subscribe. Unless the Nations agree upon general disarmament the United States will have a navy second only to that of Great Britain. However much we may rely upon the good disposition of Washington, could we in any conceivable circumstances neglect all provision for defence unless the American army were disbanded and the American navy dismantled? What would be the cost of providing such defence of Canadian interests as the British navy now affords? Have we greater reason to trust the United States than we have to trust Great Britain? Do we mean deliberately to declare that we regard

our connection with Great Britain as a danger on this continent and that we will feel more powerful and more secure when we have established at Ottawa a complete sovereignty over all our relations with the Republic?

III

Nor is one easily convinced that the new relation will contribute to a closer alliance between the English speaking peoples. For half a century Great Britain has continuously sought a good understanding with the United States. No treaty of arbitration or project of co-operation has been rejected at Westminster. No opportunity to show sympathy and goodwill for the United States has been neglected by the British people. We in Canada have felt sometimes that the British press and British statesmen have cultivated American friendship too assiduously and that British diplomats have displayed excessive subserviency at Washington. It is curious, therefore, that we should have suddenly discovered that Anglo-Saxon amity depends upon Canadian diplomacy at Washington, that we should give priority to American interests in the Assembly of Nations, and that in concern for American susceptibilities we should oppose renewal of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty even against the wishes of Great Britain, New Zealand and Australia.

We all recognize that the Dominions must have equal status in the Empire and that no political organization in which national sentiment is repressed can endure. But there is a road which leads towards co-operation and another which leads towards separation. Along which road are we travelling? Are we to co-operate with Washington or with London? Are we to unite for common Imperial purposes or to divide for separate national purposes? At the moment we seem to be putting all the emphasis upon privileges and powers and dignities. We are demanding equal authority in the Empire but we seldom utter a sentence which suggests that we are willing to accept any obligations or sanction any definite organization of the Commonwealth. Under the old colonial relation it was perhaps not unnatural to put the cost of Empire upon the backs of British taxpayers. But if we are determined to call the tune decency demands that we shall contribute to the support of the orchestra. Even if the League of Nations, as we all desire, shall become a force instead of a futility, and the weary Nations put off the great burden of armaments, it will be of supreme consequence that the British Empire should hold its high place in the world, and one does not believe that the Canadian people are ready to sanction proposals that may divide and disrupt. There is no need for this feverish haste to refashion the Empire. If we go warily and wisely we will find the machinery necessary to give equal citizenship to all the King's subjects and ample autonomy to all portions of the Commonwealth. But if we do not set ourselves to methods and projects of co-operation who can deny that there is danger of separation and dissolution? In the despatches from London there are evidences of misunderstanding and conflict, and too much eager advocacy of proposals which the masses of the British people have had no opportunity to consider and which may produce grave perplexity and mischief in the future. The first trust of the British peoples is in a League of Empire and if a League of British Nations is impracticable who can believe in the permanence or practicability of a League of all Nations?

IV

Surely a flagrant injustice was done when the Ontario Jockey Club was fined $1,000 for allowing liquor to be consumed on the grounds during the spring meeting. By no possible vigilance could every flask that was taken to

the races have been discovered and confiscated. How could the law by which the Club has suffered be enforced in a crowd of twenty thousand people? That there were flasks at the races and some drinking cannot be disputed. Indeed, there were cases of actual drunkenness. All over Canada and the United States where crowds gather there are flasks and drinking. On trains flasks have become almost as common as suitcases. There are flasks, too, at many parties of young people, and in cases even more drinking than before prohibition was established. And there is greater toleration for drunkenness. One hopes that this may be only a passing phase but it is still true, as it has been for generations, that sumptuary legislation is difficult to enforce.

There can be no doubt that in many American cities there are open bars and flagrant and defiant drinking. In hotels and clubs in Ontario the law seems to be generally observed. But, as has been said, the flask is everywhere and illicit selling is distressingly common. It is curious that so many men cannot make a journey without a flask and that the taste for raw whisky and bad whisky should be so difficult to eradicate. But multitudes of people cannot be convinced that moderate drinking is a criminal offence and they defy laws which they regard as an interference with their natural freedom. There are powers which are beyond governments. There are restraints to which human nature will not submit. Governments never were so busy with prohibitions that do not prohibit and regulations that do not regulate. No one would suggest that the liquor traffic should be uncontrolled, but no Legislature should maintain and no people should tolerate a regulation which permits one individual or group of individuals to be punished for the offences of others. In the case of the Jockey Club that is exactly what happened. On the other hand, much as one may dislike restrictive legislation, there is too much racing and too much race track betting in Canada. Ultimately racing will be prohibited unless those who are in control of the sport show greater concern for the true object of racing and a greater respect for public opinion.

V

Mr. Alleyne Ireland, in "Democracy and the Human Equation", points out that in the session of the United States Congress for 1916 which covered nine months, there were introduced 24,818 bills, 477 joint resolutions and eighty-five concurrent resolutions, while in the British parliamentary session which lasted fourteen months only 231 bills were considered. In the five years ending with 1904 the British Parliament passed less than fifteen hundred laws and the American Legislatures more than forty-five thousand. Mr. Ireland says: "It is all very well to *talk* about a government of laws and not of men; it is even excellent to talk about it when we are attempting to secure the enactment of good measures; but those who imagine that the fight for good government is over if and when the good measures have become law—and they appear to comprise almost the whole population of the country—are simply making it inevitable that whatever goodness there is in government will remain between the front and the back covers of the law books and will never be liberated into the open spaces of administration." In another connection Mr. Ireland suggests that Democracy has ceased to be a good form of government and has become a poor form of religion. At least governments are attempting to exercise powers over the habits and morals of the people which cannot be effective, for conduct, character, independence, and courage are still the vital and enduring things in any civilization. No doubt the world grows better, but one one doubts if the best achievements of mankind have come through repressive and coercive legislation. Moreover there is grave danger

that excessive legislative meddling with things that Parliaments and Legislatures cannot wisely control will finally produce revolt and reaction and bring a Charles instead of a Cromwell.

VI

In Canada constituencies are electing candidates in favour of lower tariff, while a Republican Administration in the United States has raised duties to a level as high as the McKinley and Dingley imposts. In the last Presidential contest the tariff did not seem to be the chief issue between the parties. Mr. Harding, in obedience to the Ohio tradition, suggested tariff increases in many of his speeches, but in the press and the literature of the Republican party Democratic finance, the League of Nations, and the manifold imperfections and misdeeds of Mr. Wilson were the issues and considerations to which attention was chiefly devoted. There is no evidence, therefore, that the action of Congress expresses the settled judgment of the American people.

Unquestionably many American industries have so developed that they require export markets, while some of the new duties seem to be high enough to discourage trade with other countries. There is this difference between the industries of Canada and those of the neighbouring country. Few Canadian factories have a monopoly of the home market. Many of the great organized industries of the United States have a production which exceeds the domestic demand. Through long and adequate protection such American factories can meet any competition from outside. Any surplus production they must sell elsewhere. Hence export trade becomes of pressing importance. Moreover, such industries have less need of high protection than the weaker industries of some other countries which have neither the resources nor the markets which they command.

No doubt the chief objects of the new American tariff are to provide revenue and to placate the farmers in a time of high wages, heavy transporation charges, and falling prices for farm products. The farmers of the United States have always been among the bulwarks of protection. As industries have been established in the South and West the local demand for farm products has increased and new recruits for the protectionist army have been obtained. Hence even though protectionists sentiment may have weakened in some centres of population and in some classes which have no direct relation to industry probably there never was among the farmers of the United States a stronger or more general protectionist feeling than now exists. One is concerned at the moment only to state the fact, and not to suggest any argument for or against protection in Canada. Estimates of the revenue to be secured by the new tariff run all the way from $400,000,000 to $700,000,000. It is said that the rates under the system of valuation to be applied are higher in the new tariff than in any tariff that Congress has sanctioned since the Civil War, or at least since customs duties were directly adjusted to meet the obligations which the war laid upon the country. During that period the deliberate policy of the United States was to relieve capital from taxation in order to increase the reserves available for industrial expansion and projects of reconstruction, and to draw the maximum of revenue from customs duties. To a degree the Republican party seems to have gone back to the old policy, and it has to be seen what will be the effects under new conditions and whether the people will approve or condemn.

It is curious that the father of the Emergency Tariff Bill which Wilson vetoed, and which Congress adopted when the Republicans secured control, should be a native of Ontario. Representative Young of North Dakota, was born in Huron County. For some years he sat in the Legislature of North

Dakota. At one time while he was a member he had three colleagues from Huron. Just now there does not seem to be much prospect that a native of North Dakota will introduce a Young Bill at Ottawa. Nor does Medicine Hat suggest that the protectionism of Mr. Young has extended across the border. No one may question the right of the United States to legislate in its own interests. The language of retaliation cannot wisely be employed between neighbours. It would be vain, however, to deny that a valuable market for Canadian farm products is vitally affected by the new United States tariff, and with exchange so heavily against Canada a situation has been created which the Government and Parliament at Ottawa cannot overlook.

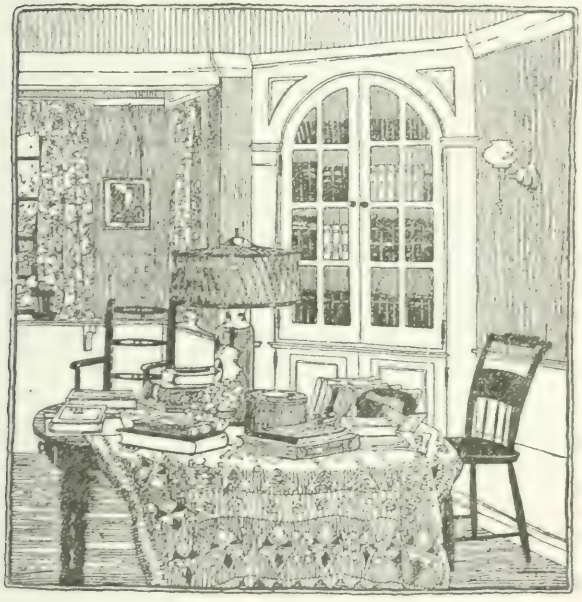
VII

Depression and unemployment are still general all over the country. A good crop may stimulate industrial and commercial activity but there is no prospect of any immediate restoratioin of normal conditions. Russia is still disorganized. Austria is a ruin and a horror. Italy is struggling under a crushing load of taxation and against acute industrial dislocation and socialistic madness. France is cruelly burdened, industrially unsteady and politically unstable. Germany is filled with underfed workers, driven by necessity to produce, and forcing goods into other markets at ruinous prices. In Great Britain the long coal strike has beggared thousands of workers, put heavy losses upon all classes of the population, and seriously impaired the competitive position of a multitude of British industries. In South America and Mexico there are depression and uncertainty. Even in the United States the security markets are demoralized and the capacity of the business interests to bear taxation is strained to the utmost.

No doubt Canada is in as good a position as any other country, but we need not expect a complete restoration of activity and confidence until conditions in Europe become more stable and wages and prices are adjusted to a lower cost of production. Individuals and nations must relearn the old lessons of thrift and economy. The world must get back to work and all of us must understand that the power to spend increases with the amount of one's savings and not with the magnitude of one's obligations. In Canada, as elsewhere, there still is gross personal and public extravagance. There is not a government in the Dominion against which the charge of waste and extravagance does not lie. This is as true of the Western Legislatures as of those of the older Provinces. It is as true of Legislatures in which farmers dominate as of those in which agriculture is under represented. And too often leaders of labour become public spendthrifts when they get into Parliament. Indeed it is doubtful if a political Labour party in any country has ever shown any zeal for economy. Nowhere does there seem to be any consciousness that the great war enormously increased the public obligations. We spend as though we were out of debt and tax as though there was no burden the people could not carry.

Chiefly, too, we tax the Few for the advantage of the Many and absorb the reserves of capital upon which the very life and progress of the country depend. It will not yet be admitted, but it is the fact that unwise methods of taxation are greatly responsible for the paralysis of industry and the sacrifice of securities all over the continent, and that those classes from which the governments have taken little or nothing directly have suffered most severely by the taxing systems which have burdened industry, seized working capital, raised prices and produced unemployment. When all is said there have been no greater servants of mankind than those who have increased wealth and production. *The Wall Street Journal* said not long ago: "It is not difficult

to contrast the socialist and capitalist doctrines in a simple illustration. Suppose Joseph, with grain stored for the seven lean years in Egypt, were faced by a mob which had previously deposed Pharaoh. Whatever the capitalist did he would not surrender this seed corn to the mob for it was primarily seed that Joseph stored. But had he been a socialist he would have surrendered the grain indispensable for future harvests, merely stipulating that the mob leaders should see that nobody with a clean shirt got any of it." Taxation which punishes enterprise and exhausts capital falls most heavily upon the masses of the people.



DOLLARD DES ORMEAUX

AND THE SIEGE OF THE LONG SAULT

BY MAGDALEN CASEY

ADAM DOLLARD, Sieur des Ormeaux, and his companions occupy a considerable place in modern history, and there is no more romantic or appealing story than that of their gallant exploit at the Long Sault.

Champlain, in the face of many difficulties, founded Quebec in 1608 and established the first permanent settlement in New France. The Indians were at war amongst themselves. The Hurons and Algonquins occupied territory which is now included in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. Their opponents, the fierce Iroquois, a confederation of five nations formed from the scattered tribes around Lake Champlain and south of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, were eager to exterminate them. Champlain, whose little colony was in a precarious situation, deemed it politic to side with the more humane nation of the Hurons, and although by this act he gained for the French the lasting hatred of the Iroquois, his work was destined to survive.

It is to M. Olier, the founder of the Society of St. Sulpice, that we are indebted for the foundation of Ville Marie, now the City of Montreal. It had long been his cherished project to bring the New World into the knowledge of the true faith, and through his influence Ville Marie was founded and financed by private persons as a purely religious colony, whence the light of the gospel might shine among the Indian tribes, who were encouraged to settle near the town in order that they might be taught the arts of civilization and see Christianity exemplified in the conduct of the colonists. It was an exalted undertaking, without thought of self-interest, solely for the greater glory of God.

The command was given to Paul Chomedy, Sieur de Maisonneuve, a native of Troyes, France, and a nobleman of distinctioin, whom Parkman likens to the leader of the first crusade. This little band of four women and forty men, the nucleus of the new colony, arrived at the Island of Montreal on the 8th of May, 1642. A simple altar, the site of which is now marked by a granite column, was erected near the bank of the river and decorated by Madame de la Peltrie and Jeanne Mance. Mass was offered up by Father Vimont, a Jesuit, who accompanied them from Quebec and who solemnly blessed and dedicated the new settlement.

The colony grew steadily amidst the dangers it was ever encountering. The colonists began to cultivate the land and provide for their own wants. Redoubts were constructed to afford protection from the Indians. A hospital and a parish church were completed and the future of the little colony seemed full of promise.

The Iroquois made frequent raids on the outworks of the settlement. They sallied forth from impenetrable forests and jungles to lie in wait for

the few Frenchmen who ventured abroad, falling with bloody tomahawk on those working in the fields. Even when the alarm was given and they were pursued, they fled with such swiftness that it was rarely possible to overtake them before they reached rocks and fastnesses where it was dangerous to follow. Maisonneuve dare not, with the few men at his command, risk offensive warfare, where a single battle in the open might bring direct ruin to the little colony and expose it to future aggressions. So the Iroquois harassed the colony with incessant attacks, torturing with unspeakable cruelty any unfortunate settler who happened to fall into their hands. The colonists saw their promising youths snatched up one after another and carried into captivity, or doomed to torture a thousand times more cruel than death.

The savages were increasing each year in number and audacity. Finally In 1659 they planned annihilation of the colony. Some inkling of the dark deeds in contemplation had spread amongst the helpless and sparse population of the valley of the St. Lawrence, and in the spring of 1660 word reached Ville Marie that the Iroquois were preparing in large numbers to strike a decisive blow and destroy New France.

Adam Dollard, Sieur des Ormeaux, was the Commandant of the little garrison at Ville Marie, consisting of seventeen or eighteen men, for the most part experienced in Indian warfare. Rumour stated that three hundred Iroquois were gathered on the upper water of the Ottawa, while five hundred more were camped on the islands of the Richelieu. The entire colony could muster but one hundred and forty men all told. There were, according to the census of that year, only 3,418 French in all Canada.

In this crisis, Dollard, who had youth, genius and enthusiasm, and who had long desired an opportunity to perform some heroic deed which would save the colony from its cruel foe, conceived a bold plan and inspired sixteen other young men to join him in carrying it out. His idea was to surprise and, if possible, disperse the enemy in their descent of the Ottawa, to challenge them face to face, "to give no quarter, to take no quarter, to fight even unto death for God and Country." It is not surprising that Parkman calls it an act of medieval chivalry. In his enthusiasm of faith, honour and adventure, Dollard was like a knight of the early crusades among the forests and savages of the New World.

It is remarkable to record all the encounters that had taken place from the founding of the colony until 1660 —a year that should be marked in red letters—the year of the most heroic deed in Canadian history, the defence of Dollard and his brave companions at the Long Sault.

Few events in the world's history, and none in our own, can compare with it. Nothing more disinterested in purpose, or more sublime in sacrifice of life has ever been recorded. Seventeen Frenchmen faced eight hundred howling savages. From the outset they were doomed to certain destruction. They knew that if taken alive they would be given up to torture of such cruelty as only savages can invent. That their sacrifice would be the salvation of the colony they scarcely dared to hope, but possibly it might delay the descent of the Iroquois long enough to enable the Governor of the city to devise temporary defences, or until such time as France could send reinforcements to their assistance. But France, then fully occupied with war at home, had no men to fight the Indians.

The battle of the Long Sault is as glorious as that of Thermopylae. The bravery of Dollard as serene as that of Leonidas; both went out to hold against an enemy the one pass that must be held; both perished, but both succeeded through their indomitable

spirit in changing the plans of an implacable foe, and both saved their people from impending destruction through the singleness of their purpose and the strength of their arms.

The brave Major Closse, the intrepid Charles Le Moyne and the courageous Picoté de Belestre, when told of the noble and audacious resolution, offered to join, stipulating only a delay of a few weeks until seed-time was over. But Dollard would tolerate no delay. Burning with ardour to attack the enemy at once, he desired to have the command himself that he might show his love for his country. He hurried the preparations for his departure. Maisonneuve knowing the intrepidity of young Dollard willingly gave his consent to the expeditioin. It might not save the colony, but it would check the Indians and give the colonists more time to strengthen their defences. Fortunately for the salvation of Canada there was no delay. Had Dollard deferred his departure until after seed-time, the three hundred Iroquois who were coming down the Ottawa would have joined the five hundred camped on the islands of the Richelieu before Dollard could have reached the Long Sault, and his designs would have been frustrated and a general massacre of the colonists would in all probability have taken place.

On the 20th of April the little band of heroes gathered in the sunny chapel and kneeling for the last time before the humble altar received the Holy Communion. With upraised hands they solemnly vowed to Heaven to go forth to meet the aggressors, surprise them and disperse them on the river, or challenge them face to face; "to give no quarter, to take no quarter, to fight even unto death for God and Country."

They met the enemy sooner than they expected. The first encounter took place at the Ile St. Paul, close to Montreal, the Frenchmen having the better of the fight, but losing three of the party—two having been drowned in the attack. The savages took to the woods, leaving an excellent canoe, which Dollard subsequently put to good use.

On the 1st of May they reached the Long Sault Rapids, where the tumult of waters, foaming and seething among the rocks and boulders, barred further progress. They disembarked at a point not far distant from the present site of the village of Carillon, and were surprised to find in a small clearance, where the shore gently sloped to the river, a rough palisade fort which had been erected by an Algonquin war party the previous autumn, but which was now almost a ruin. They decided to await the Iroquois at this point, as they would be sure to pass the Sault and the locatioin was as favourable as could be found elsewhere. They built their fires and slung their kettles on the shore about two hundred feet from the fort.

Here Dollard and his party, while waiting for the appearance of the Iroquois, were joined by forty Christian Hurons and four Algonquins, who had set out from Quebec on their own account as a war party against the Iroquois, under the noted Huron Chief Anahotaha and Mitiwemeg, the Algonquin. On arriving at Ville Marie they learned of the hazardous enterprise undertaken by the seventeen Frenchmen and wished to join forces with so brave and resolute a band. They begged Maisonneuve for a letter to Dollard, but Maisonneuve had not much faith in Huron valour and hesitated to give his consent. At last he gave Anahotaha the letter but left it to Dollard to accept or decline the proffered help.

Dollard accepted the offer and Anahotaha and Mittwemeg with their braves were welcomed by the Frenchmen and sent out to watch for the enemy. Before long they saw two canoes swiftly approaching. These were met with a volley from the musk-

ets, fired with such precipitation and reckless aim that unfortunately some of the Iroquois escaped, hurried through the woods and informed the warriors whom they met that they had been attacked at the little fort by a party of French and Hurons.

This so enraged the Iroquois that they determined to attack the fort at once. Before the brave defenders had time to strengthen the redoubt, or to secure their provisions and water, the turbulent expanse of the river was covered with canoes filled with dusky forms. The French and their Indian allies rushed for the fort, leaving their kettles still slung on the fires, and began a vigorous attack on the enemy. The Iroquois were totally unprepared for such resistance, and, after being repulsed several times, fell back, many of their number having been drowned, killed, or wounded. They solicited a parley with the French, inquired of their number, and asked that hostilities be discontinued until they could hold a council. Dollard agreed to this, but stipulated that the Indians must retire to the other side of the river. This distance was desired by the French in order that they might strengthen their defence. The Iroquois would not consent but commenced to throw up a palisade opposite the fort in the neighbouring forest.

The French fortunately were well provided with tools and began at once to strengthen their position by driving stakes in the sides of the palisades, filling in with trunks of trees, branches, earth and stones, to the height of a man, leaving about twenty loop-holes at each of which was placed three men with muskets.

The Iroquois did not give them time to complete even their feeble defence before they began the attack again. The besieged defended themselves bravely, killing and wounding a large number of their assailants without losing a single man. The Iroquois were so enraged at being forced to retire in confusion so many times by so small a number that they broke up the canoes of the Frenchmen and their allies, making torches of the splinters to set fire to the palisade, but the little band within the fort kept up such a brisk fire of musketry that it was never possible for them to approach near enough with their burning brands to accomplish their purpose.

They tried a third attack and were again repulsed with great loss. After some days the Iroquois concluded as they could not take the fort they would send for the warriors who were waiting at the Islands of the Richelieu preparing for the great raid which was to wipe out the French in Canada. Up to this time the little white party had not lost a single man.

Meanwhile for five days and nights the Iroquois continued to harass the besieged with a spluttering fire and constant menace of attack—five days and nights of untold anguish to the brave company pent up in that miserable hovel. Hunger, thirst and want of sleep wrought sad havoc among them. Thirst perhaps was the hardest to bear, with the waters of the river gleaming in the spring sunshine just a few paces from them, but they dare not venture from their defences. At last in desperatioin a few took chances and with what vessels they happened to have in the fort ran under a brisk fire of muskets to the river. The small quantity of water procured under such difficulties only aggravated their thirst. Deprived of drink they could scarcely swallow the crushed Indian corn or hominy which was their only food. At last, after digging to the level of the river, they were rewarded with a little muddy stream inside the fort, but there was scarcely sufficient to moisten their parched lips.

To add to their anxiety bullets began to fail. The Hurons and Algonquins insisted on replying to every discharge of the enemy, day or night, and soon consumed whatever ammunition they had with them. The French

supplied them from their own store until it was almost exhausted.

The Huron Anahotaha begged Dollard to treat with the Iroquois before reinforcements would arrive. Dollard followed his advice and two Hurons of note offered themselves as envoys, carrying presents, such as were then used in the country on all great occasions of peace or war. The envoys were received with loud cries, whether of joy or mockery they could not tell.

Among the assailants were a number of renegade Hurons who had been adopted by the Iroquois. These now approached the fort, hostilities being suspended, and began calling to their countrymen within that eight hundred warriors were close at hand and that their only hope of safety was in joining the Iroquois who would treat them as friends. Small wonder that these wretched Hurons, weakened by famine and dying of thirst, listened to the seducers and jumped over the palisade in twos and threes. All the Hurons deserted the unhappy band except the brave Anahotaha. The Algonquins, who had nothing to expect from their ancient enemy but torture, held their ground with the courage of despair.

This desertion of the cowardly Hurons inspired the Iroquois with the hope of capturing the remainder of the little band by threats or promises. They approached the fort with the envoys, but Dollard, understanding their manœuvres, fired on them unexpectedly killing some and putting the rest to flight.

On the evening of the fifth day of the siege the reinforcements arrived and amid cries of joy rushed up to the fort. But they were driven back—though they came again and again, until, baffled, these savages began to ask what sort of opponents they had met. How could a handful of men withstand such a number of warriors? These were surely not the few Frenchmen they had expected to meet—these were opponents worthy of their strength.

Dollard, after the desertion of the Hurons, had but twenty-two followers. Their best defence was some large musketoons that carried heavy charges and scattered widely, causing such a havoc among the Iroquois that some were for giving up the fight, but the majority refused, as it would be a shameful thing to be defeated by a handful of Frenchmen with a few Indians in a miserable old fort. Volunteers were called to lead a forlorn hope, and every precaution was taken for one grand, concerted attack.

When the Iroquois had resorted to this last attack the French had been holding out for ten days, weakened by wounds and suffering tortures from hunger, thirst, and loss of sleep, but never losing faith in their great cause, praying and fighting with the courage of martyrs and by their example inciting even their enemies to die bravely.

The Iroquois advanced. The leaders were covered with large shields made of split logs fastened on crossbars like mantlets and followed by a mob of howling, screaming savages. The Frenchmen poured a volley of fire from every loop-hole, but, enraged to desperation, the savages reached the palisade, and, crouching down below the range of the guns, began hacking at the stakes to effect an opening. The besieged threw two large musketoons on the miners without dislodging them. As a last resource Dollard filled a large musketoon with powder, plugged the muzzle and inserted a lighted fuse, intending to throw it over the palisade. Unfortunately it caught in an overhanging branch of a tree and fell back among the French, killing some, wounding others, and blinding all for a time.

This tragic incident left the loop-holes vacant, and the Iroquois perceiving their advantage, immediately seized it and fired into the fort. At the same time they succeeded in making a breach in the palisade and the red demons rushed into the fort, fall-

ing on the remnant of the brave little band, who, says Dollier de Casson, "Despite this catastrophe, fought as though every man had the heart of a lion, defending himself with sword thrust and pistol shot."

The end had come. Dollard was struck, and above the din of battle sounded the cry, "For God and Country", from the parched lips of the gallant leader as he fell among the slain.

The fight was over. Three of the brave seventeen were breathing — these maimed and all but dead were burned. None survived of the French, but Montreal was saved, New France was saved, and Canada went on to her destiny.

Mother Marie de l'Incarnation tells of the startling feat performed by a Frenchman, who, seeing all was lost and that several of his companions who had been mortally wounded still breathed, despatched them with sturdy blows of his hatchet to deliver them by this inhuman act of mercy from the fury of the Iroquois. The brave Anahotaha finding himself about to die begged that his head might be put in the fire in order to rob the Iroquois of the glory of bearing off his scalp.

The Huron deserters did not profit by their cowardice, as, regardless of their promises, the Iroquois tortured some of them, sending others to their village to be dealt with at their leisure. Five of the latter escaped, and it is to them, as well as from admissions made long afterwards by the Iroquois themselves, that the French learned of this glorious battle, which saved the country and averted the storm. The Iroquois had had enough. They had sated their cruelty upon Dollard and his companions, but had paid so dear a price that they were content to abandon the larger plan of destruction.

Thus fought and perished seventeen of the bravest men of New France, as Abbe Faillon remarks, without that incentive to heroism, the hope of immortalizing oneself, which spurred on the Grecian and Roman warrior in his career of glory. They could count on no poets, no historians to commemorate their deed. The devotion of the Christian, the spirit of the soldier, alone animated and inspired them.

A list of these brave men, together with their wills and other documents signed by them, may be found in the archives of the City of Montreal.

Authorities consulted:—Histoire de la Colonie Francaise par Abbe Faillon; The Jesuit Relations, Vol. 45; Letters de la Venerable Mère Marie de l'Incarnation; Parkman's Old Regime in Canada; Histoire du Montréal par Dollier de Casson.

BIRTHRIGHT---POTTAGE

BY CHRISSIE McLACHLAN

AND Esau said to Jacob; 'Feed me, I pray thee, with that same red pottage for I am faint: therefore was his name called Edom.'

"And Jacob said: 'Sell me this day thy birthright.'

"And Esau said: 'Behold I am at the point to die and what profit shall this birthright do to me?' "

They rode across the prairie, the unbroken, houseless prairie, and the gophers scuttled into their holes, and the badger stuck a villainous head up, and then disappeared. Away to the left a coyote slunk insolently off. And they rode quick and fast, chased the coyote, and laughed with the joy of life and rode.

All the afternoon they had ridden, — their last day together — a day given by the gods. Its sweetness, and fresh frosty tang entered their veins, and made the blood bound, and the eye brighten, the lips curve, and the throat thrust out deep, low laughter. The great, boundless prairie held them with wide, quiet, kindly sympathy.

They talked of next year. Was she coming back? No. Well perhaps she would have a school near this one? Perhaps. They spoke of the students who had come out with her in May, of the three who were going back with her now; they talked about those five months since her coming—how swift and glad they had been. They spoke of the kiddies in the school, the funny things they said, of the dance the night before, wondered why Molly wasn't there, of the last snapshots they had taken, of how terribly she might have been hurt the day Doll, the little broncho, had "piled" her.

Then they passed Dinton's ranch-house, and he told her how Buck Dinton had taken his life two years ago. Those hard years had strained his nerve to the breaking point, and he had funked, and gone out of life like a coward, leaving his wife to face it alone.

Shades of meaning entered, and life was glad, and young, and possible. But Isa fought against the lure of it all; the prairie with its promises, for she knew she was mad to think of things so. Then she thrust her thoughts away—it was the day that called her, and she was going home in two days.

Come, fill the Cup and in the Fire of Spring
Your winter garment of Repentance fling;
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter, and the bird is on the wing.

There would be plenty of time to forget afterward. So they rode together, and knew it was good to be young. They forded the creek, passed through the gate, up the coulee, where still a few roses bloomed, and up till they reached the great, level stretch of prairie again.

Then more quietly, with a wistful sadness they rode, while the long shadows lengthened in the hushed stillness of the autumn evening. For God still walks in the cool of the day, and life knows its nakedness, still, when the long, gray fields grow grayer. The

wind freshened in the little grasses.

They noticed that the kodak had fallen from Campbell's saddle. He said he would ride three miles back to see if he could find it. Over the hill there was a little dip, and he disappeared. She had forgotten it, and thought he must have been thrown. Sick terror caught her and she rode fast up the hill. Then she understood and smiled a little at herself.

So she waited alone, on the graying, mystic prairie, and it called to her, with the wind in the grass, and she felt him coming, coming, sweeping up to her. He questioned her with his eyes. She told him she had forgotten about the dip, and that he had gone out of sight.

"You were frightened?"

"Yes." Silence for a little.

Then he spoke, not long, nor much, for the wind was telling, and the prairie called, and words were poor things.

"I want you always — you will come?"

He knew. Then he caught her strongly, and lifted her from the saddle, and held her close. "We will race down the wind together." So he called to the horse, and he gathered himself in a swift free long lope that was like nothing she had ever lived. They rode faster and more madly, exultingly on the wind. Thundering over the startled prairie, through the long shadows of the hills, and her heart was a mad thing, that sang and joyed, and felt no bond, nor any shame and knew heaven, and earth, and flowers, and brooks that rippled, and sunlight caught in waterfalls, and laughter that held girls' souls, and joy that was very pain—and she loved and was unafraid.

Then her soul sank in a great quiet of infinite content, and they were riding no longer, but the wind held them, and they were the wind—the heart of the wind—the wind on the prairies. And her heart lay still and glad.

Next day there was a letter from home—the next days what a part they play in life's decisions—just a little "homey" letter from her mother. She told of a tea at Mrs. Gaston's, how Archie was there and they had had quite a chat. He had spoken of Isa and was glad she liked her school out West so well. She had gone to the theatre with the Baxters, and the girls had spoken about Isa's coming home. And sitting there reading in the room in her little western boarding-house she saw them all, and a longing came for the safe, quiet, tame life they lived; and her heart grew a dead thing, that knew shame and fear, and long, sick, weariness. And she thought she must have been mad.

She thought of them all, all the wives of those other men out there in the West. How little they had. How little prettiness there was in their bare dull life! How soon they grew old and their husbands grew tired of them.

She thought of the woman with whom she boarded. How much she loved little unusual jaunts! Yet she scarcely ever went anywhere. She remembered the night Mr. Jackson had spoken of going up to the hills to have some machinery fixed, and Mrs. Jackson had looked up quickly wanting to go, and then he had said:

"Oh! no, we can't go. There are road scrapers in the wagon at home, and I want to fetch in some hay. So I'll have to wait until Fred comes home with the other wagon to get the hay. It will be too late to go to the hills after that."

And how Mrs. Jackson had said: "We could leave a note for Fred and tell him to bring in the hay."

"No, that wouldn't do, Fred mightn't see it." Then Mrs. Jackson said: "If we take off the road scrapers so you can use that wagon, will you take us?" He didn't say anything. So Isa herself had helped to unload them, pretending it was lots of fun; but with a little grip of pain, to think how little he cared. And after all he hadn't taken them. So the little, ugly thoughts came and mocked her. Her heart grew cold, and she knew

dully that something must be done, and something explained, and that she would have to be strong—but she didn't feel strong. She felt sick, and uncertain, and, oh, so tired of it all.

He came. She told him—told him with his honest, strong face,, getting a little whiter, and his strong lips a little tighter and thinner, and his eyes —oh, she only looked at his eyes once. They held so much wrenching pain and pity—yes, pity for her weakness. She knew she was weak as she told him yet she told him all, without shade or tone in the painting of it.

Her mother was a widow, not rich, who had planned and saved to give her daughter an education. She was the only girl and if she married him—her mother would—be losing her altogether. For her mother wouldn't understand, couldn't get in touch with a new life—the life he would represent. She would feel lonely at losing her daughter, and she would not be getting a son, for there would be—could be—no understanding between her mother and Jack. The mother had always wanted the little, tame, conventional happiness of life. Oh, could she say it all—she should have written it. It was terrible to have to tell it all; and he sat there so still—just listening. Still she went on. She wasn't sure that she would be happy herself. It was so lonely on the prairie, and life was so hard, and bare, and unlovely; and she would never have a chance to wear her pretty dresses. She would get old, and wrinkled, and homely in a little while and her hands wouldn't be pretty, and after a while he would tire of her, as all men did out there. She would be lonely and unlovely. And maybe she'd grow not to care for him—nor to care what she looked like. Oh, she couldn't, she couldn't. He must forgive her, it had been very wrong of her, but they could be still —friends. She scarcely breathed the last word, it was insulting in its insipidity.

He sat quiet a long time—so long that she looked up—and then it was that she saw his eyes. He spoke quietly, kindly, pityingly—told her he knew how it would hurt her mother, that perhaps she belonged back there; and he didn't—he didn't blame her. Then his voice stopped. He spoke again. He asked her to think well before she chose the other way; he knew she loved him as she could never love anybody else. That love was everything, a love like theirs. It forced things to come right. If she did the dominantly right thing, the others would fit in somehow. He had always seen it so. His voice stopped quickly.

When he spoke again it was strong, and full, and free.

"You will never forget, girl, never. When you hear the wind sweep you will remember our ride of wild sweetness; when the little breeze freshens at night you will remember the gay madness of it. You cannot forget when the sun shines and the birds sing. You will remember when all is still and graying—when the day closes with long shadows. Ah, you will remember always how we rode together."

She came home, just the same old Isa, and entered on the happy, busy exciting rush of college life—dances, teas, calls, meetings, flirtations, brightness, and gay, conventional adventures. She enjoyed them all. People's hearts don't break nowadays with the uncomfortable finality they once displayed. The twentieth century girl's heart is a well-ordered and properly regulated mechanism, and responds with pleasing alacrity to whatever new emotions are imposed upon it. Isa had been a little tardy in training hers, but it was a fairly decent heart, and the frazzled edges didn't hurt much—at least in public. Taken altogether, she played a good game, and nobody knew — sometimes she didn't know herself.

She had always been popular, a healthy, happy, wholesome comrade, —skated well, danced well, sang a little, played fairly — with a great capacity for absolute enjoyment of

what the world offers. Now there was another charm. She flirted with a little whimsical sadness; used a little, quiet wistfulness. If you looked a little and stopped to wonder, she was all quick smiles and mockery. Yet she was not happy even if she made others happy.

Directly in proportion to her increase in popularity was the sweet "cattiness" of her dear girl friends. And—sometimes she fought with the weapon nearest at hand. At first she hated herself for it, and strove still to be big-hearted and strong. But little by little she changed into the charming society product — clever, even brilliant, armed at all points, a little heartless and a great deal scornful. And she forgot her crude, strong honesty; forgot even to be honest with herself. But never did she forget altogether, the wind on her face, the long shadows, the fresh odour of newly-turned earth—the little inanimate things that torture — that hold the soul of the yesterdays.

"Sometimes," remarked her mother one day as they sat together making some trinkets for a bazaar. "You seem to have a far-away look—sort of yearning like. What are you thinking about?"

"Oh, I don't know," Isa answered; "nothing in particular."

"You're not thinking of that old West again, are you?"

"I haven't quite forgotten it."

"I don't see how anybody could like those great, bald stretches."

"That's just it," said Isa, "You won't see."

"But, dear me!" replied her mother. "The place must be frightfully lonesome and the people unbearably crude."

"To some, I suppose, they would be frightfully frank and honest."

"But you really wouldn't like to live there?"

"If I ever did, I suppose my chance is gone now."

"Did you have a chance, my dear?"

"Yes."

The mother laughed coldly.

"With a rancher, I daresay?" She ventured, and then she laughed again decisively, at the very idea.

"Yes, with a rancher," the daughter admitted as soon as her mother had ceased laughing; "With a real rancher, with a real Westerner, with a real man."

"Dear me! I suppose he was bow-legged and the colour of leather?"

"Not exactly."

"Not exactly?"

"No, not exactly. He was a bit breezy, I admit, but he was generous and chivalrous, and he had a sense of humour."

Her mother laughed again.

"Pretty fine humour, I imagine," she challenged.

The trinket Isa was at that very moment making for the bazaar was a doll, and it reminded her of a time out West when they were having a doll drill in her school. Little Lena had been playing with her doll, and they had hidden it, when she wasn't looking, so that the dress wouldn't get dirty. Then when she was looking for it, they wondered if it could have walked off by itself, and what a dreadful thing it would be if it should get pneumonia. Just then Campbell had come in and they had asked him if he had met a doll. He had replied, gravely considering, "No, he hadn't met a doll but he had seen doll tracks." That was so like Campbell's quaint, whimsical humour, she thought, and she smiled a little now as she thought of it. Her mother, noticing the smile, asked her what caused it. Isa told the story, and all the mother said was that the man must have read that in some magazine —it wasn't original.

Another time when they were having afternoon tea the talk drifted to the ideal height of a man which was said to be five feet, seven or eight inches, in order to withstand barometric pressure to the best advantage. Several had said rather clever things about such an ideal height and Isa said, "Most of our men are of the right height for barometric pressure and

have souls of the right size for mercantile pressure." Then the talk turned to a somewhat hazy discussion of the survival of the fittest. But when Isa and her mother were alone again, her mother made some reference to this standard and spoke of "the golden mean" in all things. In Isa's mind, all afternoon, there had been a vision of Campbell. How big, and kind, and quiet, and patient he was. How very far removed from this puny standard he was with his big, splendid strength and his great, generous soul. So now she said that she thought they were losing greatly through this tendency to standardize and to type, that she thought they were growing afraid to be anything except what the world expected of them—"even in size." Then rather suddenly she asked her mother if she had ever hated these petty rules and standards, if she had ever felt as if they were smothering her, and if she had never wanted anything different. Her mother answered that she knew their method life and its faults, but it was graceful and fitting, and it was moral, and she had always enjoyed it although they had had to be careful about money. Her mother spoke gently and a little wistfully, but she was quietly unconscious of any possibilities in the question.

So Isa knew it was of no use, and gradually she gave in altogether to the old, level, usual life. And because Archie was a man of her own class — always a favourite of her mother's, always a charming part of her own orthodox life—clever, attractive, amusing, fairly successful, a moderate luminary of the Bar—they were married. It was rather unfortunate that there should have been such a glorious wind sweeping through the streets on her wedding day. Yet they say that a windy wedding-day means wedded bliss.

PATTERNS

By KATHERINE HALE

THE cutting of a pattern
Can be a dreary thing
Of set design and sequence
And worldly ordering

The pattern of a party,
All purple silk and lace—
That is a pompous piece of work
Devoid of joy and grace.

And patterns of most politics
Are woven of fret and woe,
Long echoes of old restlessness
And goings to and fro.

But, oh, to form fresh patterns
Of laughter and of light,
Music, and stars and silences,
And gorgeous dreams by night:

To cut a pattern from a wind
And 'broider it with dew—
That is to take a hand with life
In ordering anew.

To make a plan of singing stars
Designed for earth's green sod
And set it in a simple song—
That is to move with God.

AN INDIAN SUMMER ROMANCE

BY MURIEL JOCELYN

THERE were white violets in the hedges, other flowers glimmering in the fields, and high on the hills the song of the meadow lark. All was June and loveliness.

Miss Sally Walters closed the gate behind the two girls. They were pretty girls, she thought, almost as pretty as her lilacs, and stepping off the neatly gravelled path she looked up at the fragrant mass of bloom above her. From snowy white to deepest violet the exquisite feathery blossoms stood out against the sky. A vague unrest stirred within her. Lilacs had always made her feel so, she remembered. From the other side of the hedge the voices of the two girls sounded. Were they calling her? She listened uncomprehendingly for a moment, and then, clear as a bell, the voice of the city girl, Margot Baird, arose:

"*Dieu de ma Vie*, Nanette, but *what* a plain woman!"

"Hush, she'll hear you."

But the mocking voice kept on.

"Nanette, do you suppose any man ever kissed her?"

"Margot," the answering voice expostulated angrily, and then .... "I asked mother the same question once, and mother said she never even remembered a man looking twice at her, so I hardly think she's been kissed."

"Heavens," the mocking voice was full of laughter, "I should consider myself an unsuccessful woman if I'd never been kissed. Shouldn't you, Nannie?"

Miss Sally turned across the lawn. There had been times when she had thought her garden a tiny place, but to-day it seemed to stretch out into an infinity of sunlit arid plains.

Through the verandah and hall into the cool and shady kitchen she passed, breathless, and in spite of the heat, pale and drawn.

What was it the city girl had called her? "An unsuccessful woman." How had she known? How had she in all the splendour of youth and beauty divined the tragedy of a sterile, unlovely middle age? "An unsuccessful woman."

In the hall the old clock ticked out the minutes. Twelve o'clock struck, but Miss Sally sat motionless. In its cage the canary burst briskly into song, anticipating the usual noontime frying.

She had always known she was plain. She had known it so long that the fresh realization of the fact brought no added sting of bitterness, but never until now had she recognized that as a woman she was a failure. Had she ever brought the light to a man's eyes? Had any man ever desired her? Her stern conscience quailed before the self-imposed question, and her lips tightened to a thin, almost colourless, line as she asked herself, "Has any man ever kissed me?" Yesterday she would have scorned the idea of such a thing, but to-day it was different. It was as if

the city girl's careless remark had opened a door revealing unsuspected vistas.

Miss Sally looked back over the years. She saw herself a girl of seventeen dressed for her first party. The starched frock and bow of ribbon only emphasized her angular figure and lack of colour. Later, to her protest that somehow she didn't look like Mamie Pritchard, who had blue eyes and yellow hair, her mother had answered sternly, "Beauty is as beauty does". That first party had been a failure, and many others after. Her appearance, she realized now, had been against her and her shy self-consciousness had hidden itself behind a sharp repellant manner that was not attractive to the budding male. Afterwards her mother's illness and subsequent death, and then her father's long invalidism, had kept her so closely tied at home that the years drifted by without realization that youth was going. Two years ago her release had come. Since then she had been busy getting the house and garden restored to the meticulous order that delighted her heart.

So monotonously, unemotionally, had the years crept by that she had not known she was middle-aged. Always somewhere, subconscious in the recesses of her heart, had been the hope of being loved for her own sake. Once, but that had been very long ago, indeed, she had hoped "that not impossible he" would have brown eyes and square shoulders, but afterwards the years had been so full, the querulous complaining invalid so heavy a charge, that her shy dream had become a phantom, and all that was practical and eminently sane had taken its place.

She was forty-seven. Rising, she faced the discoloured mirror over the sink. Grimly, yet with a faint, desperate hope, she looked in. Grimly, the gaunt, lined face of a middle-aged woman looked back at her. The thin mouse-coloured hair, strained back too tightly from the temples, the faded blue eyes, square chin and sallow complexion, showed baldly, mercilessly, in the noontide sun. She put the mirror down and then, raising work-worn hands to her narrow chest, paced to and fro, conscious only of the overpowering knowledge, that as a woman to be loved and desired she was a failure and that her day for such glory was over.

"If I'd only been kissed just oncet," finally broke from her shamed lips.

*

Late in the afternoon, Miss Sally took her knitting to the back verandah. She was safer there from interruption from the friendly passers-by than in the garden. The unaccustomed emotion of the morning had passed leaving her curiously tired, and her needles moved slowly through the khaki-coloured wool. Around her the shadows lengthened as the summer twilight deepened into gloom.

A sudden stir in the shrubbery, a figure black against the sky, a hand pressed heavily over her mouth, stifling all sound and a voice in her ear whispered hoarsely: "Hide me! They're after me! Quick!" A threatening motion and Miss Sally found herself suddenly in her kitchen, a khaki-clad figure at her side. Swinging a stout stick and threatening to kill her if she uttered a sound, the man pulled his forage cap lower over his face.

"Look here," he said in a hoarse whisper, "I won't hurt you, if you give me a chance, but if you yelp, I'll kill."

"But you're a soldier," broke from Miss Sally, "and you're . . . ."

"I'm all of that," the voice went on, "did my bit in France like the rest and have been cooped up in Camp Delton ever since my return waiting for my discharge. They're takin' too damn long over it. My old mother's dyin' over Yonkers way, so I just copped out to-day. She wants me and I'm goin' to her, but the military are after me. Hide me. If I can only just see her once again." He broke off. There was the tramp of feet and

the sound of men's voices in the garden, a rapping at the door.

"Hide me," the voice was sharp, insistent. "Quick!"

Miss Sally's blood was up. Opening a cupboard door, she thrust the man inside and closed it as the knocker sounded again. Lighting a lamp, she carried it through the hall, reflecting excitedly that while she might be undesired in some respects, at least in this one thing of giving succour to a desperate man, she could partly fulfil her womanhood.

Opening the door, she found the village sheriff, Hiram Jephcott, standing there and with him three others.

"Good evenin' Hiram," she said.

"Evenin' Miss Walters," replied the man. "Sorry to bother you, but we've had word from Delton of a convict that escaped this morning. He's been seen this way and me and my men have had orders to search the houses, to see if he's lyin' about anywheres."

"Do you mean you've come to search my house for an escaped convict!" demanded Miss Sally, in the high, shrill tones of excitement.

The sheriff shifted uneasily from one foot to the other. "Wa-all, guess that's about it," he said apologetically.

"Hiram Jephcott" . . . . Miss Sally's voice was awful in its scorn . . . . . "You and your men can come in here and go clutterin' up my floors with your dusty boots if you like. I shan't stand in your way." (The figure in the cupboard tightened his hold on his stick), "but answer me this first. In all your born days have you ever seen a man hangin' round my house? No. Then why should you come here for a convict?"

Hiram shifted to the other foot. He was tired of the search and would much liked nothing better than to have been smoking a peaceful pipe in his own home. Miss Sally's tongue was sharp, her temper a thing not to be roused unduly, and if he did search the house, he knew he'd suffer from her barbed comments in a way that his men would repeat with gusto. He was a peace-loving man, and she was right. Never in his life had he seen a man hanging around her house. He certainly pitied the convict that came to her.

"All right, Miss Walters, all right," he said. "We wont bother you. Guess he's hardly likely to have been down so far this way. Wa-all good evenin'."

"Good evenin'," she snapped and watched them go down the gravelled path and out of the gate.

Putting the light down on the table, she closed the shutters, drew the blinds and then opened the cupboard door.

"It's safe. You can come out now," she said.

"Turn down that light," was the reply.

She lowered the light until it was only a faint glow.

The khaki-clad figure crept furtively out. "Food," he whispered hoarsely.

Briskly Miss Sally laid bread and milk, buns, cold meat and preserves on the table, watching him all the while with fearful, fascinated eyes as he ate. .

Finally he sat back. "I've got to beat it by dawn," he said. "I want clothes, money, food. Can I trust you not to give the show away, or must I tie you before I go?"

"You'll not touch me." Miss Sally's voice matched his curious husky whisper now. "I'll help you to get away. See, here is money." From the cracked teapot on the mantel she took her purse. There's nearly fifteen dollars here. There's plenty in the larder for your lunch, and as to clothes, (her heart contracted oddly) "there's Pa's old suit in the best room cupboard. I never give it away. He was thin and middlin' tall like you. You can have it."

He followed her through the little hall and parlour into the "best room". Opening the old walnut press, she handed him a checked suit and soft felt hat. "You'd best put it on here," she said, and seeing him hesitate, added, "I'll sit outside the door and sing to let you know as I'm not gone".

He muttered something, she knew not what, and then, true of her word, sat in the gloom of the parlour outside singing in a queer cracked voice:

"Oh say can you see ... ..."

Once back in the kitchen she prepared a substantial lunch and then glancing at the clock, "It's only midnight," she said. "'Twon't be dawn till four. Could you sleep, or are you worrin' about your Ma?"

"Tell me about her," she continued. He did so. It was a tale full of pathos, odd contradictions and evasions. When he stopped, she again urged him to sleep and this time, pulling the felt hat further down over his eyes, he relaxed in the rocker and dozed.

Slowly the hours crept by and Miss Sally sat there, waiting, listening. A queer vigil her's, but withal curiously satisfying to the woman. This was romance. A queer romance to be sure, but it was all her life had held and, just when she thought it too late, the chance had come. The ethics of the case had escaped Miss Sally. A man was depending on her, that was all she knew.

At four she roused him, made him hot coffee, and then opened the door and pointed up the Severn road, stretching ribbon-wise over the hill.

"Good-bye," she said. "I hope you find your Ma better."

There was no answer, but suddenly Miss Sally felt his arms around her, heard his voice whispering, "Good-bye. You are the best woman God ever made"; and then for one fleeting moment his lips pressed full upon her own. Bewildered, outraged, pleased, and breathless, Miss Sally sank into a chair.

Pearl-like and gray-veiled, dawn crept slowly over the hill. Through the open doorway, stole the scent of flowers. On the hills a nightingale was singing its last song before dawn.

"She was wrong," said Miss Sally. "I am not an unsuccessful woman."

#

That was a busy day for her. Mrs. Sumner, four doors down, dropped in to ask if her house had been searched for the enemies and to borrow her chocolate recipe, and all before she remembered the suit of khaki. Her brain seemed in a tumult to-day and she wondered if a bit of white frilling around the neck of her Sunday blouse wouldn't make it more becoming. He might come back some day. Already the man was "He" in her thoughts. With curving fingers she folded the khaki uniform and laid it away at the bottom of the old press.

On the way back from the Missionary meeting that afternoon she dropped into Harpers' Emporium and bought a yard and an eighth of white frilling. It would also be pretty around the wrists of her frock.

The following day in going through the contents of an old trunk in the attic, she found a little gray feather. She wondered about it for a while and then ran down and instantly stood it in her Sunday bonnet. Was it an improvement, or did it merely look flighty? Would the neighbours laugh? After all she didn't care about the neighbours, but was it an improvement? She loosened a few wisps of faded hair over her temples. What could she do to improve her appearance, lest he come back? Finally she decided to wear both the frills and the little feather.

And the sweet days sped. Her spotless house was never more spotless, her flowers guarded with more zealous care, her cakes and pies so light and flaky.

Late on Saturday afternoon she sewed in the white frills and laid out the dress on the best room bed, with gloves, bag and parasol beside it. They do look nice, she thought and touched the stiff white ruffles again gently.

Taking her knitting, a black sock this time, such as civilians wear and of a size likely to be worn by a man of slender height and build, she went out into the garden. Drawing a chair near the lilacs, she watched the Saturday passers-by. Some of them stopped to exchange a moment's greeting with

her, others hurried by with a nod. Margot and Nannette passed, white-frocked and golden-haired. She sniffed a little as they disappeared. Youth thought it had everything at its feet, that romance was denied the old. She wondered, with a glow at her heart, if any one had ever told the city girl that she was "the best woman God ever made".

*

Late that night far beyond the Severn road a hoarse, strangled cry broke the peaceful silence.

"Let me go." There was terror and baffled rage in the smothered tones.

"No you don't, my girl. I've got you. Out you come."

A fresh struggle in the little wood, a sharp clink of metal, and then clear in the glare of an electric torch the figure of a woman in man's attire stood revealed.

Sergeant Curtis of Delton County Gaol whistled. "So that's how you've done it," he said. "Men's clothes." We traced you to where you stole the suit of khaki and then we lost you. Where did you get those civies? They seem to fit you."

There was no answer.

"Wa-all." Sergeant Curtis spoke with grudging admiration. "You gave us a good chase, but I've got you and back you come. You'll do extra time for this."

He bent down and picked up an old felt hat lying in the dust. In the lining written in faded ink was the name "James Walters".

"Put it on," he ordered.

The woman lifted her fettered hands and cursed him swiftly and strongly.

"Cut it," said the Sergeant sharply, "and get along."

*

Miss Sally opened her gate. Across the hills, borne in a floating gossamer tangle of sound, the bells of the little church rang out. She smiled as she started up the leafy lane. She liked the unaccustomed daintiness of the crisp frilling at her wrists, the sense of daring that the gray feather in her bonnet gave. Surely the lilacs had never been so sweet.

The old Pastor climbed into his pulpit, the congregation settled back into their pews. Through the eastern window a white bird hung motionless a moment against the shadowless turquoise blue. A thrush thrilled from a hedge near by.

Miss Sally wondered where he was, when he would come back.

A faint flush stained her cheeks.

THE DARK CAVALIER

BY ANITA GABRIELLE LeVACK

"I am the Dark Cavalier; I am the Last Lover;
I promise faithfulness no other lips may keep;
Safe in my bridal place, comforted by darkness,
You shall lie happily, smiling in your sleep."

IMULTANEOUSLY with the long, horrible howl that burst from the raucous throat of the factory whistle, the double doors flew open; and a tidal wave of humanity flowed out, engulfing the street. The passing trolley-car was submerged in a moment.

A pause in the quick stream, an eddying ripple, a break in the constant flow showed where the stronger ones drew back for a moment to make room for one who seemed sadly out of place, a crippled girl. Slim and tired and white—and lame—yet, bound by the shackles of daily need, she was a prisoner of toil, working out a life-sentence without a hope of commutation.

They swung from straps, they thronged the aisle, clutching at each other as the car bounded forward. Gay chatter rose on the air, broken by shrill *"Mon Dieu's!"* and that character exclamation of the French-Canadian, "Oh yoy-y!" as after each stop the motorman threw the car forward with perilous disregard for the human freight inside.

Jean-Baptiste Barbeau, gallant as the men of his race have ever been, circled little Rosalba Charette with his arm to steady her swaying form; while Rosalba blushed and drew away as far as the press of the crowd would permit; and *les jumeaux* giggled spitefully. Marie-Jeanne Monette and Exilda Larochelle, "the twins", as they were called because they always dressed exactly alike in fashion's latest whim, as interpreted by the milliners and modistes of Faubourg St. Henri, either Marie-Jeanne or Exilda would have been glad of Jean-Baptiste's protecting arm, for Jean-Baptiste was *un beau garcon"*, with flashing eyes and teeth and a dashing air which won him many hearts. Besides was it not well known that on Saturday mornings no pay envelope was heavier than his?

She was very tired, that little lame girl; and she fell into the seat that someone offered with a grateful, upward glance, and a murmured *"Merci!"* There was always a seat for her, no matter how crowded the car, yet Marie-Jeanne and Exilda were never jealous of her. She was unlike the rest more than her lameness, yet her delicacy, her refinement, her gentle aloofness, aroused no resentment in them. Simonne Blais now, who came to work each day in a suit of green velvet and lace, was an object of envy half-admiring, half-spiteful. So was Saidie Maloney, who had no such splendid garments; but who had the bluest eyes, the longest lashes, and the reddest cheeks to be found in the whole factory.

The little lame girl heard nothing of their chatter; she had scarcely seated herself when she was lost in a book, far away in the dream-world

where she was most at home. All day her nimble fingers fitted cigarette packages into waiting cartons; like magic her thin hands flew, and in a moment the empty carton which had come to her yawning hungrily passed on filled to repletion. But while the frail little body worked with the apparent tirelessness of a machine, her mind roamed unrestrained. Her bare surroundings fell away, while gorgeous colours—glowing scarlets, purple of kings, and mists of silver and gold-blazoned into being with the words of the poet she loved.

Deep in her book she heard nothing, neither the light-hearted chatter of her fellow-workers, freed from the day's restraint, nor the conductor's constant, sonorous chant of picturesque Montreal street-names. She did not hear the mother beside her trying softly to hush the plaintive wail of her little sick child, a tiny thing with big eyes that questioned the world for the reason of its pain, and a little face lined by suffering into semblance of age. After the car swung off Craig Street and up St. Denis, the crush was perceptibly thinned; the mother with the sick babe moved to a seat across the aisle, but the little lame girl paid no heed to their going. She was with Chastelard who loved a queen; and brave Mary Beaton who loved the poet, and Mary, the queen, "a Venus crowned who ate the hearts of men".

A man came down the aisle toward the vacant place beside her . . .there were nearer seats empty, but he ignored them; and, as he passed, the sick baby stretched both arms to the stranger and a smile broke over the wan little face, while the mother, with quick, vague fear, clutched it closely to her breast. He smiled tenderly at the child, but he did not offer to touch the tiny yearning hands; and, as he passed on, the mother's heart resumed its beating.

(Afterward, when all was awed excitement, and a confused clamour of French and English filled the car, the mother spoke: *"Il m'a fait peur!"* she said. "When he looked at *mon pauvre petit* here, I had fear as if huge hands caught my throat. I saw, quite plain, a little white coffin, so small—and at its head tall white candles, just as when the *bébé* of Anglique died last month!")

An old, old man in the corner, bent with years and nearly blind, raised his head and smiled restfully; as if the mere passing of the stranger brought peace. Neither spoke, yet it seemed as if question and answer flashed subtly back and forth between them; and the old man leaned patiently once more upon the stick he clasped with both work-gnarled hands.

(Afterward, when they questioned him; "Yes", he said, "I said to him: "Do you want me, *mon ami?*' And he answered: 'Not yet, *mon brave*, but take courage; it is not long.'" And the old man smiled once more as if the recollection were very dear to him.)

Rosalba and Jean-Baptiste, now in the seat behind, their locked hands hidden between them, tender words flying between the two like little lovebirds, shivered as the stranger passed and drew closer together . . . their tender talk fell into silence . . . . Rosalba crossed herself involuntarily.

(Afterward—when the stranger was gone, though none had seen him go, Rosalba spoke: "When he passed," she said, "I felt cold and frightened and all was blackness; and Jean-Baptiste seemed very far away; and far off I heard Father Moreau's voice chanting the *Libera.*" Jean-Baptiste would not admit that he too had felt fear; but, "I could not speak," he said. "Something in his face, so dark and stern and cruel—his gaze that pierced one through, these held me dumb; it was as if a cold wind had blown in from the Saint Lawrence, chilling one to the marrow." But the old man smiled scornfully, "Fool!" he

muttered. "Dark and stern and cruel! What nonsense! He was tender and gentle as a woman; he smiled at me as did my old mother ere they laid her to sleep on *Côte des Neiges* forty years ago. And he called me *'Mon brave'*; he knew how hard it has been, how long the days, and not always enough bread!"

None asked the little sick child what it had thought, nor why it held welcoming arms to the stranger whom Jean-Baptiste and Rosalba, both in the first flush of youth and health and happiness, had feared. It was too young to speak; but it lay weakly on its mother's knee, and smiled sweetly, and with hope, like one that joys in a promise.)

The little lame girl, walking in fancy with gay courtiers and witching queen, had not noticed the man who had seated himself beside her; until suddenly her book slipped from her hand, as with a little gasp she pressed it to her heart to ease the swift pang which had been coming ever oftener of late. Turning her head, with a quick, piteous movement as if seeking escape from something unbearable, she saw him.

Across the small white face, blanched still whiter by the pain, flashed a look of half-startled inquiry, succeeded by one of ineffable content. Her wistful eyes held those of the man in a long look. . . . .

"You have come?" she breathed. "You are really he of whom I have dreamed."

His tender, acquiescent gaze reassured her, though he was silent.

"I have always known you would come—but, oh, the waiting has been so long! I knew that somewhere in the world I should find you, just as you are indeed. I knew that you would be so!" She, the silent, the reserved, she who spoke usually only in gentle monosyllables, now babbled as gaily as Rosalba herself; her eyes wide and starry-shinning—pale roses, born of excitement, replacing the snow of her cheeks. "I laughed to myself at the other girls' lovers — Romeo, who loved Exilda; and Dieudonné Lachance and Joe and Antoine; and the boss, that all the girls are so foolish about—all men I met fell so short of you, the lover I dreamed of always. . . .

"I wa ssure you would come just like this; and that I should know you at once, as I have. Every day when I awoke, I said to myself: *'Will he come to-day?'* And each night before I fell asleep I whispered: *'Oh, will he come to-morrow?'* Every time I turned a corner, I thought to find you and held my breath in expectation.

"And you are just as I thought you would be—ah, I am very glad of that! When I felt little and tired and my back ached and the pain hurt here in my chest, it was nice to think how big and strong you were. And you look so wise! I am glad that you are wise, for as many things have puzzled me; there is so much I want to learn . . . your eyes say that you know all things.

"Do you know you have always been so real to me that I have even a name for you? I called you 'Paul.' When I was tired—and have been so tired, sometimes—I had but to whisper *'Paul!'* and I was rested. When I was lonely—and I have been so alone! —to think of you was to be cheered and comforted. But at times, in fear, I told myself that never should I find you, that you were too great, the dream too perfect. Yet always I knew that I should, that somewhere you waited . . . for though I would never admit it to myself, deep down in me the knowledge slept that you must surely come . . . and that when you did I should learn that your name was not 'Paul', as I pretended to myself because I wanted a name to love you by, but—"

Ere the word could flutter off her lips, the stranger, smiling down into her eyes, took both tired little hands

in his own. It was the first time that he had touched her . . . and she spoke no more—chill peace locked her white lips, and in her face a radiance bloomed as if her eyes beheld unutterable glory.

Afterward—when they found the little limp lifeless body in the corner of the car-seat, and quick calls had gone for the ambulance and the morgue-wagon; and a clamour and a hubbub arose, many there were who said that there had been no stranger; that no one had sat in the seat with the little lame girl; and that she had been whispering so much to herself all the way.

But the pale babe on its mother's knee, who was too young to speak, it looked so wise, so wise! But it could only smile weakly, yet with hope, like one that joys in a promise!

AN OLD MAN IN THE CHIMNEY CORNER

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

THE clock works hard to strike out seven
And will come round to seven again;
If wound, will come and come and come
Till it is old, and even then.

I'm like the clock; go on and on;
There's Somebody winds my tiredness up;
But one day they will say I'm done;
They'll say, "The flowered one was his cup".

THE LIBRARY TABLE

REMINISCENCES OF A RACONTEUR

By George H. Ham. Toronto: Musson Book Company.

HE 23rd of August marks the seventy-third milestone in the life of of Canada's great raconteur, and on that date appears the token of that full life, his book of "Reminiscences"—old and recent.

George Ham knows Canada as few men ever have—certainly there is no living writer of to-day who has lived so near her or known so intimately the wonder of her formative days, her distinguished and entertaining people, and her remarkable development, while his experience with the early progress of the C.P.R. is perhaps the most interesting connection of his whole remarkable career.

Newton Mactavish writing of him not long ago, says, "George Henry Ham is a large body of superfine humanity entirely surrounded by the Canadian Pacific Railway. He is bounded on the south by the line to Drummondville, on the north by the branch to Ste. Agathe, on the east by the Quebec and Maritime sections, and on the west by the four thousand mile stretch that ends at Vancouver. Among the eighty-five thousand employees he is the only latitudinarian. And he is a latitudinarian simply because he has more latitude than longitude, latitude of movement as well as of mind. And being a latitudinarian he was free when a Roman Catholic friend called him by telephone recently and complained that his wife was playing Protestant hymns on the piano—he was free to say, 'Have the place fumigated and send the bill to the Archbishop!' Any lawful day you may find him in his own office, unless he happens to be running up to Ottawa, or down to New York, over to Chicago, through to Vancouver, out to San Francisco, or across to Drury's, for he has what is known in university parlance as a travelling scholarship."

In his book, advance sheets of which have just reached our hands, there is no amusing story on himself or his good freinds that George Ham has omitted or forgotten to tell. The following is one of the incidents which caused much laughter when it appeared in article form, told of Ned Farrer, "one of the greatest journalists of his time":

> He and Mrs. Farrer were in lower 11 and I was in lower 7. After they had retired a young lady from Yale, B.C., whom I knew, entered the sleeper and after a few minutes' conversation told me that she didn't know where she was going to sleep that night. I told her that I did—in lower 7. She said that she had no berth secured, and I explained that lower 7 was her's, although it had been mine but I had another. In the middle of the night Mrs. Farrer had occasion to visit the toilet, and on her return accidentally got into the berth of Mr. Cambie of Vancouver. Then trouble commenced. She told him to lie over, and he told her to get out of the berth. "Don't be a fool, Ned, get over farther," was followed by Mr. Cambie saying, "My name is not Ned." Then came a half-suppressed shriek, and the flitting of a female form to lower 11. All this I enjoyed from the upper berth in which I was supposed to repose. In the morning, I heard Ned pattering

down the aisle, saw him pull aside the berth curtains and give the poor innocent occupant a well-directed slap in the proper part of her anatomy, accompanied by: "Get up, you old devil, you."

I think I put nearly all of one of the pillows in my mouth to silence the laughter that was racking my body.

"George," the porter, having been duly instructed, explained to the lady that a lunatic had escaped from the day coach, but had been recaptured and handcuffed—and the rest of the day I held Ned in awed subjection by threatening to point him out to the lady as the person who had committed the assault, and in dire fear, the well-known editor spent most of the day and part of the night in the baggage car, occasionally sending to the rear to find out if the female was still vengeful, or if she had got off the train, receiving emphatic assurances of "Yes" and "No" with the necessary verbal frills each time.

I breakfasted with the lady and then afterwards told E. F., who sat at the extreme end of the diner, that she had been informed that "the big florid-faced man at the end table was the quilty party" and that "she was laying for him" when he went into the sleeper. Which he did not do until I finally explained matters and then dovelike peace reigned once more.

Another adventure which he has labelled "Mistaken Identity" is interesting as a story on one of his living contemporaries, who is now, himself, in the public eye, as author of the first history of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police as they were in the days in which both he and George Ham knew them. The story is told in connection with Rev. R. G. MacBeth of Vancouver:

Mistaken identity frequently leads to curious outcomes. For instance, John MacBeth, a popular young lawyer, who was born in Kildonan, and his brother Roddy, now a favourite Presbyterian preacher in Vancouver, didn't look alike as much as two peas, but there was the usual family resemblance. At this particular time the Reverend Roddy was preaching in Springfield, not far from Winnipeg. One day, as I was talking to John, one of the Macleods of Kildonan, but then a farmer in Springfield, joined us, and began to tell John how much he enjoyed his sermons. "They're grand, and I feel uplifted by them. Oh, boy, you're the best preacher I ever heard, and I don't want any better one, me whatever boy." "But," replied John, "I'm not Roddy; I'm John." "The hell you are. Come on John, an' let's have a drink." And naturally—."

Then there is the story of General Middleton during the Rebellion.

I'm not going to tell the story of the uprising—that's too old a story. But I just want to record another adventure—remember these are personal experiences—of a little unpleasantness. At Clarke's Crossing the General one evening, when there was a stiff breeze blowing, rode out of camp all alone. I rustled a horse, and without saddle or bridle followed him. Catching up to him, a few miles from camp he hailed me: "Hello, what are you doing here." I explained I was hunting Indians. He began to admonish the weather. "This beastly wind, you know—why I came out here for a smoke, and I'll be hanged if I can light my pipe." "Is that all, General?" I remarked. "That's no trouble. Just get a little to leeward." He drew up beside me, I scratched a match, lighted his pipe unconcernedly and he said: "Well, you westerners are a most remarkable people; you can do anything." And I thanked Providence he didn't ask me to light his pipe a second time, for it was a thousand to one shot. But it made me his friend for life—and when he was appointed Constable of the Tower of London, he invited me over to see him, which was not accepted for fear he might want me to strike another match for him.

General Middleton was a kindly bluff old soldier, and was unmercifully criticised by people who had no knowledge of military affairs. The best answer to those who abused him is that, by request of good old Queen Victoria, he was instructed to spare the lives of his untrained soldier boys, for most of them were mere lads, and of the misguided Indians and Metis, who were her Majesty's subjects. This is what he told me, and it is another, if another were needed, example of how wise and humane was the Great White Mother across the seas. I think now, if she had been spared she might possibly have subdued Ireland.

It is not difficult to understand why George Ham's after-dinner speeches and his spontaneous wit have made him famous. A story is told of him, how one day, being buttonholed to "open" a new station along the line, he stepped forward apologetically and said that he did not know whether to open it with a key, a crowbar, or a prayer!

Of course interest in the approaching George Ham book has run very high, but until recently all efforts to secure interviews from the ever-fleeting George have been futile. The audience was finally secured, however, by a reporter who must have touched the Hamian imagination in his first question, "Do you think that Canada and the world has increased or decreased in sense of humour since the days of your "Reminiscences"? The reply was characteristically George Ham's as well as Shakespearian. "Go to, go to—the entire universe was never so bubbling over with real unadulerated cachinnating humour as it is to-day. You can see it everywhere. Why, right in Ontario a man is fined $100 for having a bottle of cider in his hip pocket, and another person is fined $5.00 for walloping his wife. Wouldn't that make a horse laugh?" After one or two further remarks on the humour of the present situation George Ham escaped, making public the prophecy as he disappeared that if laughter leads to longevity this entire generation will probably have to be shot on Judgment Day.

The book contains forty illustrations from photographs and rare prints, depicting pioneer days and many varied setings. It covers seventy years of absorbing incident and association as known by the well-known entertainer.

Some of the chapter headings are: Seventy Years Ago—Kingston and Whitby; A Momentous Election—Going West; Winnipeg and the Boom; Fenian Raid and Riel Rebellion; With the Indians; Governor-Generals I have Met; Hudson's Bay Company; The Mormons; Around the Banquetting Board; In the Land of Mystery; Mark Twain; Canadian Women's Press Club; When Toronto was Young—the Local Paper; Scarlet and Gold; In the Hospital; The Miracle Man, Brother André; Canadian Polities, and The C. P. R. in the Early Days.

The Reminiscences in book form contain many anecdotes hitherto unpublished. Certainly George Ham has earned that title of "Raconteur" in this volume. Outside of crystalline bits of recollection concerning almost every outstanding event or individual in the recent development of the Dominion, he has set down his personal memories, which are in so many ways delightful and often touching.

Old days will rush back upon many a heart in reading these chapters. Even to the younger generation of us the book will contain unique interest, outside of the very real humour with which it is touched on almost every page.

"Reminiscences of a Raconteur" bids fair to be the outstanding Canadian book in its field for 1921—embracing much that is epic in Canada as well as human and delightful in social relationship, and revealing a man who has been known for years through the Dominion as a humourist—as a most knowing and sympathetic philosopher and biographer.

SALVAGING OF CIVILIZATION

By H. G. Wells. Toronto: The MacMillan Company of Canada.

THE present system, unless it can develop a better intelligence and a better heart, is manifestly destined to foster fresh wars and to continue wasting what is left of the substance of mankind, until absolute social disaster overtakes us all. And manifestly the revolutionary communist, at his present level of education, has neither the plans nor the capacity to substitute any more efficient system for this crazy edifice of ill-disciplined private enterprise that is now blundering to destruction. But at a higher level of intelligence, at a level at which it is possible to define the limitations of private property clearly and to ensure a really loyal and effectual co-operation between individual and state, this issue—this wholly destructive conflict between the property manipulator and the communist fanatic which is now rapidly wrecking our world—disappears. It disappears as completely as the causes of a murderous conflict between two drunken men will disappear when they

are separated and put under a stream of clear cold water.

"So it is that, in spite of their apparent urgency, I ask the reader to detach himself from these present conflicts of national politics, of political parties and of the class war as completely as he can; or, if he cannot detach himself completely, then to play such a part in them, regardless of any other consideration, as may be most conducive to a wide, thinking, wide-ranging education upon which we can base a new world order. A resolute push for quite a short period now might reconstruct the entire basis of our collective human life."

The above passage gives the theses of the latest sociological work of H. G. Wells, which is scientifically inspiring, offering new and practical plans of reconstruction for the carrying forward of modern life to freer and wider heights for the indvidual and society.

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THE GOLDEN WINDMILL

By Stacy Aumonier. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

HERE are the flavour of rural France, the sane earthiness of rural England, the humour of the English Tommy, the pathos of childhood. It is as if Mr. Aumonier's vivid, actual self were before us, impersonating, as he does on the stage, in these brief, poignant moments that make a drama. The "deep absorption in the common and concrete things of life" which made "One After Another" a remarkable book makes these brief dramas very telling. Their originality and variety may be guessed from a few of the titles: "The Great Unimpressionable", "A Source of Irritation", "The Little White Frock", "Them Others", and "Old Iron".

NEW EDITION OF KIRBY'S GOLDEN DOG

By William Kirby, F. R. S. C. Toronto: The Musson Book Company, Limited.

A NEW edition of the famous old book "The Golden Dog" is being distributed by the Mussons. This company has been putting out a number of new editions since their fire, and it is gratifying to know that this classic will again be on the Canadian market. It is perhaps the most widely-read book on Canada every published, and has held its place for many years in all parts of the Dominion. Although laid as it is about the historic city, its greatest popularity has perhaps been in Quebec and its environs. This edition appears in sepia jacket, with a scene full of movement from the book, portrayed.

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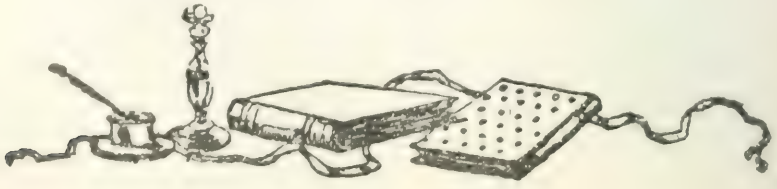
TALES FROM A ROLLTOP DESK

By Christopher Morley. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

THIS volume, Mr. Morley's latest, is a collection of stories. Grub Street, from its grubbiest garret to its tortuous end is the publishers' sanctums, the commuters' train, the exploits of a minor poet in the unravelling of the major mysteries of the dark world of books and authors, these are the themes the author has taken, and they have afforded him abundant opportunity for his whims and humour.

The last story, "Referred to The Author," incidentally the longest in the book, is an interesting departure from the mood and manner of the others. It is a story of the theatrical world.



THE STAFF OF LIFE

From the Photograph by
Edith S. Watson

THE
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CANADA'S AMBASSADOR TO WASHINGTON

BY HOWARD McCONNELL

WHEN the announcement was first made that Canada was to have a representative of her own at Washington the general opinion was that this step had been determined upon definitely. Had Sir Robert Borden remained at the head of the Dominion Government, this announcement would have been implemented, in all probability, by the appointment being made. A new Prime Minister, however, stepped into office and the matter of this appointment appears to have been postponed at least for the present, if not indefinitely.

When Mr. Meighen was making his first official tour of Western Canada, last fall, after his elevation, the question was asked of him through the press at different times and places—"When is our Washington ambassador to be appointed?" But always, Mr. Meighen replied, "The tariff is the principle issue to be discussed at this time. I do not wish to go afield to discuss other questions." There can be no doubt that this was good political wisdom on the part of Mr. Meighen, because the fewer controversies to be aroused by any new leader of any party, the better for that party. Mr. Meighen chose to make only one great issue instead of probably a half dozen. Other issues could wait. Has not, however, the bane and bogy of Canadian politics been, that the tariff and nothing else has been the issue ever since Sir John A. Macdonald first introduced it as a national policy? Are we never to get away from playing with this political football?

During the present session at Ottawa, the Government stated that the project of appointing an ambassador at Washington had not been abandoned. It was set forth that the reason for the delay was that no person

could be found who could represent Canada at Washington in a suitable manner. In the light of this statement, does it not appear to be quite a wonderful thing that eight million people are able at all to produce men to carry on the Government of this country? Further, is not a statement of this kind difficult to understand, particularly when it is remembered that the Central and South American Republics seem never to have been confronted with lack of material to represent them at foreign Capitals?

It has been stated that an additional reason to account for failure to make this appointment has been due to the fact that no Canadian has as yet been found who could support a position at Washington on the salary that was attached to it. To meet this objection, the thought arises that, if there is one position which Canadians should make worth while for one of their own countrymen to accept, it is that position of ambassador to our next door neighbour.

The idea of a Canadian ambassador at Washington is not a new one. About thirty years ago one of the first advocates of this proposal was the late D'Alton McCarthy, an ardent imperialist. It was definitely understood in 1914 that Sir Douglas Hazen of New Brunswick had been given the appointment. An appropriation of $80,000 was voted to provide for a representative at the last session of Parliament. Again this session, a further appropriation was voted. The recent debate at Ottawa has shown that there is not complete unanimity on the question. Sir Robert Borden, Mr. Rowell, Mr. King and Mr. Crerar strongly supported the making of the appointment and Mr. Meighen did so in a luke-warm manner, while Mr. Fielding and Mr. Cockshutt opposed the appointment. Thus it will be seen that the division of opinion is not on party lines. It is rather that of progressive forces opposed by those who are content with Canada's pre-war status.

There is a general recognition of the fact that there is a sincere difference of opinion over the advisability of this appopintment being made. Much can be said on both sides. Anything said here, however, is going to be a frank plea for the appointment being made without undue delay; and in making this plea the advantages which have been put forward as accruing to the Dominion from the appointment and the objections which have been raised against the appointment being made, will be inquired into. The premises upon which this plea or argument is based is that Canada is, what her publicists and statesmen have told her she is, an autonomous nation within the British Federation of Nations and on a plane equal to that of the United Kingdom.

The great majority of Canadians realize that the constitution of Canada does not legally accord to their country, to-day, that status which is claimed as hers as a matter of right and by virtue of purchase through her accomplishments and sacrifices in the world war. Is it unreasonable, however, for Canadians to feel that their 60,000 dead in Flanders and France entitle their country to that status?

The constitution of any free country should reflect and be in accord with the ideals of that country. It should be a living instrument expressing faithfully the rules and conditions of government under which the people of that country are content to live and work out their own happiness. If the constitution of Canada does not represent the opinion of the great mass of the people, then it should be revised to meet that opinion; and if this revision is confronted with too great apparent difficulties, then that portion of the constitution which is out of harmony and out of sympathy with the sanctioned thought of the nation, should be regarded as a dead letter and morally of no longer any binding effect.

There are sincere Canadians who see in the appointment of a Canadian ambassador at Washington, but another evidence of the fact, that Canada is slowly, but nevertheless surely, drifting away from the mother country. At the same time, there are just as sincere Canadians who see in this appointment but another evidence that Canada is becoming a real and useful partner in that galazy of federated British Nations. Ever since the struggle for responsible government began in Canada, there have been two groups, one opposing and one advocating reform. The sense of alarm which is being expressed to-day is but a repetition of similar alarms which have occurred in the history of the Dominion. Before 1840, Canada did not have responsible government. The rebellion of 1837 was the culmination of continuous agitation for this form of government. The men who led this agitation, both in Upped and in Lower Canada, may have acted injudiciously, but at the same time they felt very strongly that, as they were opposed by British Governors and by fellow Canadians not in sympathy with their demands for reform, only the most heroic measures would prevail. The rebellion did not produce results. Lord Durham made his famous report, with the result that the Imperial Parliament passed what was known as "The Act of Union," in 1840, giving Canada for the first time a responsible ministry.

To-day, the great majority of Canadians agree that these early demands of Mackenzie, Baldwin, Rolph and Papineau were in the main reasonable; but in those days a number of Canadians thought otherwise. Take one instance. Prior to the rebellion in Upper Canada, a Canadian by the name of Sir John Beverley Robinson, a jurist of United Empire Loyalist stock, viewed this very agitation with dismay and he fought against it most resolutely at every step. To him it meant secession. Sir Francis Head, the English Governor of Upper Canada at that time, saw in this movement but the expression of men who were imbued with republican sympathies. We, who live to-day, can look back and appreciate that this agitation had little to do with secession. It is true that, in the heat of the movement, statements were made of an intention to set up independent governments, but it must be remembered that these statements were made under extreme provocation. The rebellion accomplished this result, however. It brought about legislative reform and in so doing it strengthened instead of weakening the attachment of Canada to the motherland. Since that time and down to the present, throughout every step and advance that the Dominion has made toward nationhood, similar objections have been raised; but Canada has gone right along on her way and to-day has reached the goal which was the dream of these early reformers.

There are some Canadians to-day whose conceptions of a Federation or Empire are the conceptions of fifty years ago. They have not kept pace with the trend of the times. A certain kind of Empire existed in the days when Rome dominated the world. It must have expressed the proper conception of Empire in those days. The principle purpose of that Empire was to aggrandize Rome and to cause tribute to be paid to her. It was not considered that kind of Empire, in the sense that Rome should be of great benefit to the conquered countries, although incidentally she was to some of them. That, however, was not the primary thought. The result was that, partly from this cause, the Empire did not endure.

The orginal scheme of the British Empire was an improvement on this model. Greater self government was given to the dependencies. Tribute was not exacted. Still, if we are to be perfectly frank about the matter, that period of English history during which England reached out and acquired colonies, shows that one of

the underlying thoughts behind that acquisition was that of gain to the mother country. Witness the Hudson's Bay Company, the East India Company and other trading companies of that period. The thought that portions of this Empire should have as complete autonomy as the mother country and that this rigiht should be asked for in the future, seems not to have been considered. Beginning with the close of the nineteenth century and developing rapidly since then, the whole conception of the British Commonwealth has undergone a great change. The war hastened this and has been responsible for crystallizing this change of thought. Had not Premier Smuts been able to assure his fellow South Africans that their country was in truth a nation and although a member of a Federation just as autonomous as the United Kingdom, it is problematical what the result of the recent elections there would have been. The real danger to the British Federation will come, not from the activities of those progressive imperialists who reside in the United Kingdom as well as throughout the other nations composing this Federation, and who recognize that the old order has changed and must make way for the new, and who welcome this change, because they have a definite objective in mind and because they realize that nothing in this world which is of any use and service can stand still, but to that group of "old guard" imperialists which clings tenaciously to the old forms, which is forever looking backward, which has no definite programme, to which the words, "Downing Street" have become sacrosanct and to which the only thing that is good is the thing that has been done.

A difficulty has arisen in the minds of some British statesmen over this appointment. It appears to be this:— The British Commonwealth is represented at Washington at the present time by one ambassador. The question arises, that if the King appoints an ambassador to represent the whole Commonwealth of Washington, then how can he appoint a Canadian ambassador with equal powers to represent a portion of that Empire at the same Capital. There is a further question which seems to be of moment: Shall the Canadian ambassador have a status equal to that of the British ambassador, or shall he be subordinate to him? The matter of whether the Canadian ambassador shall be subordinate to the British ambassador or vice versa should not enter into the discussion. While at the present time Sir Eric Geddes represents the whole British Commonwealth at Washington, the moment that Canada appoints her own ambassador, the British ambassador, from that time onward, would represent the whole Empire with the exception of Canada. Canada would have her own representative who would represent her interests. Therefore, the proposal that the Canadian ambassador shall be subordinate to the British ambassador but shall take charge of the British Embassy during the absence of the British ambassador, is not one which should meet with approval in this country. Canada cannot afford to have a representative subordinate to any authority except her own Government.

A similar question arose at the Peace Conference. We are told that Mr. Lloyd George and the purely British representatives signed the Treaty of Versailles on behalf of the whole British Commonwealth; and that the Canadian, Australian and South African representatives signed on behalf of Canada, Australia and South Africa respectively. This was a great step in advance. It did not go far enough, however. If Canada, South Africa and Australia are autonomous nations, being co-ordinate members of the British Commonwealth, then the British representatives should have signed the Peace Treaty, only as representatives

of those portions of the Commonwealth not represented by their own citizens, otherwise the statement that Canada is autonomous would not be in accordance with the facts.

A further objection has been raised by some Imperial statesmen. It has been said that if Canada appoints an ambassador, then probably Australia and South Africa will wish to make similar appointments, with the result that four or five men will be representing the Crown at the same Capital, and that these same ambassadors may advise the Crown on important issues, in different ways. Is this difficulty insurmountable? The answer is, that if Canada appoints a representative at the Capital of the Republic, no doubt Australia will appoint one also as well as some of the other Dominions. It would be unnatural if they did not wish to do so. To answer the objection that the Crown would be advised in different ways on important questions, it can be pointed out that, in theory, this might be so; but it would not work out this way in practice. The British representative would advise the British Government. The Canadian ambassador on such occasions would advise the Canadian Government at Ottawa. The Australian minister would advise his Government. These governments could only act in accordance with the wishes of their respective peoples. If there were conflicting advice, then, if the question were one of interest to the whole British Federation, the logical thing to do would be to call a conference to work out a solution.

Just for the sake of argument, suppose that the Canadian ambassador did disagree with the British ambassador, the chances are equal that the position taken by him would be the correct position. Canadians have faith in their own country and in the citizens it produces and they are justified in thinking that they compare favourably with the citizens of other countries. There is no doubt in the minds of Canadians that men of the type of Mr. Rowell, one of their representatives at the Assembly of the League of Nations, equal, in intellegence and ability, the statesmen of other countries.

At the first meeting of the League of Nations Assembly held recently at Geneva, Switzerland, the official reports would indicate that on only one occasion were the Canadian delegates and the British delegates in accord. This incident illustrates that, because a difference of opinion occurs in connection with foreign policy, the British Commonwealth must not necessarily disrupt and fall to pieces. It is all the better for these differeices of opinion, if they are honestly arrived at. The ultimate solution will be found to be the better solution. The British Commonwealth can only continue to exist when the thing done is something which meets with the wishes of the great majority of the parts of that Commonwealth and not, as it has been to a considerable extent in the past, when it has been in accordance with the wishes of only one section of it.

The proposition has been put forward by opponents to the scheme, that Canada is well enough represented at the present time at Washington by Sir Eric Geddes; why go to the trouble and expense of duplicating the office? They say that this is particularly true at the present time, on account of the fact that Ambassador Geddes resided in Montreal for a number of years and was a professor at McGill University. They state that, in this way, he is fairly conversant with Canadian public opinion. As a compromise, they have suggested that Sir Robert Borden would make an excellent British ambassador at Washington and, in this way, two objects would be served with this one appointment. He could represent Canada and also the whole Commonwealth. All of these suggestions, however, fail to take into consideration one great truth. The matter of any country having a

Capital is primarily not a question of proper ambassador at a foreign having a man who possesses the proper amount of ability. It is a question of nationality. So that, no matter how well educated, how great a student of world history, how much of a diplomatist any ambassador may happen to be, he can faithfully and permanently represent at a foreign Capital, only that country of which he is a native, or in which he is domiciled. It must be his home. So, while Sir Robert Borden could represent Canada at Washington, he could not so faithfully represent the rest of the British Commonwealth. It would not be on account of lack of endeavour, but purely from the fact that he is first of all a Canadian citizen. In the same way, Sir Eric Geddes, who comes from the United Kingdom, is not in a position to represent Canada in a way as faithfully as any Canadian citizen could. The reeason is quite plain. An ambassador is, in truth, not only the official representative of the government of the nation from which he is accredited, he is the ambassador of the whole people. He stands as an exponent of his country's culture, his country's characteristics and his country's ideals. He is, if he be a true ambassador, a faithful reflection of his country's fellowmen; and on him largely will depend, whether his country will continue to live side by side in amity and accord with this foreign nation.

The question could well be asked. But are not the ideals of the United Kingdom and Canada the same? The answer is, that while they may be equally good, they are equally different. Take a number of instances. The United Kingdom has responsible government, in perhaps the best sense, more than any other country. In this sense, she is a democratic nation; but it still remains true that outside of the United States of America, there is no country where the feeling of equality does not appear to have the same sway as in England. This is not a matter of surmise. Englishmen admit it. Viscount Bryce states this to be a fact in his "American Commonwealth". Take another instance. In Canada, there is no such thing as a ruling class. It is and has been foreign to our ideas. We have, amongst other things, abolished the further creation of titles in the Dominion. In the United Kingdom there is such a class, although apparently in not so great a degree as formerly. Take a final instance. In England there is a state religion. In Canada there is none. That matter was threshed out years ago.

These illustrations are given without any attempt being made to proclaim which ideal is the better. The matter of the degree of excellence of either is neither here nor there. In Canada, Canadians have ideals which are peculiar only to Canadians. If we were to be honest with oursedves, we should have to admit that our ideals differ both from those of the United States and from those of the United Kingdom. We are a sort of half-way house between the two. This is not to be wondered at. We have been colonized largely by Anglo Saxons from the British Isles; and of their ideals we have retained those things which seemed good to us. We have retained their system of jurisprudence and their system of parliamentary procedure to a large degree. During the past fifty years we have received large numbers of settlers from the United States. The citizens of United States are our closest neighbours. We read the same books, periodicals and magazines as do American citizens, with this difference, that we read a fair sprinkling of English magazines and publications. Our moving picture theatres screen American "Stars" to a large extent and our legitimate theatres play largely American plays with American companies—although here again we find that we are beginning to import some English picture plays, and we find from time to time British theatrical companies touring the Do-

minion. We have largely the same accent as the American people. Our people intermingle with the citizens of the United States more than with the citizens of any other country. We intervisit. We intermarry. We have difficulty in telling whether a man is from Toronto, Detroit, Chicago or Winnipeg. We affect the same style of dress. Europeans find difficulty in distinguishing Canadians from Americans much to our chagrin, because we had thought that the fact that we were Canadians was something which was very pronounced. And so the man who represents us at Washington, must represent these ideals whether they be good or bad. He must reflect us faithfully; and the only person who can do this is a Canadian citizen.

The meeting of the Assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva, already referred to, shows quite clearly that Canadians do possess a point of view at variance with that of Europe including the United Kingdom. The Canadian Delegates expressed the Western ideal, one more in accord with that of American republics. This incident shows further that, while ideals and points of view may be governed to a certain extent by race and by political connections, they are also influenced to a great degree by geographical conditions and locations.

There is a further reason why Canada requires a Canadian ambassador at Washington. This is to enable her to hold that position which she won during the war as one of the nations of the world. Prior to the war, she had no official existence abroad whatever. Canadians had only to go beyond the confines of their own country to find out how little Canada stood for. Before Viscount Bryce came to Washington, for many years, the British ambassador had never set foot in Canada. Viscount Bryce seems to have been the first to realize the wisdom, if not the absolute necessity, of personal contact with the Canadian people and the Canadian Government at Ottawa. Prior to this, the assumption seems to have been, that the British ambassador was first of all directly representing the United Kingdom and only indirectly interested in Canada; and that the wiser, at least the easier method, was to refrain from considering questions from the Dominion, except those of greatest urgency. This was an attitude difficult for Canadians to understand, in view of the fact that the geographical relations of Canada and the United States were closer than those of any other country, and further that the interests of Canada at Washington were as intimate and direct as those of the United Kingdom. It is not reasonable to suppose that these interests could be better interpreted and protected by a Canadian ambassador than by a British ambassador.

The average Canadian takes pride in the fact that he is fairly familiar with American history and American geography. His public and high school training gives him a fair understanding of some of these things, although it is true, that her constitutional history is not studied until he enters University. The average Canadian can name from six to a dozen out of twenty-nine American Presidents. He is amazed, however, when he visits the Republic, to find the lack of knowledge of things Canadian possessed by the average American citizen. The citizen of Los Angeles has heard of Winnipeg, Vancouver and perhaps Calgary, in Western Canada, but he knows very little else about that part of the country. The curricula of American Public Schools do not devote the same attention to Canadian affairs, to Canadian history and Canadian geography that the Canadian thought they would. Canada appears to be studied only superficially. The knowledge of Canadian political affairs is scant. It is doubtful if the average American knows who is the pres-

ent Prime Minister of Canada. This lack of knowledge is a thing which a Canadian finds very hard to understand and it is presented to him in a large number of ways.

Take a couple of examples: A Canadian was attending a business conference at Chicago about one year ago. At this conference were representatives from St. Paul, Denver, Pittsburg, New Orleans and New York. After the business was completed, the members were chatting amongst themselves and getting acquainted. Each man in turn told the city from which he had come. When the man from Canada stated that he was a Canadian from Toronto, the man from Pittsburg said, "What! You a Canadian? Why you are just like the rest of us."

About fifteen months ago, a resident of the Province of Ontario had occasion to go to a small town in Central New York State, about one hundred and fifty miles south east of Buffalo. The town was on a branch line of railroad with one train each way every day. The person whom he had come to see had been called away unexpectedly. The next morning, when going to pay his hotel bill, he found that his Canadian money, of which he had brought about $100, was of no use to him. It was not negotiable in this town even to pay an hotel bill. The hotel clerk suggested that he wire home for American funds. Our friend took his advice, attended at the telegraph office to send a wire; but here again, the telegraph agent wouldn't take Canadian money. It was then suggested to the agent that the wire be sent collect, but as the sender was unknown, this was against the rules of the company. The telegraph agent was a very nice fellow and he directed our friend to the only bank in town. When he arrived there, he found that the teller would not exchange his money without instructions from the president of the bank, and it appeared that the president was out playing golf that morning. There was nothing to do but to go back to the hotel, so back to the hotel our friend went. Fortunately, just about the time when he had given up all hope, one of the guests of the hotel who possessed a sporting frame of mind, agreed to give our friend American funds on a fifty per cent. discount basis. The exchange was made. The hotel bill was paid. A ticket was bought and our Canadian arrived safely home. About a month after our friend had returned home, he received a letter from Buffalo enclosing a money order for the difference between the fifty per cent. discount which he had paid and the per cent. discount which was the actual rate of exchange at that time. The New Yorker had come to Buffalo and had found out there that Canadian money was worth something after all. A Canadian ambassador at Washington would assist materially in giving Canada proper recognition in American affairs.

There is one reason, perhaps more important than any other, why Canada needs, not only her own ambassador at Washington, but also her own trade commissioners and consuls at every important trading centre in the Republic. This is from a purely selfish, economic and commercial point of view. At the present time, Canada maintains trade commissioners in Argentine, Australia, Belgium, Brazil, China, France, Holland, India, Italy, Spain, New Zealand, Roumania and South Africa. She also maintains around one half dozen trade commissioners in the United Kingdom, in addition to her High Commissioner at London. In the United States she has not a trade commissioner, although she has trade agents. The Federal Department of Trade and Commerce is supposed to be exerting great energy toward expanding Canada's foreign trade. With this apparent end in view, it has even sponsored the doubtful expedient of advancing Roumania a credit of $25,000,000. But is it not overlooking the best customer this

country has right at her door? Canada's export and import trade with the United States is greater by far than that with any other country. Canada bought from the American people last year, in round numbers, $925,000,000 worth of American goods. She sold to the American people during the same period approximately $600,000,000 worth of Canadian products. This trade is increasing. The rate of exchange against the Dominion, according to leading men of the Dominion, is due to Canada's unfavourable trade balance with the Republic. The inference is, that something is wrong, somewhere.

The United States maintains more than thirty trade representatives and consuls in the Dominion at this moment. The United Kingdom maintains an ambassador and approximately 100 consuls, pro-consuls and trade commissioners in the Republic. These British representatives are naturally, interested in looking after British trading interests. It is not reasonable for Canada to expect the same diligence, on her behalf, from the representatives of Great Britain as she could from her own. The various parts of the British Commonwealth are entirely too large and the various trade interests of the various Dominions are entirely too vast and complex for one set of men to handle.

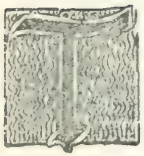
When we compare our enormous trade with the United States with the smaller trade that we carry on with the United Kingdom and other countries; when we think of Canada and the United States with a common boundary four thousand miles in length; when we think of the joint interest of both of these countries in important waterways with projects for the development of power and commerce under discussion; when we think of similar problems arising out of such matters as Oriental immigration, together with numberless other questions which must necessarily arise, from day to day, from two different peoples who are inhabiting practically the same country, separated only by an imaginary line, the question arises, can we afford longer, in our own self-interest, to be without representation of our own at Washington.

The vast majority of English-speaking people everywhere believe that the future peace and prosperity of the world is largely within their keeping. The vast majority of English speaking people agree that any great difference of opinion arising between any one of these English-speaking nations, sufficient to cause discord and strife, could only be regarded as the greatest possible calamity. Two nations, the United States and the United Kingdom, lead the rest of these English-speaking nations in point of wealth and population. It is desirable that these two nations should continue to work in amity and concord with each other. We Canadians have been told that we understand the American people far better than do the people of the United Kingdom. We have been told further, that we understand the people of the British Isles far better than American citizens understand them. We have been told that it is our duty to interpret these two great peoples, the one to the other, in order that they may understand each other better. We Canadians believe these statements to be true. At the time time, is it unreasonable to believe with as great conviction, that if we are to act as true interpreters, the American people must come to understand us, that they must come to recognize us as an autonomous nation within the British Federation? Is not one of the first means to this end the appointment of our own representative at the Capital of the Republic? Is not this our great opportunity? Are we going to be great enough to grasp it?

WHY HALIBURTON HAS NO SUCCESSOR

AN ESSAY IN THE PSYCHOLOGY OF CREATIVE SATIRIC HUMOUR

BY J. D. LOGAN



To rediscover, resurrect, and reanimate dead authors is one of the chief functions of genuinely constructive criticism. Canadian literary and social societies, especially those whose personnel is of Scottish origin, and the Canadian periodical and daily Press followed the "lead" of the United Kingdom and the other European nations in celebrating, in August of the current year, the 150th anniversary of the birth of Sir Walter Scott, romantic poet and novelist. Canadians, especially Nova Scotians, might have used the occasion, imaginatively at least, to celebrate the birth of one of their own dead authors, who, as it happens, was related both by family and by inherited literary genius to Sir Walter Scott. I mean Thomas Chandler Haliburton, who is Canada's greatest creative author, her only first-rank creator of the fiction of satiric humour and comic characterization, whose genius and achievements in that species of fiction are not surpassed, certainly in some respects not equalled, by the satiric genius and art of Cervantes, Dickens, Daudet, or Mark Twain. This is not my exclusively private view: the same view is held by British, French, and American literary critics, who speak with an authority which I do not possess. Only, for once, I fancy, I am first in noting and explicating the special and singular relation of Sir Walter Scott, through Haliburton, to Canada and to Canadian literature; and my reasons for exalting Haliburton's genius and achievements in the fiction of satiric humour and comic characterization are different from those of other critics.

Tracing descent in family and genius is a science by itself, a recondite and difficult science, for which I have not the slightest gifts. However, as I trace out the matter, Scott and Haliburton, by family descent, were related by some sort of great-cousinship. One of Scott's great-grandfathers was Thomas Haliburton, of Newmains, Berwickshire, Scotland; and this Thomas Haliburton was the great-great grandfather of Thomas Chandler Haliburton, of New Scotland (Nova Scotia). Oddly, Sir Walter Scott had no definitive literary progenittor and has had no successor to his own distinctive genius and quality; and Thomas Chandler Haliburton, though he has been dead more than fifty years and though it is more than eighty years since his great work of humorous fiction "The Clockmaker" was universally published, has had no successor to his own distinctive genius and quality, and, in the beginning, had no literary progenitor. Yet, as we shall see, revealed in the work of the Nova Scotia humorist are evidences that some of the qualities of the genius of Sir Walter

Scott, the man of letters of Old Scotland are qualities also of the genius of Thomas Chandler Haliburton, the man of letters of New Scotland, Canada.

For several reasons, which will appear incidentally as we proceed, Haliburton must be regarded as a unique figure in the history of literature. So far as Canada is concerned, he must be regarded as unique in that he is the only Canadian man of letters who has created at least three distinct and important literary problems. First, there is the problem of the "aspects" of his genius. In a pervasive way his genius exhibits an odd and unexpected paradox. Haliburton was a mass of contradictions—haughty aristocratic attitudes, tastes, and ideas contrasting in him sometimes with the vulgarest, and even obscene, plebeian tastes, sympathies, ideas and speech. The aristocratic and satiric tendencies and ideas in his genius are plainly derivable from his nearer New England ancestry; for the Haliburtons of his family had married into one of the wealthiest and most aristocratic families of the Old Colonies; namely, the Otis family. During the Revolutionary Period the Tory aristocrats of the Old Colonies were obsessed with the idea that the instigators of the revolution were the "plebs" classes of American society. The Tory aristocrats hated their plebeian (?) compatriots and their leaders, including Washington, who admittedly was a "gentleman" but disloyal to his "caste"; and for their weapon of offensive attack turned to political satire based on class distinctions. Naturally, for the literary expression of political and social satire the Tory aristocrats adopted the method nearest at hand, namely, the method of the pamphleteers and poets of 18th century England, or the School of Dryden and Pope. The family of Haliburton of Newmains, whose grandson emigrated to New York, and who, through this grandson, was the great-great grandfather of Thomas Chandler Haliburton, was a scion of, as Sir Walter Scott put it, "an ancient and respectable family" (Lockhart's *Life*). The Haliburtons always had pride of family lineage in their hearts and bearing, and in America this lineage was esteemed aristocratic. It is, then, on the Haliburton side that we derive the aristocratic and satiric tendencies, sympathies, and ideas—the humorous genius—of T. C. Haliburton.

It is from the Scott side, which ancestrally runs back to "Auld Watt" Scott of Harden, an ancient Scottish chieftain whose name and deeds are celebrated in Border Minstrelsy, that we derive the romantic and, paradoxically, both the worldly commonsense and plebeian bias in Haliburton's genius. The aristocratic birth and breeding of the Haliburtons and Otis family of the Old Colonies—their fineness of feeling, their chivalric ideals—were in him; but also in him was a survival, an inherited residuum, of the qualities of his Border ancestry—a coarseness of feeling, a temperamental lack of a sense of the fitness of things, of decorum, that errupted in broad, too broad, humour in speech and writing, and that, in social form, sometimes descended to nastiness and buffoonery. I may not here make a catalogue of instances. But we may note, as an egregious instance of this paradox in Haliburton's genius, the fact that he, while on the Bench, could turn the solemn proceedings of a High Court of Justice into a vaudeville or burlesque show, out-Hooding even that master of outrageous puns, Tom Hood, in untimely play on words, which is but the vulgarest buffoonery. When, as happened, a juryman, in court, discovering that he was a menace to his fellows, rose and asked to be excused from attending on the ground that he was suffering from contagious itching, Haliburton, sitting as a Judge in court, so far forgot the dignity of his office and so little regarded the fine

humanity of the jurymen, that at the request he turned to the Clerk, and convulsed the courtroom by exclaiming, with a pun on a legal formula, "Scratch that man!" Now, that plebeian trait in Haliburton's genius his love of vaudeville coarseness, as distinguished from homely wit and humour, which frequently appears in his writings, is not, as often alleged, of Yankee origin, but is a survival from his Border Scottish ancestry; though, it must be stated, the most notable recrudescence of this Haliburton paradox is found in the work of an American humourist, Mark Twain.

Again: Haliburton has created a problem in philology. Some years ago I thought I had disposed of the superstition that Haliburton must be regarded as "the Father (Artemus Ward said 'Founder') of American humour". But Professor Ray Palmer, in his "History of English-Canadian Literature to the Confederation" (1980), follows Marquis, but with greater pains in proof, in perpetuating that futile superstition. The first American humourist who wrote, with a specific humorous or satiric purpose, in what is regarded as the characteristic species of American humour, was Franklin; and, if "fathering" of literary species is to be noted so far as Canada and the United States are concerned, it is much more likely that Franklin is the "father" of Canadian humour than that Haliburton is the progenitor of American humour. In my view, the truth is that Franklin was the first American humourist who wrote exaggerated nonsense, expressed with an air of serious veracity, who wrote, that is, satiric burlesque, which is the characteristic American humour, and that he left successors both in the United States (notably Mark Twain) and in Canada (notably Stephen Leacock); whereas Haliburton, writing a quite different species of humour, with a different social aim, is a humourist and satirist, *sui generis* — and has left no successor.

Only by a study of what I shall call Haliburton *Philology*, that is, a critical comparison of his diction, imagery, style and form, and nature and substance of his epigrams and aphorisms, especially in "The Clockmaker" series, with the work of Franklin, Ward, and Twain, can we settle the problem of whether Haliburton was the authentic progenitor of American humour, or Franklin the progenitor both of American and Canadian humour. I forgo the latest inquiry into this matter, but, in passing, I must say that on the strictly philological side Haliburton appears as absolutely another kind of inventor of the fiction of satiric humour than was Franklin, and the others. In substance, too, Franklin's humour was the imp of a jack-in-the-box, sheer hoaxing, startling exaggerated nonsense, for the sake of pure fun. Haliburton's humour was wisdom masquerading in motley truth garbed in cap and bells, for the sake of satirizing the social conscience of a people into right vision of values and thus correcting certain political or social evils or evil tendencies. Franklin's humour was sheer amusing burlesque; Haliburton's had a serious moral purpose.

Most important of the problems created by Haliburton is the question of why Haliburton has had no successor in creative satiric humour in Canada. This third problem is the most important because the answer to it includes the answers to the other two questions, and because, chiefly, it discloses certain vital defects in Canadian genius, culture, and civilization. To this phase of the problem I specially address what follows.

First, consider the meaning of the fact that Haliburton's writings are the only examples of Canadian literature to achieve a fixed place in the *corpus* of the English literature of satiric humour and comic characterization. His aphorisms and epigrams permanently share in the warp and woof of English literature; and his characters are figures as clearly,

vividly, and veraciously drawn as Pickwick, Tartarin, and Huckleberry Finn; moreover, they are mouthpieces of wisdom that is original and refreshing in a way subtly surpassing the utterances of the characters of Dickens, Daudet, and Twain. No man who was a mere imitator of Franklin could have achieved this distinction—a distinction not achieved even by Franklin himself. Haliburton originated his ideal of comic literature; he invented his patois and his Sam Slick and other characters, limmed them with a fresh and incisive literary artistry as engaging and fetching as the black and white comic portraiture of the great 19th century English cartoonists, put homely wisdom in their mouths as practical as the utterances of Franklin's Poor Richard, and much more philosophical than his; and he originally conceived the high purpose of his unique *italics* of humour.

Shall we say, then, that Haliburton was born out of his time, or that, like Shakespere, he came alone, fresh from the hands of God? He *was* born out of his time, so far as Nova Scotia (and Canada) or his homeland is concerned. For he had only one compatriot who saw that there had sprung up in the obscurely known Province of Nova Scotia an original genius. Joseph Howe saw this, and signalized, sometimes exploited, the genius of Haliburton. But Haliburton again was *not* born out of his time, so far as the rest of the English-speaking world was concerned, and so far as world-literature is concerned. For he was recognized and appreciated as a fresh force and original genius, both in England and the United States, immediately on the publicatiton of his humorous writings.

Shall we say, next, that Haliburton simply happened? Not so: his genius *did* have nativistic origins in his Nova Scotia ancestry, even though he was to fail of general appreciation at home, and even though he continues to lack that appreciation in all Canada, and to remain without a successor. Stephen Leacock is not a successor, any more than Irvin Cobb is a successor of Twain. Cobb has written, after the characteristic exaggerated nonsense of American humour, "Speaking of Operations"—and we, to indulge in Leacokian persiflage, may say that while Leacock's humorous writings are "operations", Haliburton's are *opera* in original substance and style, and in perdurable excellence and significance. To explain the origin of this uniqiue creative humourist, Haliburton, and the perdurable quality of his humour, as well as the fact that he has had no successor in Canada, we must ask what was the nature of the nativistic civilization and culture in Nova Scotia, or British North America, in the 18th and 19th centuries, that the intellectual and social mind and conditions of the times should determine the literary genius and the aims and methods of Haliburton's writings.

For the answer we must go back to the state of mind and to the literature that obtained amongst the Tory aristocrats of the Old Colonies in America just preceding the Revolution and following the Puritan and Loyalist migrations from the Thirteen Colonies to Nova Scotia. The outstanding facts are, first, that many thousands in the Old Colonies were, to use a phrase of to-day, "Imperially-minded"; and, secondly, to promote their own ideals and to stop the spread of Revolutionary ideas and ends, which would result in a war for separation from the United Kingdom, they developed a prose and verse literature (?) which was modelled on, and which was in the spirit of, the political and social satire, the satiric rationalism, of the Queen Anne era. Now, when the migrations from the Old Colonies into Nova Scotia occurred, naturally and inevitably the Puritan and Loyalist *emigrés* brought with them their traditional intellectual and social ideals, and the spirit which animated their Pre-Revolu-

tionary literature. Naturally and inevitably, too, whenever for them occurred occasion to write under sentiments and emotions similar to those experienced before their forced migrations to an alien land, they adopted the literary spirit and forms of the Queen Anne era. The first literature of Nova Scotia, as of the United States (Old Colonies), was modelled on the satiric rationalism of Dryden, Pope, and Swift.

Outwardly, to be sure, there was a necessary appearance of quasi-social democracy in Nova Scotia; but inwardly, to tell the truth, there remained in the hearts of the Tory *émigrés*, especially the Loyalists, in Nova Scotia the old aristocratic and Imperial spirit of Pre-Revolutionary times. "British connection", with a maintenance of their traditional social ideals and intellectual culture, was the *summum bonum* of existence for those of British origin in Nova Scotia as well as in British North America. Moreover, they continued to regard the Revolutionists in the Independent Old Colonies as renegades so inferior to themselves in birth, breeding, and culture that eventually vulgar democracy of the United States would become self-cankered, and the people politically enfeebled. Meantime, in Nova Scotia and Upper Canada the descendants of the exiled Tories would grow into a great nation in the Northern areas, and this nation would reconquer, or win over, the enfeebled Independent States. Thus once more, the Loyalists fancied, vainly of course, the whole continent of North America would be British in political subservience, social ideals and intellectual culture.

The War of 1812-14 forever dissipated that futile, though magnificent, dream of Imperialism. With the settlement of the war and the assurance of peaceful living between the United States and the Provinces which later became the Dominion of Canada, it was natural that the people of Nova Scotia should concern themselves with exiguous domestic problems, and, whenever the necessity occurred, should produce a literature bearing on these problems. These problems continued to have an element in them of British connection, or some sort of real relations to the United Kingdom and considerate government by the Motherland. A genuinely democratic temper or spirit was growing in the land. At any rate, there was a notable subsidence of the old Tory Loyalist temper; but the Imperial spirit as such suffered no loss in hold on the hearts and the imagination of the people of Nova Scotia. As happened, in spite of the wave of democratic sentiment and conduct in general, there was a seemingly sudden and forceful recrudescence of the old aristocratic and Imperial spirit—in one man; and, with it, came a revival of the spirit of the Pre-Revolutionary satiric rationalism in the Old Colonies. This man was Thomas Chandler Haliburton. His study of the history of Nova Scotia and of his family and their vicissitudes, Tory social ideals, and mental genius woke in him the ancestral spirit of his race and family; and, when Haliburton turned to writing, his mind was naturally biassed to criticize society and to adopt the 18th century method of satiric humour. But, it must be noted, at the time it was impossible for Haliburton's heart and fancy to be infected with bitternesses and rancor. And so Haliburton turned, at first not without detachment, to picture Western civilization and culture as he saw it—to picture it with playful satiric humour, with a sense of the unique psychology of Western characters, and with an eye to uttering world-wisdom in the homely phrasing of these comic characters which he would create for the amusement and correction of the English-speaking peoples.

We may now partially answer the question why Haliburton has had no successor in creative satiric humour

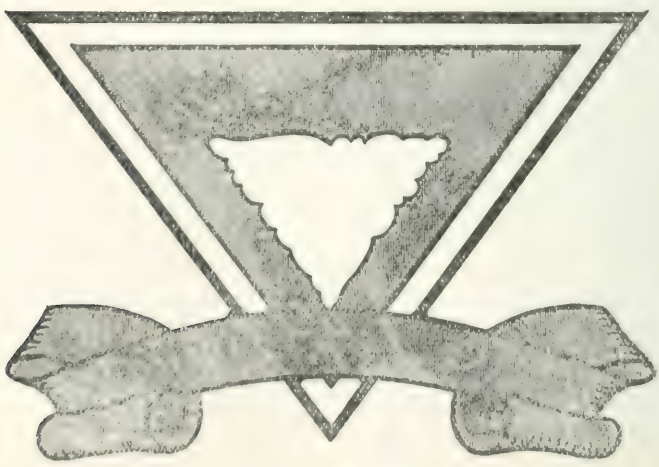
in Canada. Amongst the English-speaking people of Ontario, who were chiefly Loyalist, the culture and civilization were on another, a lower, level than that in Nova Scotia, and such literature as was produced in Ontario was not fired by the traditional spirit of Pre-Revolutionary satiric rationalism, as was the case in Nova Scotia. In Quebec the English-speaking people were not descendants of *émigrés* from the Old Colonies, but English and Scots as such; and such literature as they produced also was not fired by the old Pre-Revolutionary satiric spirit. Finally, in Nova Scotia itself, after Haliburton's first humorous writings and while he was producing them, political, social, and economic conditions had so changed, in a thoroughly democratic way, that the satiric spirit, of which Haliburton's genius was the last recrudescence, although passed. The conditions which produced the genius of Haliburton never having existed in Ontario and Quebec, and having even in his own time ceased to exist in Nova Scotia, a successor to his genius in Canada was inevitably almost impossible.

But this is not the whole explanation of why there has been no heir to the genius of Haliburton. For two reasons Canada is not conditioned to produce Haliburton's like again. First, the Canadian people have no native genius for comic conception; and, secondly, their cultural education is not fitted to cause them to perceive the spiritual significance of the comic or to change their traditional Puritan or Calvinistic moral conspectus of existence into a universal conspectus of life and the universe. They see and value existence and conduct from a fragmentary point of view, *sub specie temporis;* they do not see life steadily and whole, *sub specie aeternitatis.* The result is that to them the part is greater than the whole—and what humour they do indulge, or invent, is either hard and dry, like the crackling of thorns under a pot, or ephmeral and idiotic. On these matters I have something important to say, which, since I must be brief, I shall summarize from my brochure on "The Religious Function of Comedy" (Toronto, 1907).

I am wont to say that the most significant letter in the alphabet is the letter "s", for it conceals a metaphysical contrast that really does not exist in the conceptions in the words "cosmic" and "comic". Drop the letter "s" from "comic" and we get the word "comic"—which is a comic trick by itself. Now, a just and sane view of the universe requires that we regard ourselves as its offspring, and that we look upon it and value our relations to it, and its meaning to us, not through the petty, confined windows of our definitively emotional nature, but through the faculty of universal vision, the religious imagination. This, too, is the faculty of the authentic comic vision. The essence of its view is to consider fixed law, all forms of space and time, continuity, contingency, and finality as phenomenal aspects of a circumstantial area of experience, and the whole play of circumstance as evidence that our experience is but a drop in the ocean of the Absolute Experience. This is the cosmic view of Philosophical Idealism. To the comic view, which is the cosmic view, what excites pure laughter is not the incongruities or contradictions *per se* in mankind, and not the moral evil or even the caprice *per se* in the universe, but man's profound *lack of good sense* about his relations to universal reality. The essentially ludricous is the fact that even with all his terrene methodological apparatus—his system of laws, tabulations, formulae, theories—the great eternal universe defies man, remains out of harmony with his prepared, artificial, finite order. Man's order is not the eternally real order. That men should mistake the place of their finitely congruous systems in the defiantly incongruous Whole is itself the greatest and most ludricous incongruity of all.

The cosmic, which is the comic, vision sees this; and the comic vision annihilates in those who possess it the absolute sense of the eternal reality and finality of our humanly ordered and congruous Show World. If we apprehend reality with the religious imagination, the faculty of the authentic Comic Spirit, then, despite misfortune, defeat, and death, we may have the saving delight and solace of pure laughter.

Now, the Canadian people are peculiarly a people without genuine religious imagination; that is, the imagination which apprehends and values self and mundane, finite existence, not idiocentrically, but *sub specie aeternitatis*. Moreover, if there has been any crisis in their history, it has been such as to increase their sense, so to speak, of "insularity", never such a crisis as to knock into their heads fine good sense about the relative importance of themselves and their country to the rest of mankind and the universe. Finally, Canadian education and cultural institutions are not of the kind to engender sympathy with the whole of humanity, and an appreciation of the dignity of universal vision of the relations of themselves to the rest of the world, and of their progress in world-culture and civilization. The outlook and vision of the Canadian people are so parochial, provincial, and idiocentric as make them incapable of self-criticism, or of bearing criticism by others. But Haliburton was an anomaly amongst such a people. He possessed the authentic cosmic or comic vision; and because he alone possessed it and wrote with and for it, he remains *sui generis* amongst his own people; and his creative fiction in satiric humour and comic characterization, in its finest quality, remains the only example of Canadian literature that is also world-literature, that indeed is not for Canada and an age, but for the world and all time.



DESOLATION

From the Painting by D. Y. Cameron in the Canadian War Memorials Collection.

ONE OF THE MANY

BY WOLF WILLOW

HOW long is it since hoops, a bustle, and bunched-up draperies were the style? Yes, it is quite a long time ago, and I must confess that I very distinctly recollect those times, for I was then eight or nine, well old enough to appreciate and admire such fineries, and wish that I were grown up so I could wear them too. But, of course, by the time I did grow up things had changed and they were wearing plain, wide skirts and enormous sleeves.

I lived half a mile or so outside a small town in south-western Ontario, not on a farm, but just where the farms nicely began. We had some three acres of orchard, garden, and lawn. We were equally distant from the town or the rural school. The rest of the children in the family chose the town, I, the youngest, the rural school.

I had only a little over a mile to go, and yet it seemed like a long distance, not because of its toilsomeness, but because of the thousand delights of it. My father was a carpenter, so we got up early mornings, and often I started to school at seven o'clock to be there by nine. That part of old Ontario is very fertile and I remember how lovely everything looked of a summer's morning as I was starting out lunch-basket in hand. The wide blades of grass were sparkling with dew-drops, the back porch with a spangled curtain of morning-glories, pink, white and blue, the bees and humming-birds busy over them. The orchard trees, with corn, potatoes and water-melons growing under them, were full of harvest apples of which I took a supply to relieve the journey. Out near the front gate were beds of pansies, pinks, mignonette, sweet mary, ribbon-grass, phlox, peonies, and "blue flags", guarded by battalions of hollyhocks. I stopped every morning to get acquainted with each new bud and blossom. The very names of those dear, old-fashioned flowers bring back a poignant memory of youth.

I see myself now going through the gate of my father's rose-draped cottage, and starting along the grassy road-side, a little figure in a pink print dress and straw hat; freckled is she with peaked face and black hair in a tight pig-tail. I always remembered at the same place that I was leaving Mother for the day, and stopped to wave to her as she worked around the back porch.

That country was once very swampy, a place of "fever and aguey", but, before my time and durig it, it was drained by very deep ditches on either side of the road. In summer these became almost dry except for some lovely cool mud in the bottom. As I went on a bit the sun got quite hot, and the ditch looked so cool and inviting that I took off my shoes and stockings, stuffed the latter into the them over my shoulder, and scrambled former, tied the laces together, hung down to walk in the damp shady ditch. Quite a few coloured folk settled thereabouts after "de wah", and an old fat auntie was coming in a flapping, print sunbonnet, driving an

old white horse and ramshackle rig to town to sell her rhubarb and "greens".

"Doan you be walkin' in that mud, honey," she called to me; "when yoh maw sends you out with shoes an' stockin's she 'lows you'll keep 'em on. Put 'em on an' I won't tell her as I pass."

"I don't care," I said naughtily, "tell her if you like."

But she did not tell my mother, that being only a threat, my mother always keeping to herself, and being very unapproachable, even if she were just a carpenter's wife.

Presently I was joined by other children from the farms around, mostly barefooted. We picked bunches of flowers and sat in the corner of a snake-fence and arranged them.

Then there was the awful adventure of passing the place where, every morning, an old goose, gander, and flock of little goslings were out and we were hotly pursued by the hissing fowl. What a relief it was when the dragons gave up the chase, and we were free!

Bob-whites whistled, bob-o'-links lilted, meadow-larks sang over the fields of growing crops on either side of the road, skirted by snake-fences and rows of great trees that rustled over head.

Arrived at the white school-house we still had time, after putting away our books and bags in its cool recesses, to have some games of "Hide and seek" or "Drop the handkerchief", before the teacher came out on the porch and rang the bell; sometimes she played with us.

There was not much of an attendance in summer, mostly girls big and little, and little boys, as the larger boys were kept at home to work; so the games played were mainly "girls'" games. Two or three coloured children attended the school, and shared in our play. I always wanted to have them with us, against the prejudice of some, as, young as I was, I had already wept over "Uncle Tom's Cabin", and felt sorry for this oppressed race.

A farmer's timber lot was a little back of the school grounds. There, amongst the great hard-wood trees that were still left, grew immense ferns, beside mossy logs. Spring beauties, and trilliums, white, pink, and red grew there, with adder's tongues and violets, blue, yellow, and white. Later came hepatica, Solomon's seal, black-eyed Susans, and the other flowers common to that part of old Ontario. At noons we could frolic through here and gather flowers to decorate our own and the teacher's desk. I recollect the woodsy, ferny smell and the red squirrels and chipmunks scolding us away from their beechnuts and acorns.

Our school well used to go dry in late summer, and one of the rewards of merit was that the first two who got their work done in the afternoon could go to a neighbouring farm for a pail of water. I remember how eagerly another girl and I would work so that we could go, and how joyfully we left the rest at their tasks while we pattered off in bare feet for the water. The farmer let the school children have wind-fall apples if they wished, so we would fill the pail part way with water, the rest with the fruit. I recollect how the water spattered our feet coming back. We carefully left the apples in the entry for recess, and then the two most worthy after us "passed the water" up and down the aisles, each child taking a drink from the tin dipper whether thirsty or not. Although we all had orchards at home those apples at recess seemed to taste better than any others.

In school I was quite precocious, I think, being praised for reading expressively, and very often "standing" longest in the spelling-matches, but I fell down badly in arithmetic and geography. Our folk were great readers, especially my father; we had quite a collection of books, and I got every encouragement, being the

youngest of a family of four children, who were all good students.

Being "croupy" I did not go to school at all in the winter until after I was twelve, and these winters were delightful to me. When the others got down their books in the evenings in the lamp light I got mine too; and I was always dipping into books, so when I went back to school in the spring I was never behind my class. It is a great thing to send children to school, and it is also good to keep them out judiciously sometimes to let their minds develop for a while without forcing. We lived just enough out of town for there to be no street to run out upon, but I put in my time delightfully. I played with dolls but had no maternal feelings for them, just liked to dress and undress and make clothes for them.

Our house was cosy and warm, and my mother was a most remarkably good housekeeper and cook. Everything had to shine and her lace curtains were snowy and starched though she kept herself worried and thin doing so much.

By being at home so much I certainly got a better chance to become acquainted with my mother than most children do. Mine had lived on a farm until she married, and she had some, to us, odd ideas. She would seldom go the half mile or so into town, saying, "We always drove on the farm, and I feel cheap walking along." She also did not encourage us much to learn house work, saying that she would give us a good chance at school to learn something different, and surely we would not cheapen ourselves by marrying any one who would expect us to work. Poor mother, she could have saved herself a lot if she had not had that old-fashioned idea of its being degrading to do manual labour.

My four grandparents all came from the North of Ireland, so I claim a purely Irish descent of the Scotch variety. My mother was a strict Presbyterian and had the melancholy view of spiritual matters possessed by the most orthodox of that sect. She had a fair voice, and about her work often sang the Psalms of David in meter. All the sermons I have ever heard preached never brought me to such remorseful conviction of my sinful state as some of those dread old dirges. Sometimes after I went to bed at night I could hear her singing some of them over her mending and I would feel so terrified that I would get up and kneel by my bed and say my prayers over again. But sometimes it was a triumphant strain such as:

"The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by."

My mother did not at all approve of light novels, and when I was home from school in the winters commended to my attention as a change from my school books, a collection of her own: History of the Bible, Child's Commentator on the Bible, The Royal Path of Life, The Pillar of Fire, Throne of David, and a fancifully-bound treatise on Etiquette was included. I read these once, but could not be persuaded to read them again. About that time I took up the study of geography with a vengeance, so intensely absorbed that my mother got suspicious, and, coming over to investigate found one of Bertha M. Clay's novels inside the Geography. I read a lot of books of that sort, and, in my imagination after that, was always trailing around in nothing short of amber satin and red azaleas; going in and out of French windows, deliberating over what jewels to wear, and whether to go to the duke's house-party or not. I am glad that I read these books and had such imaginings, I will tell you why after a while.

Also in the winter I would watch men going by with fine teams in gay, tasselled harness, hauling tremendous logs on sleighs. Sometimes one great elm log would be all the team could

manage, with sleighing of the best, the roads like glass. My father, besides being a carpenter, had been raised on a bush farm and was interested in anything connected with the lumber trade. He could call my attention to the logs going by and tell about the earlier days when that whole country was standing with quantities of still more valuable wood, such as oak and walnut.

He was mostly a barn-farmer and took jobs for building the great barns thereabouts, with their hewn timber frames. His men would hew the pieces out in the winter and then along in the spring, they would have a "raising", and invariably his pieces would go together like clock-work, for he thoroughly understood his business. I'm sure there stand to-day, and will, for many years, those monuments to his good, true, honest work. Six feet, one and a half was he, straight and strong and dark, with a splendid brain and as honest as the day; well informed, and of the very highest type of Canadian manhood, combining brain, brawn, and integrity. Ask anyone who knew him.

When I was eleven years of age the Presbyterian minister and his wife paid us, one early spring day, a momentous visit, momentous, that is, for me. This lady, who had been a school teacher, questioned me, was surprised at my precocity, and announced to my mother that I must try the High School entrance that summer. My mother replied that the rural teacher was not preparing an entrance class. Well then, I must go to town school at once. With a good Presbyterian's firm respect for the minister and the minister's wife, my mother agreed at once that I should go.

My heart sank. It was all right in imagination to wear diamond tiaras, and heavy trailing brocaded velvet robes, but to actually wear squeaky new shoes on board-walks instead of road-sides and to be dressed up always was a different matter. Just like being at Sunday School all the time! I did not like town nor town playmates. Sunday School had cured me of that. The iron of the small town had already entered my soul.

How well I recollected the Sunday that the little girl next me in my class said, "Your father is just a carpenter, my mother said so, and my father runs a whole factory and has lots of money.

"I don't care," I said, "Jesus was a carpenter too, just like mw father."

She thought a moment, then, "Yes, but Jesus didn't have to be a carpenter, he just let himself be a carpenter to show that he could be as low as anything and not care."

"My father don't care," I said stoutly; "he likes to be a carpenter. It takes brains to be one, dad says so."

"My, your sash is narrow," was the answer. I forget now what the Golden Text was that Sunday.

But when I went to bed that night I added a little to my prayer, "Jesus, you were a carpenter's little boy and I'm a carpenter's little girl. Help me, dear Jesus,—it's clean work anyway, Ma says so."

This town where I was to attend school had been carved out of the big forest of valuable hardwood. A navigable river ran through it, which floated the logs to the sawmill in the place. Other factories, adjuncts of the lumber trade, were in the town; hub and spoke factory, stave mill, cooper's works, sash and door factory, and planing mill. A cannery and evaporator disposed of the superfluous fruit and vegetables of the district. A big, masted vessel was seen on the river periodically, taking away the products of the mills. Wood barges, scows, and tugboats cluttered at what not round the rocks. The town was prettily shaded with maples, and the district was so fertile that every lawn and lot ran over with fruit trees, rose bushes and vines. Everything grew abundantly and gave an opulent aspect to the place. There were pretty residential streets near a part removed from the factories.

Well. I went to the town school and enjoyed it just as little as I expected. How I did hate in the mornings to take the turn toward the town opposite the dear old beat to the country school. I was a big toad in a small puddle in the latter, and a mere polywog in the town school.

I was always neatly and comfortably dressed, with nicer things for Sunday wear but I wanted wreathed hats for every day, wide plaid silk sashes and embroidered dresses like some of the other girls wore, and told my mother so. "I could get them for you." she said, "they really don't cost much, but those are no clothes for little girls to wear to school. I know best—don't pay any attention to that mushroom aristocracy that have made a little money out of wood-butchering." She was rather acrid about it certainly. I consoled myself with thinking. "If they could see Lady Gwendolyn's and Lady Audrey's clothes they wouldn't be so all-fired stuck up. What's a bit of ribbon and muslin roses and cheap lace alongside of ivory satin and ropes of pears—worth a king's ransom." I'm always thankful to Lady Gwendolyn and Lady Audrey and the rest of them for helping me hold my head up and keeping me right at my guns. For no one who ever attempted to snub me could ever come up to these, my paragons, for beauty, brains, breeding or clothes, but always suffered fearfully by comparison. Good old Lady Gwendolyn and her kind, long may they flourish! And that's why I'm glad I read those books that I mentioned a piece back.

I tried the Entrance that summer and came first in marks in the town and of any who tried in that place, and I was barely twelve. I certainly was glad over it. Well, I didn't like town anyway, and I don't like to talk about it, so, like in the fairy stories I'll say I went on and on, until, finally, behold me with a second class certificate at seventeen. My father being just a carpenter, I could not expect him to send me to University, so behold me teaching school in the old town. One of my sisters was already on the teaching staff in that school.

The rooms were so crowded at that time, that it was necessary to make a primary room in the town hall, on the side of the town nearest my home, whereas the big school was on the other side. This room was assigned to me. I was greatly pleased, as, in my own school days I had always disliked the crowded school-grounds and class-rooms, and this isolated room seemed to me more like a rural school although right in the heart of the town.

The town-hall stood in the middle of the maple-girded market square. My room was on the ground floor. On the floor above me was the opera house, to one side were a couple of cells where prisoners were detained. High above the building was, in its belfry, the town bell, which the chief of police rang morning, noon, and at six. On the square, to my left hand, as I came out of the school-room entry was the band-stand where the town musicians discoursed sweet music on occasions. To the right were the town weigh-scales where, on the two pig-shipping days a week, the varied squeals of porkers kept up an ear-splitting orchestra. The children had many a good laugh at them and would work all the better after it.

That is twenty years ago and I can single out from memory, many of those laughing boyish faces, both white and dusky, whose names I saw since on their country's roll of honour for brave deeds and honourable wounds "over there". Thank God for their happy care-free childhood in the land of their birth. One, I noticed, was a doctor overseas. I was his first teacher, and for some time after starting to school he used to bring a "piece" with him, which he ate furtively in immense bites.

For janitor we had an old coloured man, whom I shall call Orion Lawson.

He was a short, fat, laughing Santa Claus, if you can imagine a coloured Santa. He was cholocolate tinted, with grizzled white poll and whiskers; eighty-two years old and yet was bound to work. "Anything to keep out of the County House, Miss," he would say, for he was much too proud to think of accepting charity.

"Fohty yeahs a slave, Miss, I was—down in ole Kaintuck."

"Were they cruel to you, Mr. Lawson?"

"Laws, Miss, co'se they wasn't. Looks like it, don't it, spry as I am at eighty-two yeahs. No, Miss, dah's where I was happy — down in ole Kaintuck."

The children liked the old darkey, and he was very friendly and jolly with them. Once or twice, though, this friendship was ruffled. They were mischievous and tore up his dust-cloths, and, after four one day, he was holding a searching inquiry in the hall.

"Now," he said, trying to look severe, "who all of yous chillums done gone an' tored up my dust rags?"

The boys just ran home laughing, but the little girls clustered around, pulling long faces, widening their eyes, wagging their curls and saying, "I didn't," and "I never," in an injured chorus.

"Oh no," he said with sarcastic emphasis, "*You* never done it—but *Ah* knows who *done* it."

"Who?" "Who?" "Who?" they asked, like a lot of young owls.

"*Nobody* done it—dat's who," he flung out, toddling off in a rage, but presently started to shake with laughter as he looked back at the wondering faces. Then they all shouted too.

I taught primary work for about four years in the old town, and have very few original ideas on the subject that I can pass along. Like others I followed along the beaten track pointed out at "Model School", but see now where I could have varied from it with good effect. I taught "phonics", although it was almost as new to me as to my pupils, for I had been taught the alphabet at home and could read a bit before I went to school at all. I noticed that children who had been taught anything at all at home by any method, so long as it was thorough, progressed much faster than those whose minds, at beginning school, were a blank. All my ideas about phrenology and physiognomy got upset, for I often found beautifully shaped golden curl-draped heads to be solid bone, while some little pickaninny with beady eyes and a head like a monkey was mentally as quick as a flash. Perhaps the negroes are shallow and soon reach their depth, and my conclusions might be reversed in the higher grades, but it was noticeable in quite a few cases in the primary.

I had friends and relatives on the prairies of the Canadian North-west, so, as I should soon go to Normal training school anyway, I decided to go West for the holidays the summer of 1900, and see how I liked it. If I did I would remain, if not I would go to Toronto Normal. I went to visit at the prairie home of a friend in Saskatchewan. Of course, as I have said, I always loved the country, and the prairies just suited me to a T. To feel unhampered and free, the fenceless vastness stretching to the horizon, stirred up some savage kinship in me and made me feel at home. The scent of thousands of wild roses in the pure air, the new varieties of beautiful flowers looking wistfully up at me, the deep blue of the sky, the grassy trails leading off to mysterious other vastnesses, made a powerful appeal to me. I had a curious feeling, not of leaving home, but of coming home, as though I belonged to the prairies, and the prairies to me. The trains sounded away off, the bugle calls from the R.N.W.M.P. barracks came faintly; everything seemed suggestive of distance, spaciousness, and freedom. I love nature, and I was at the very heart of her.

In a few days, I, a sedate schoolma'am of twenty years was careering wildly across the prairie on an Indian cayuse, at least as wildly as one can career with a side-saddle, for riding astride was not general in 1900.

The people I met seemed unconventional and unaffected, and yet, generally speaking, their manners were much superior to the Ontario people. So much the "green" Englishman did for the West, dispute it who will, he introduced true politeness. The prejudices and shackles and cut and dried ways of looking at things in the old country-side and town quickly fell away from me and I was averse to going back and taking them up again. The old life was beautiful in its way, and I laid it aside, not contemptuously, but reverently, and as a tale that is told.

I went to Normal in Saskatchewan, and the school did not seem a very Western institution in a way, as a good many of the students were, like myself, Eastern products. The school was in the town, of course, and I do not care much for towns, but I stayed at a friend's on the prairie while attending, and ambled in and out on a cayuse, so that I was most of the time in the country.

The Western Provinces were not then formed as now, but were known as the North-west Territories, and at Regina, Assiniboia, N.W.T., the teachers were trained for what are now Alberta and Saskatchewan.

There were then, and still are, I believe, more than enough schools for the number of teachers available, and one, if adventurous, could change schools every six months, and could be ever exploring new trails and seeing fresh faces in the different districts. I am afraid that I drifted around a good deal. Everybody else seemed to be on the move, for the West is full of prowling, roving, restless folk—I suppose that class came here to begin with—so, like in "pussy-wants-a-corner", every one must, perforce, move along too. I taught several rural schools and got on very well, but, after teaching a big primary room so long, it seemed strange to have about six grades with a pupil or two in each. There is not enough competition in these classes for successful work. Consolidation, to my mind, is the only solution to the rural school problem in the West. So much school machinery for so little grist seems a waste of money and energy. The teacher's enthusiasm dies, and the child's competitive powers are never kindled in these sparsely pupilled schools.

At any rate, after a while, you know how it always happens, one way or another. Along comes some one with a romantic name and a tenor voice, riding by on a coal-black horse. The prairie wind whispers to the one, "It is she," and to the other, "It is he," it is all over before one knows it, and they are on a homestead building up a home, just as are the meadowlark and his mate in the grass-lands over yonder.

Sometimes I think that I would like to go back to Ontario, over my tracks, and see the place from which all my own immediate family have long since scattered. But no—I shall leave it as it stands in my memory. I have no bitterness to any one. I should not want to go back and see even some who arrogantly snubbed me grown old and poor and broken, for such changes there must be. I could not rejoice in it, but would feel only a remorseful pity that I had ever censured them. I like to think of the little children of the primary grade as still little and joyous, not grown up and care-worn. I could not see the old home with strangers in full possession. Many staunch, true old friends have died; in my thoughts they are still alive and in their accustomed places in the picture. I have lived in these various parts of our native land, and it is all good and dear to me, every leaf and flower and tree, from the trillium of Ontario to the anemone of the West.

"It was easier to build a mill than to make it a success. . . . . Foreign merchants walked in and undersold the Canadian makers just to put them out of business! The mill failed."

PETER THE GRUFF

A STORY OUT OF THE HISTORY OF A CANADIAN INDUSTRY

BY WILLIAM ALOWEN

A THREAD of wheat, a thread of wool, a thread of forest products, a thread of ore and a thread of fisheries—out of these the fabric of Canadian wealth was woven for many years. These were the native products of Canadian soil. These represented the complete range of Canada's simple industrial activity.

The principal threads were spun on the farm. If farming failed the country failed that year, since there weren't enough other threads to keep the fabric up. It was a very simple system of national life. Good luck—good crops—good trade! Bad luck—bad crops—bad trade! So up! So down!

Old Squire Brown's boy Tom grew to manhood with just this simple range of opportunities ahead of him.

"What do I wanta be? Aw—how can I tell? There's wheat and wool and dairying to be had if I stay on the farm. Or I can go work in the bush! Or in the mining country up North! Or be a doryman on a Lunenberg schooner. That's all!"

"All!" shouted his father. "Isn't it enough?"

"No," replied the son—being a truthful and candid son, "It isn't. There isn't a thing in the lot that I want to do!"

So there was a row and Squire Brown's boy Tom stalked off to Boston. In time he became an inventor and builder of machines. He married an American. Became an American citizen. When he grew rich he brought his father and his mother down out of Canada to see his children and to enjoy the money he was making as an American.

"Well, well," he said, "and how's Canada? Eh! Good place to go fishing? Eh! But no place for me! Not me!"

So Canada lost Brown and Brown's wife and Brown's boy and Brown's grandchildren! And the simple, honest range of Canadian occupations for growing boys to choose from remained unchanged. Good luck—good crops—good trade! Bad luck—bad crops—bad trade!

But when, after losing thousands of her most ambitious sons that way, Canada adopted her policy of fostering native industry as against foreign industry—a great change took place. New threads of industry began to be woven into the fabric of Canadian life. And there appeared presently, the fine, smooth, strong white threads of —Cotton.

"Cotton?" you say. "That's surely no thread to make a greater nation on!"

And yet, with the thread of wheat, the thread of wool, of forest products, ores and fisheries—it *is*! The same new policy that led the thread of Cotton to take its place in Canada, strengthened them ALL so Canada no longer sells only the wheat but the flour—or better still, the labour that comes from feeding *our* wheat to *our*

people! She no longer sells only logs, but furniture and paper made from them. So through the list! So many threads now go to the making of Canadian prosperity that a weakness in one no longer imperils them all. Canadian prosperity is steadier! And the range of occupations from which growing boys may choose is wide enough to satisfy even the most ambitious ones at home in Canada!

The story of cotton in Canada is by way of being an epic of industry. I do not mean that it had very wonderful early success and great heroic episodes—rather the contrary. But it had and it has—if one could see behind the apparently cold business-like exterior of mills and offices—just such a human narrative as makes one smile a little, feel sorry a little, and in the end wonder at the pertinacity and courage of the actors in the piece. Not one of the men who built up the cotton industry in Canada could be called a hero. What were they working for? Glory? Humanity? Love of Country? Love of work? Rubbish! Like honest men in any other line of work they would have glared at you and called you mad had you suggested such things! They would have growled and spat on the palms of their hands and turned their backs on you as they resumed the gigantic struggle to heave and haul and pull and yank a needed industry up on its feet!

They worked for just the same things that you and I are compelled to work for! The same dread of poverty! The same hope of having not only enough for one's old age but something over to give one's children an easier start in life than *we* had.

No more! No less!

Most of the time—like most of us—they didn't get these things, but in the end had nothing for their pains but the satisfaction of having carried an industry a little farther towards success!

Thus, for example, old John X died poor, with all his lifetime savings in a mill which lies to-day a ruin in an Ontario town because the country did not realize in time that old John's success would mean success for Canada. Thus Peter Gruff lived on the edge of poverty for twenty years until his faith in the new industry bore fruit at last and paid him three dividends—a year before he died!

Public spirit! It was the public spirit that found its outlet in work—not speeches or writings or empty spouting in smoking-cars. Silent men mostly, these were. Preoccupied in solving a riddle. But their pre-occupation their selfishness—which,

"Thus, for example, Old John died poor, with all his life-time savings in a mill . . . "

"What he thought of politicians could scarcely be reduced to print!"

mind you, means often nothing more than their faculty of minding their own business—has cut off from Canada's annual debt to foreigners fifty million dollars a year for cotton goods. And has created employment and careers in Canada for thousands.

You would have enjoyed the old bruin who, so to speak, with three or four others, first wove the thread of cotton into Canadian industry. He was eighty when he received the first clear profit on his lifetime of planning and hoping and fighting for his ideas —and there was no silk left in his speech. In the small town where he lived he had long been reputed rich, but nobody will ever know the petty economies, the scrimping and saving that lay behind those tight-closed old front doors of his, the petty deceits by which he maintained the outward appearance of success lest his bank manager lose faith. When he looked proudest and spoke sharpest—people did not guess that it was himself he was goading to keep on and keep in the fight, casting out any shadow of gentleness lest it should betray him into being easy with himself and so weaken his power to command himself to further efforts! A curmudgeon? Of course he was. Yet if he spoke sharply to workmen it was as much to remind himself of his responsibility to keep them in work, as to keep them disciplined. Though he distrusted human nature, sneered at its pretences and mocked its sentimentalities, he was the never-failing source from which the local doctor drew when need revealed itself—though he gave his aid always as though grudgingly and with a muttered threat to break the doctor's neck if he should tell whence the money came. "They must be helped but without their knowing it," he used to say. "To know it would ruin them altogether."

What he thought of politicians could scarcely be reduced to print! His invective against them was overwhelming—and had its origin in the simple fact that on a politician's word he had mortgaged his house to buy machines!—And the politician broke his word, let in a flood of foreign-made goods, and made the new machines worthless. So he had had to borrow from his wife's relatives to wipe off the mortgage and do without butter on his dinner table—though they pretended it was English style—in order that his machines might have oil.

Noble self-sacrifice? Rubbish! Yet that was the kind of thing that built Canadian industry.

I met Peter Gruff poking with his cane at a piece of broken and rusted

machinery in the roofless grass-grown ruin that had been his first mill.

"I suppose," I said, "you get little thanks for what you were doing for the country in those early days."

"For what!" he snorted. "Doing for the country? Bosh! When any man tells you he's working for his country he lies. If he's working fair and honest for himself it's a' he's called on to do. If everybody was doing that much the country would have little need to worry."

Of course he was wrong. Someone must work for the country. But there were many made more pretence and accomplished less for Canada than this old bruin of a man.

The abrogation of the reciprocity treaty by the United States has taught the Canadian farmer the bitter lesson that he must never depend entirely on a foreign market for the sale of his produce. In the days of the lake schooners, the barley elevators fringed the shores of Lake Erie and Lake Ontario and in ports which are now unknown to any but a handful of villagers, the barley wagons were lined up mile after mile waiting to unload into the elevator, which in turn filled the ships bound for the great market across the lakes.

Then, at one stroke, the United States market closed! The barley schooners were refused free entry to Oswego, Rochester, Buffalo and Cleveland. They sold out at a loss and returned to the Canadian shore to lie idle season after season. The ports fell into decay. The elevators became haunts for owl and rats. The old schooners were dismasted and sold for barges to be towed like hostages in chains through American canals.

"Hereafter," men said in Canada, "we'll build up a market at home in Canada for Canadian goods!"

It was in that spirit the first cotton mills were conceived in Canada, though it was long after the collapse of the barley trade. Canada, instead of gaining, was losing population. Examining the records of those pre-confederation days, it will be seen that the wives in Upper and Lower Canada and in the Maritime Provinces were importing as much cotton as would employ several hundred spinners and weavers. Yet Canada had cheap water power, lay closer to the American cotton fields than Manchester, and was losing her best sons and daughters for lack of employment! To create a better home market for Canadian farm produce—and that home market even to-day is not to be despised—it was necessary to bring to Canada the employment we were *exporting* to foreign cotton mills.

It looked so simple! So reasonable and right!

The first joint stock company in Canada was formed to operate Canada's first cotton mill. This was seventy-eight years ago at Sherbrooke, Quebec.

But it was easier to build the mill than to make it a success. Machinery broke down! Workmen brought from England grew sick or wandered off to New York rather than help a new country learn to spin and weave. Accidents happened. Cloth was spoiled. Foreign merchants walked in and undersold the Canadian makers just to put them out of business! The mill failed.

Three years later (1847), a mill was started at Thorold, Ontario. It ran two years—at a loss—and then shut down. It changed hands several times but was a failure to the end, in 1864, when it was burned.

Another was started in Montreal in 1853. Another at St. John, New Brunswick, in 1861, and in the same year another at Dundas, Ontario.

The foreign manufacturer with his enormous world trade could afford, if necessary, to *give away* enough cotton to break the market in Canada and drive the Canadian out of business.

In 1866 came the American Civil War. By upsetting American conditions it enabled the Canadian mills to expand—a little. But in the midst of their expansion the Civil War

"So Canada lost Brown and Brown's wife and Brown's boy."

ended. The foreign supply became normal again. Once more the fashionable lady shoppers insisted on getting "imported" cottons. So the Canadian mills sank into depression once more.

The introduction of Canada's National Policy was followed by a very foolish "boom" in the cotton mill industry as in others. Dying cotton mills were revived. Men who had long since abandoned hope now became optimists. By 1881 Canada boasted eighteen cotton mills. By 1885, twenty-five. Less and less cotton fabric was imported from foreigners. Canadians became more and more self-sufficient in the industry. Thousands of men and women found employment in the industry. The wage roll grew at a fabulous rate.

But presently a new difficulty presented itself. The capital behind these mills was doomed, as previous capital had been doomed—to lose. Organization among the mills was lacking. Each mill was fighting with the others for work, attempting to make anything and everything no matter how little the quantity required. So trouble began.

Consider what this means and you will see why old Peter Gruff's long deferred hopes of a profit were still unrealized. The situation of the cotton mill owners was very much like the position of three old ladies who used to run three boarding-houses ——all in a row—in Montreal.

Each was cook, housemaid, buyer and bookkeeper for herself. Each was

"I met him poking with his cane at a piece of broken and rusted machinery."

hardworking and poor. She had to drop her cooking to answer the door bell! She had to leave the dishes to make the beds! But one day, by a stroke of genius they organized the three houses into *one!* They divided the work—and they prospered!

So, after a while, with the scattered cotton mills in Canada. Each trying to do every kind of work at once. Each buying separately and selling separately. Each trying frantically to under-sell the other.

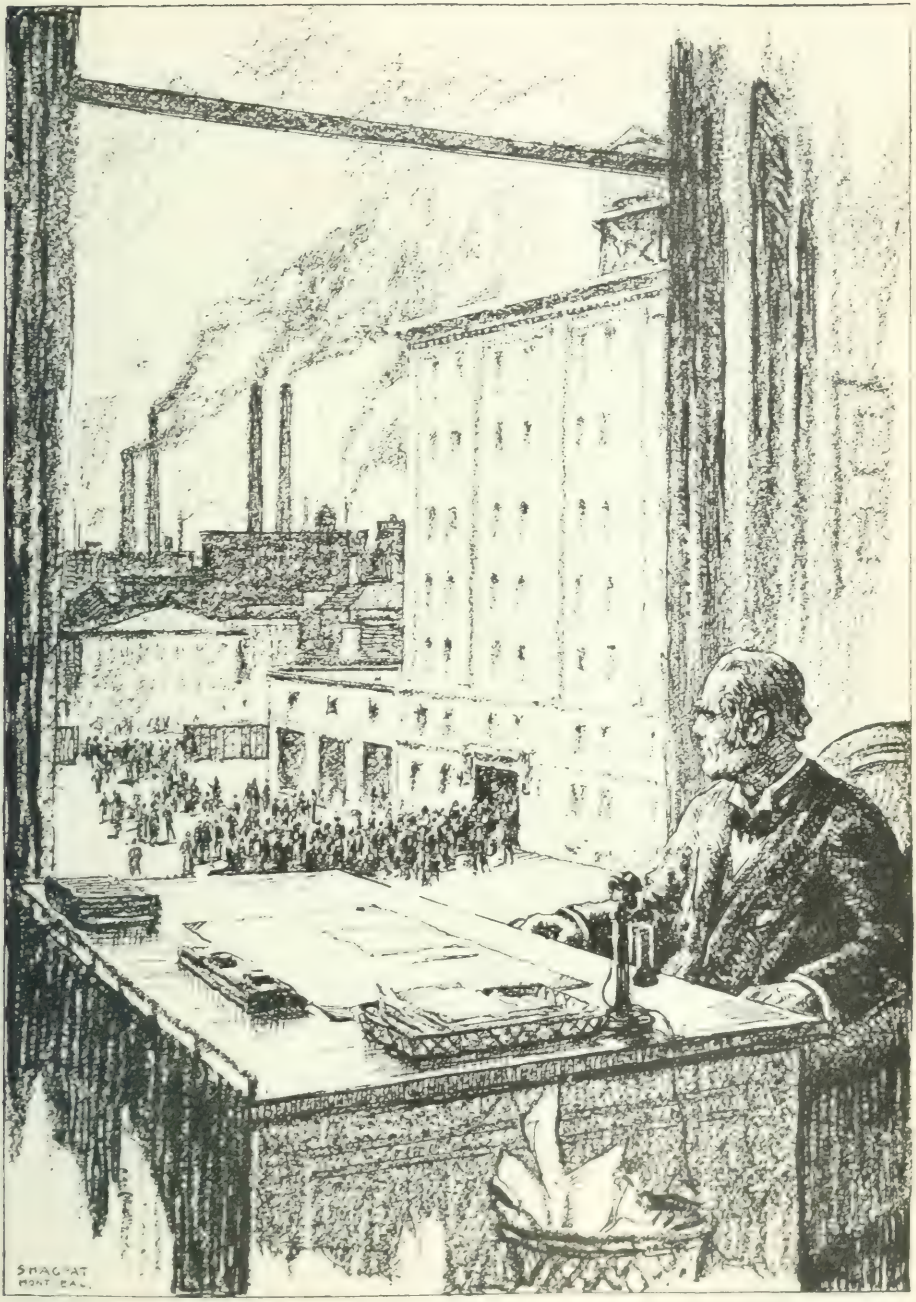
Wild competition instead of making goods cheaper made them, in the long run, dearer than ever! This wrong-headed conditon could not last! It dare not! So happened the first great step forward in this industry in Canada—*consolidation and organization.*

There are still rival cotton companies in Canada competing with one another for trade, but instead of twenty-five small organizations there are five comparatively large companies comprising among them twenty mills, with a million spindles, 20,000 looms and 15,000 employees. In old Peter Gruff's day his mill made all kinds of goods from grain bags and tickings to fine sheets and underwear cloth. Hundreds of hours every year were wasted by stopping the machinery in order to change over from spinning coarse threads and weaving coarse "counts" for, say, men's overalls, to spinning fine threads and weaving fine "counts" (the "count" of threads to the inch) for a cotton voile. These idle hours naturally meant lost earning power and increased costs to be charged against output. Instead of spreading the cost of machinery, upkeep, etc., over say 100,000 yards, it had to be borne, by, say, 50,000 yards. This meant that the foreign manufacturer who could keep one whole mill making only one class of goods all year round, could undersell old Peter's mill in spite of the Tariff.

The grouping of scattered mills under four or five centralized managements enabled these managements to concentrate all coarse work, say, in Mill X; another class in Mill Y, and another in Mill Z. The waste of time thus eliminated was enormous. This enabled old Peter Gruff to earn his first dividend.

Not that he would have been completely out of the woods even then, mind you. If he had lived he would have seen his dividend fall off, as it did in a certain case, because all over the world the housewives of mankind were beginning to demand a *finer* weave! The good old sheets with comparatively coarse threads and comparatively few to the inch were being replaced by sheets with finer threads and more of them—smoother and

The road that led so many young men from Canada forever!



Without leadership, organization and a directing intelligence labour becomes demoralized, as it is in starving Russia this very day!

softer affairs, without half the life of the old sheets. But have them she must, so the Canadian mills, so newly on the road to prosperity, must change over their machines for finer work!

And the unexpected still occurs! For example a fellow-industry in Canada recently required several million yards of bag material. It was not to be bleached. The natural "gray" cotton would do! Nothing mattered except the strength of the texture!

What should have been Canada's work was lost to the Canadian industry because in the United States was a mill devoted to the spinning and weaving of off-colour cotton only! (Remember appearances did not matter for this cloth). This American mill could utilize cotton which, if used once in any other mill would spoil the machines for producing pure white goods thereafter. There is not enough work of this kind in Canada to support a special mill. Consequently the Canadian mills—having to use first-class cotton—could not meet the American price. Enough work to keep 1,000 Canadian mill employees busy for five weeks was thus sent *out* of Canada while Canadians were complaining of unemployment.

It is one of the seeming mysteries of trade that although the Canadian industry is now in a position to pay dividends in normal times, it takes less in profit from the consumer of cotton than in the days when old Peter Gruff was losing money. An exact comparison is impossible owing to the fact that the world is not using to-day the same kinds of cotton that it used in other years. Coarse sheetings, for example, are now replaced by finer sheetings. The main volume of output consists of much finer cloth than before and costs cannot be directly compared. Take, however, the sum total of all the cotton produced in Canada during the war years when world prices were highest. If this sum were divided by the total dividends of the companies during the same period it would be seen that the profit was a very small fraction of a cent a yard.

My original interest in this theme arose out of my conversations with old Peter Gruff. As I said before, he was a curmudgeon. Yet something in the way the local doctor spoke of him led me to investigate, to find the human story underlying the cotton industry in Canada.

But the cotton industry in Canada is by no means at the end of its development. While it is continually manufacturing cheaper and better cotton for Canadians, it is slowly extending to new fields—bringing more and more work into Canada, and cutting down our imports lower than ever before.

Canada's barley schooners, refused free entry to American ports, were laid up.

A SCENE ON THE OTTAWA RIVER

From the Photograph by
Lyman B. Jackes

THE WOLVES OF THE NORTH

BY CHARLES DORIAN

THE Bears bristled down from Pinecone to attack the Wolves. This may not be the accepted theory of the bruin way of conducting himself in the wilds but it is well understood by certain hockey enthusiasts who had dubbed the opposing teams with their savage sobriquets.

The Wolves of Maybridge had raided every hockey camp of note in defence of the coveted cup won by them the previous year. The Pinecone Bears were the leaders in another line of league games which gave them the right to face the Wolves for possession of the trophy. The way they would step on the Wolves and take their plaything from them was trumpeted throughout the North so lustily that the timbers echoed with the blatant boast.

Pinecone to a man brought enough money to Maybridge to buy it outright if buying was their mission. Their purpose, however, was plainly to demonstrate how Pinecone money could talk and the secret of producing this monetary monologue depended upon the manner in which Maybridge money was made to cover it, the formula being something like five to four.

Sam Slatz of The Slatz Billard & Pool Room succumbed swiftly to Bear talk and he secretly lined up a clique to bet fifty thousand dollars of Maybridge money against Maybridge—in other words to desert the Wolves' camp and go over to the Bears. He would have told you that this was sound judgment because he knew that one of the Wolves' best players was laid up. But if you asked him why he cheered for the Wolves just the same he would have merely shrugged his shoulders. Sam Slatz was sly.

Even then he was taking a risk because the Wolves' Captain and center, Billy Short, was the fastest ice genius in the whole North and latest reports had him in the pinkest of pink condition. Billy Short was not called Shorty because he was short; he was in fact tall and slim and a sprite for speed. His long arms helped as much as his stride in retrieving a wayward puck and when he had a full swing at a shot for goal his opponents were inclined to salaam none too gracefully. So he was called Shorty probably because it was easy to say and with the ladies it was an endearment. He was mobbed by enemies and friends until his body was a mass of bruises and his face a mask of plaster—and he smiled through it all.

Show us the hockey hero who has not a bevy of beautiful girls competing for the copyright on his name. A fellow gets hardened to feminne attentions, too, but there was one blue-eyed belle with black lashes and all the arts that go to make a successful vamp to whom Shorty would have sacrificed his claim to immortality if he had not noticed that she looked the same way at Sam Slatz. She was so sweet innocuous in her blandishments that he did not suspect her to be anything but the finest girl there was and he would show Sam Slatz that he could win her against any odds.

It is a funny thing about girls, as the historians say. Shorty did not begin to waver in his ardour to win Vera Clay until he saw Mary Ember in the same seat with her one night at the rink. Then he saw the difference between flawless beauty and the charming doll-like prettiness of the decorative sort. An artist would have discovered it sooner, but Shorty was not awakened to it until that night and the awakening brought a song to his soul that caused him to wonder if he really meant to combat Sam Slatz after all. Somebody introduced him to Mary and he floundered terribly in a conversational sea. Vera twitted him about it on the way to her boarding-house.

"You're getting to be some hero, Shorty, when the sedate Ember girl notices you. Not that you noticed her any!" She looked at him in that arch way some girls do.

"Girls are all alike to me," said Shorty. That was a stock phrase and meant nothing. But he frowned slightly and she saw it.

"Of course," she agreed, smiling, "you're wedded to your profession. I wonder that you even bother your head about poor little me."

"Oh, confound it, Vera. You're different. You're just like another fellow, a good chum."

"And here I've been thinking I had some feminine charm!" she pouted.

"You sure have, Vera. Where do you get all that fancy line of talk?"

"I read, you know, Shorty. I'm improving my mind against the day my looks decay. Won't you come in?"

Shorty went in. He spent a half hour with her in the parlour during which time no thought of Mary Ember was allowed to enter his mind. He was almost convinced that he should jump amateur hockey and get into the professional game next year—and marry. As a confidential adviser Vera was a peeress. He felt that he ought to kiss her good-night this time, but temptresst hat she was she evaded him. In due time! When he had gone she laughed softly in the knowledge that Mary would not have him for some time yet.

The Wolves were stretching lazily on the night of the finals. They had practised every evening and were faultless as to wind—one of the great tests in championship games.

Sam Slatz was at the rink half an hour before the game and watched the Bears at practice. They were doing some wonderful playing without letting themselves out. They would beat the Wolves at their own net. When the Wolves came out and made a few careless passes he was almost willing to change his mind. They had the easy gait of highly trained athletes. Shorty, of course, was not there. He had to allow for that, too. It was Shorty's strategy to keep off the ice until the bell rang. The psychological effect upon the crowd's frenzied expectancy would make them rise as one man as he entered and acclaim Shorty as their god.

Sam Slatz reflected upon these things while trying to evolve a way to make sure of winning the big pool. It was worth risking a couple of thousand—even five thousand. Why not try out Shorty at his house? He could catch him before the game started. He set out in that direction, his short quick steps tattooing the icy pavement in unison with the plan that clicked in his brain. He almost collided with Doctor Geld at the Drug Store corner near the rink.

"Hello, Slatz!"

"Hello, Doc-"

"Thought you'd be at the game."

"Was there to see the try-out. Goin' to take a whack at Shorty. It's worth five thousand to the bunch to keep him out of the game."

Doctor Geld was one of the pool, as this confidence would proclaim. But he knew Shorty and his reply was positive:

"You can't buy Shorty."

"You watch!" boasted Slatz. "Where goin'?"

"Smallpox case from the description. Cook down at Lacey's boarding-house."

"Lacey's?" gasped Slatz. "Say—that's where Vera Clay stops." An idea had swatted Slatz so hard he was almost chuckleheaded over it. "Shorty's all broke up on that kid," he cackled.

"Well, I'm afraid Vera's going to be locked up for awhile," predicted the Doc., walking along while Slatz tried to keep up.

"Listen, Doc. I got a swell scheme. I'll go up and offer Shorty some spawn to keep outa this game, see? If he don't bite we'll just call it off. Then I'll hustle down and see Vera and get her to send him a hurry-up call. She'll stick to the ship—for a consideration. And she'll keep Shorty there till after the quarantine, see? He'll want to get out pretty bad. He'll beg. Then you could stretch his agony some and finally tell him if he goes up to your office you'll disinfect him so there won't be any harm, see? By that time he won't be a counter in this game!"

"Suppose it is not smallpox?" suggested the doctor.

"Oh, I've got another stunt in the old bean. Vera'll do anything for a consideration. And she's got some ideas. She'd kidnap him outright for a thousand."

"Is it worth it?" asked the doctor.

"Well, your five thousand isn't as safe as it ought to be!"

"There's Shorty headed for Lacey's now," indicated the Doc.

Slatz left the doctor to intercept Shorty. They met in a dark spot near the big hotel two blocks away from Lacey's.

"Hello, Shorty! You're goin' to be late for the game."

"What if I am? There's three good subs itchin' for a game. But I'll be there, brother, don't worry." He made as if to pass. Slatz touched him on the shoulder.

"I'll give you a dollar a second while I talk to you."

"My time's valuable," replied Shorty. "Got to make an important call."

"A minute won't matter. Listen. I'm in deep. Some fellows got me bettin' on the Bears and I got to make good or I'm ruined, see? The Bears'll come through if you keep off the ice, see? I've got two thousand to—"

"I know, Slatz. I'm sorry for you, you poor, mean, yellow pool-hound. I'd break your neck if it wasn't that the hangman has a mortgage on it."

Slatz grimaced while he winced under the lash. It was no go. Well, let Vera do her worst. Vera had evidently arranged things so as to get Shorty one way. Slatz laughed mockingly.

"All right, go to your lady friend and good luck!"

For answer Shorty jabbed his right first under Slatz's jaw and Slatz made his bed in the snow. There was one spectator to this assault who began to loom like a big shadow in front of Shorty. The law was always friendly to him but now it seemed to bear a grudge. A heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder and he was urged in a peremptory voice to "Coom wi' me."

Slatz blinked. Shorty's voice came to him like a buzz over the long distance 'phone:

"Look here, can't we settle this thing after the hockey match. They're waitin' for me at the rink now."

"Ah, weel—ye hae yer skates, but the reenk is no in this direction. Coom alang."

Now if Shorty were to be detained by the police all well and good, but Slatz knew as well as he knew his own name that as soon as Shorty reached headquarters the Chief would recognize him and let him go and play his game. While he was considering this phase of the case the big Scot touched him gently with the toe of his spade-like boot which meant that he was to go along and lay the charge. Slatz struggled to his feet at the same time trying to think of the best thing to say that would let Shorty off, because

he must be let off in order that his incarceration would be the more secure. Once on his feet the solution came to him. What were feet for? Slatz showed the stupefied policeman and the amazed Shorty that Slatz's feet were meant for speed. He did not stop until he reached the top step of Lacey's boarding-house. He was admitted by Vera all dolled up in Hudson seal with Kolinsky trimming who scolded him because he couldn't talk for puffing.

"What's in the air, Sam? Doc. Geld told me to wait for you or hold Shorty till you came. Unburden quick! This place is likely to go under quarantine any minute."

"That's the ticket. Quarantine," Slatz paused while he breathed heavily. "Lis'n. Shorty'll be here in a minute or else at the police station. If he comes here quarantine him. If he doesn't, telephone the police to hold him until you arrive. Then you can handle him so he won't get to the rink."

"I absorb the dope," bowed Vera. "Cash in advance, please!"

She "absorbed" the thousand he handed her.

"Whew! A thousand. I'd *kill* him for fifty," she commented.

Meantime the populace of Maybridge, represented by the crowd at the rink, howled for "Shorty!" The game had started with the Bears crawling all over their prey. There was some spectacular co-ordination among the Wolves but the combination lacked Shorty's directing wisdom. The result was that the Bears scored twice in the first period. Maybridge groaned while the Pinecone benches boomed with satisfaction and the air was split by raucous cheers.

"Where's Shorty? Bring on Shorty!" begged the Maybridge fans, and then some imprudent gossip gave out the news that Shorty had been "pinched" and was out of the game. It spread from lip to ear until it assumed the strength of a verdict and sure enough there was no Shorty present at the opening of the second period.

The Wolves were prepared to go on without him and do their best—their best being the sort of game that would hold the Cup. There was a spurt of clever skating and laudable stick technique that gave them the edge on the Bears. But the Bears bore down persistently if clumsily to the Wolves' net and bombarded it ineffectually for a time and then more by luck than skill the puck slipped by the net guardian. The Wolves were furious after that. If the period had lasted another minute they would have tied the score—as it was they scored two goals.

At Lacey's Slatz was beginning to feel anxious.

"Better 'phone the station. That big Scotchman wouldn't let him go."

"There he is now," exclaimed Vera, hearing steps approaching but instead of the bell ringing a light rat-tat was being played on the woodwork.

"That a new signal?" laughed Slatz. "I'll hide in the back hall while you interview him."

They met Doc Geld and Doctor Scott in the hall. They had evidently been having a slight argument.

"Hold on," said Doctor Scott, placing himself between Vera and the door.

"Slatz came with him," stated Doc Geld, "to take his girl away. I gave him my word I'd get them out."

"It is too late," said Doctor Scott. "They are tacking on the placards now. I've no sympathy for Slatz—he should have been quarantined long ago. His disease is worse than smallpox. No, I insist as Medical Health Officer upon quarantine being observed by every person in the house."

Doc Geld took Slatz aside:

"Sorry, Sam, but I'm everruled here. You see he got here ahead of me. There were two cases and Mrs. Lacey was so excited she called up every doctor in town."

"I can't stay here," cringed Slatz. "Get me out, Doc, and I'll make it

right. Besides Shorty hasn't turned up. This is a hell of a mess.

"Oh, please, Doctor Scott, let me get away from here," pleaded Vera. "The very thought of smallpox is enough to make me catch it. I'll die if I stay."

"No you shan't," said Doctor Scott. "It will do you a great deal of good. And the community will be better."

"I'll break away," she threatened, attempting a dash to the kitchen.

"Mrs. Lacey has instructions to keep quarantine. She is watching the back exit. My men are at the front. Breaking quarantine is a costly business and I'd advise you not to try it."

With that advise Doctor Scott let himself out, followed by Doc Geld. He gave a word of instruction to the men at the door and met Billy Short at the bottom step.

"Can't go in there, Shorty," said Doctor Scott kindly.

"SMALLPOX!" cried Shorty, horrified. "Has Miss Clay—"

"No—it's the waitress and the cook. How is it going at the hockey match? Surely it is not over?"

"About half over, I'd say. I've been detained by the police for hitting Slatz."

"Well, come on over to the rink and get in the game. Tell us about Slatz on the way over."

Shorty told about Slatz's offer to buy him off and with what result; how Slatz could run, and how he at last convinced the big constable that he was Billy Short, Captain of the Wolves. The Scot was new to the force but not so new that he did not know what the captain meant to the team—and he had reluctantly released him.

"Slatz appeared to know that you would call at Lacey's for the girl," hinted the doctor.

"I've taken Miss Clay to every game and I've been thinking lately that what she knows Slatz knows too. He may have put her up to lock me up in the victrola or something, but I've been wise to Slatz for some time."

"Now, see here, Shorty," said the doctor, squaring Shorty around as if he meant to talk to him like a Dutch uncle. They were at the rink entrance and the time was between periods. "I can tell by the sounds in the rink that the Wolves are losing. Go in there and win this game!"

There was pandemonium when Shorty appeared in the dressing-room. All the questions known to Old Man Query himself were flung at him and he found himself trying to answer two at once on his way to the ice.

There madness reigned. The crowd pressed down upon the ice to hear why Shorty had been kept out of two-thirds of the game. Doctor Scott assisted the police to restore order by simply whispering to a well-known ice gossip:

"Slatz has a pool on the Bears and tried to keep Shorty out of the game. Shorty was arrested for punching Slatz. Now, beat it and let us have some hockey."

Just before the bell rang Shorty scanned the faces in the grandstand until he saw the eyes of Mary Ember smiling coyly at him; he smiled back at her—and faced the puck.

The game took on life and the speed of a hurricane. Shorty threaded his lightning path through the Bear ranks and shot a goal at close range.

The rink rocked with thunderous enthusiasm.

Shorty got the puck again at the face-off. Followed six feverish minutes of skillful interpassing. Then he passed the puck across the rink to his left, expecting a sudden shot from goal; but the puck came back to him in a swift diagonal and Shorty instantly recognized the good judgment of the play. He lifted the puck into the net under the goalie's arm.

Two minutes later the Wolves scored again. The Bears tried to rush matters but when the final bell rang the Wolves were attacking their net.

Shorty upon the shoulders of a mobbing throng smiled upon the world in general and upon the flawless face of Mary Ember in particular.

MURGATROYD'S WIFE

BY HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE

THE lonely tavern known as Withens stood stark on the moorland road that lead from Halifax to Marshcotes, and the sun was near setting when a short, clean shaven man stepped into the parlour, and threw down a bundle that he carried, and called for drink. When this was served him the stranger laughed.

"Will fourpence pay my reckoning?" he asked.

"Ay, just fourpence."

"That's lucky, for it's all I've got."

"Spending your last on gin? Well, it's good gin, and you might do worse."

The stranger got to his feet, and lifted his mug. "I'll give you a proper Yorkshire toast," he said, "one I used to hear my father give, before a matter of poaching sent him overseas. They've forgotten it in these parts, I find, now I'm home again."

"Give me a toast I dunnot know, lad, and there's another measure o' gin for me and thee."

"Make it two," said the stranger, "for I've a job of work to do to-night, and the inside o' me needs warming."

"Then I'll make it two, and thee get on with thy toast."

The stranger toyed with his mug as if it were a lass he loved. Then he gave the toast:

"Oft thou makes my friends my foes,
Oft thou makes me pawn my clothes,
Oft thou makes me colour my nose,
Up thou pops and down thou goes."

The host's big sides shook with laughter, he owned that his bet was lost, and he was the richer for the losing.

"Give it again, stranger," he said. "There's something in the way you say it, and the way you gulp your gin, that tickles my fancy, like."

"Could you give me a bite of bread and cheese? I've had no food since yesterday. Fill the inwards of me, landlord, if you want to hear the toast again."

The landlord, an easy going man, was content enough, and drew his guest on to "swop tales" with him until the summer dusk began to draw about the moor. Between one hearty laugh and another soon to follow—for each had a storehouse of good stories—a gig went rattling by on the highroad.

"John Murgatroyd's gig," said the host, without turning his head to glance out of doors.

"Now how should you know that?"

"I know 'em all as they come past on market days, by the sound of their nags' hoofs along the road. That was Murgatroyd's skewbald mare went by; she steps pratly, like a hen that's feared of treading her chickens down."

The stranger needed money and must have it, by any means that served; and the suggestion of farmers returning from a market day stirred his fancy.

"Who may John Murgatroyd be?" he asked carelessly.

"The snuggest man hereabouts, since he married his second wife. Very fond of his liquor John was, and is still. The difference is that in the first wife's time—a poor shred of a weakling. She—he carried his gains

first to my tavern, and left the spending o' the rest to her. Now he drives home and brings a few odd shillings here. A sad change in a man, I say."

"Carries a full purse home?"

"Sixty pounds or so on good days. A very warm man, John Murgatroyd—building a fortune up, he is, and losing mine for me, now his wife is so set against my pleasant trade in life. A very managing woman, she."

"He'll be hereabouts soon, will he?"

"Ay, he lives no more than a mile away, at the next farm at the roadside as you go to Marshcotes. You seem curious about him."

"My father must have talked of him. He was fond of going back to old Yorkshire times and tales, and John Murgatroyd's name seemed known to me, soon as you mentioned it. Did you ever hear the tale of Dick Dummock and his load of hay?"

It was new to the landlord; and so, between jest and story the stranger dallied on, until at last the heavy door opened letting in a breath of warm moorland air and a big, hearty man whose face was woe begone.

"Had a fairish good market day, Mr. Murgatroyd?" asked the landlord.

"Mrs. Murtatroyd has. As for me, David—what can a man do on three and sixpence?"

"It's little enough—and a market day and all. Scarce enough to get a body going."

Murgatroyd was so grave about this business of a thirst and the need to slake it that the stranger laughed; for his humour was keen at all times, whether his own luck was out or in.

"What are you laughing at, man?" asked the newcomer sharply.

"At the simple sort of thought that came to my mind. If you'd stopped as your gig went by just now, and put a pound or two into David's hand, you might have kept your market day as a good yeoman should."

"It never entered my head," said Murgatroyd, slapping his hig thigh.

"It often often entered mine," put in David, "but I was never one to give advice before it was asked for. Come stranger, fill up and give the toast and see Mr. Murgatroyd shake his sides, same as I did."

The little, spare-built man went through it, drained his glass with the flick and gusto that put a finish to it, then got up.

"Thank you kindly for the cheese and gin," he said. "I'd best be jogging now, for I've a job of work to do, as I told you."

Murgatroyd's new found jollity left him on the sudden. "Thanks to you too, my lad, for that rare advice of yours. It was good of its kind; but my wife is a managing sort of body, and sure as haytime she'd be buying goods in Halifax on Wednesday, and learn to a marvel what I earned on Saturday last. A woman that measures the width of my throat with three and sixpence is a woman to be reckoned with."

The stranger, as he went out into the roadway, agreed with Murgatroyd. Money he must have; and it would not do for him to knock at the farmstead door, just as he was, and ask admittance for a tired man. A woman who had found wit to put bars across Murgatroyd's wide throat would not open lightly a house door that guarded money. In this well-primed mood of his he saw clearly what sort of woman Murgatroyd's wife was. She would be good at house cleaning and thrifty at the churn, but in the cupboard where she kept her skeletons there would be found a dreary greed of money. Of money he had none himself, and must find it soon—not for its own sake, but for what it would give him, of ease to jog along the highroads of this life.

He looked about him, and the red aftermath of sunset showed him the paddock behind the inn, with its clothes hanging in the warm light breeze. The landlord's wife would have taken them down half an hour since, but she had been called indoors to the children; and the stranger, after glancing about to make sure he

was not watched, unpegged a blue print gown, a petticoat and a big sun bonnet, tucked them under his arm and made off with a weasel's speed and stealthiness.

He did not halt till he reached a spinney by the roadside, into which he crept with his borrowed clothes. Then he paused for a time to get his breath again before putting on the petticoat. His fingers were nimble enouogh at usual times, but he found some difficulty now in doing what seemed a simple enough matter. The print gown was no easier in the handling, and even the sun bonnet offered difficulties of its own, when he tried it on at the edge of the coppice pool that served as a mirror. With his unfailing humour went a nice sense of proportion; and for a while, as he fitted the bonnet this way and that, he knew that he was wearing it like a man or a buffoon, and not as a woman would.

He was content at last, and laughed at himself and all things, as the moon rose over Kitty Pasture and he took the highroad once again.

"Life's a game," he said to himself, "and not a bad game at that; but pray luck I'll not have to be cumbered with these skirts for long. It must be queer to be a woman."

Murgatroyd's wife had just finished counting her husband's market gains for the second time, and had put them in the oak "kist" that stood near the door, when there came a quiet knock outside. She opened the window and looked out, and saw a woman standing there—a bonnie, forlorn thing in a print gown and a blue sun bonnet.

"We're locked up for the night," said Murgatroyd's wife. "What are you wanting?"

"Just a cup of tea and a rest by the way."

"Haven't you folk o' your own that you're alone in this wild country and dark coming down?"

"If I had I shouldn't be here," whimpered the other.

"Well, come you in then. It never-does good they say, to say no to a body who's foundered by the way."

Murgatroyd's wife, when she had unbarred the door and ushered her guest into the cosy, lamp-lit parlour, showed much as the stranger had pictured her—trim and small, and almost over clean of person, with eyes as hard as life itself. And, for her part, she took careful stock of him.

"A lass as bonnie as you should be safe at home," she said, setting the kettle on the fire.

"That's where I want to be; but I felt all faint and sick right at your door, and you're a friend in need if ever one was."

"A cup of tea will do you good, if I can scold and cosset the kettle into boiling. A cup o' tea never failed any woman yet when the pinch o' needing came."

When at last the tea was brewed and the stranger was sipping a second cup, he glanced round the room.

"You must be rich," he said in a tired low voice. "My father was always poor and I like the look of riches."

"We've enough to live on, and a little bit over," said Murgatroyd's wife, preening herself.

"A neighbour woman of yours shared a mile or two of the road with me just now, and told me your good man should make as much as sixty pounds in a day."

"He can, may be?"

"What does he do with all that pile of money?"

"You're very curious, my lass," said the other tartly. "What he does with it is his concern and mine."

For all her shrewdness the farm wife had glanced by instinct without knowing it, at the oak chest near the door, and the stranger had learned all he needed as to the money's hiding-place.

"Oh! my tongue has a trick of running away with me," he said meekly, "and I'm sure there was no offence meant."

"You've had a hardish life, then?"

"Just hard," said the stranger . . . dropping his head as if to hide the tears. "Sometimes father gets work, but oftener he doesn't—and I must be going soon, for he's waiting for me along the road."

"Bide awhile. You've not rested yet, and a sup more tea will do you no harm."

"I'm content enough and thank you, but father doesn't like to be kept waiting."

"Now I don't want to say aught against your father."

"He's all I have," pleaded the stranger.

"Don't be so touchy. All I say is, that I've known a few of his sort in my time—men in work sometimes, but oftener out of it—and I'd take a pride in myself in keeping such cattle waiting on a road, especially with the wind coming strong from the east. Why, you're shivering, lass," she broke off, with a pity that was half contempt.

The stranger, casting about for some quiet means of securing what lay in the chest yonder, had noted that the log basket at his side was empty, and that the fire was burning low; and so he shivered on. "It was talk of the east wind sent a chill through me," he said. "I've had so much of it in my time."

"Well, it's lucky I fancy an evening fire, summer and winter. Put a log or two on—the box is just beside you. Oh! empty, is it? That's like my husband. Said he'd filled it, he did, before he went to market."

With a tart, good humoured nod to her guest, she took up the basket and went to the wood stack out of doors. The stranger lost no time. He had hoped for this moment, planned for it and did not mean to let it go for lack of grasping.

The key was in the lock of the oak chest, just as Murgatroyd's wife had left it when the unexpected knock came at the door. He opened the lid, and even his cool spirit was flurried as his hands ran through odds and ends of curtains, tea cosies, and what not. Then he felt something crinkle under his fingers and knew the feel of five-pound notes.

When Murgatroyd's wife returned, her guest was still shivering by the fire, and she threw a couple of fir logs on; and when these were well alight, she filled the kettle again and set it on the flames.

"I wonder what it is about tea that's so good for us women," she said. "When your father meets you on the road, he'll scarcely know his tired girl again."

"But he's waiting all this time," said the stranger restlessly. "You've been kind to night and given me something I shall always be thankful for."

"Don't be thanking me. Kindness is as kindness does. Sit ye there awhile, lass, while I mash another brew of tea."

He would not. Not long since he had been poor. Now he was rich, and he remembered that Murgatroyd's wide throat out yonder at the inn, had only a modest sum to stop a gap in it. He might be home at any time.

"Sit ye down," said the farm wife.

"I must be going. Father will be waiting."

"To be sure he will, but he'll not know you in your lassie's clothes. And there are notes in your breeches' pockets that belong to me."

The stranger laughed. He was here alone with her and his strength was bigger than hers, if it came to warfare.

"How did you guess the way of it," he asked, with a shameless laugh.

"You were shutting the lid down when I came back with my logs, and I glimpsed your boots and your legs under the dress you've borrowed or stolen somewhere. And to think I wasted pity on such like trash—one that daren't go robbing like a man, but must needs shelter himself in women's clothes."

"There's no 'daring' about it, one way or another," said the stranger,

nettled in spite of his easy going mood. I learned enough about you before coming here to know that you'd let none but a woman come indoors, with all that money in the house."

"Well, I shouldn't, though I'm past guessing where you learned so much about me and what lay in the kist yonder."

The stranger was puzzled now. This farm wife, face to face with a thief who had her in his power, showed no fear but spoke with a brisk, tart coolness that suggested mastery of the situation.

"It was you that told me about the kist," he said, anxious to be gone, but staying for a moment to score a point in this queer deal.

"Me? I begin to think you a sort of mad man, after all, though there'll be no second pity wasted on you, and so I tell you plainly."

"I asked a question or two about your man's earnings, and what he did with them, and your eyes went to the old chest. Just for a twinkling you forgot yourself, but I caught the twinkle—and so good night to you."

If anything was needed to harden her purpose, it was the man's quiet smile, her own shame because unwittingly she had given the quick glance at the chest.

"Stand you there," she ordered, "and set the money down on the mantel shelf, and then ask me whether I give you leave to go or keep you here till my man comes home. He has a strongish arm, especially when he's mellowed after market day."

"He has small chance of mellowing," laughed the stranger. "I heard him complain just now that three and sixpence could do little for a man. Good-night again."

"Stand you there or you'll rue it—and give the money back."

She was so fearless, so downright, that he had only two courses open—one to thrust her into a chair, and bind her there, the other to bolt like a rabbit and get away into the open. He was a good natured man, when opportunity allowed, and loth at any time to set rough hands about a woman, so he went quickly toward the door.

The farm wife had watched the kettle come gently to the boil. She snatched it from the logs, overtook the runaway as he wrenched the door open, and drenched him ankle deep. Then she was sorry, in some odd way, for he gave a beast like howl of pain and fell and writhed for awhile on the parlour floor. Then, out of his defeat and an anguish hard to bear, he recaptured the hard bitten humour of the roads that had given him mixed weather in this life.

"They told me Murgatroyd had a managing wife," he said.

"He has. And now I suppose it's time I helped you get your feet to rights again. A woman never has done with her day's work, and so I always say to Murgatroyd."

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DEER PARK

THE WIZARD OF RED GULCH

BY WILLIAM M. TISDALE

ARTHUR ARMSTRONG, of San Francisco, was collector for the Golden Gate Iron Works, builders of stamp-mills and other heavy machinery. He was on his first trip into one of the interior counties of California, a mountainous, mining district, where the coaches of the Beaverville, Red Gulch and Gold Run Stage Company are still the only mediums of public conveyance. On this occasion Armstrong was the only passenger, for Joe Carter, the noted bandit, locally known as "The Holy Terror," had robbed the stage the day before, and the incident had caused a temporary decline in the traffic of the line. Even Wells, Fargo & Company had no treasure to forward that day, and therefore there was no shot-gun messenger aboard.

But the driver on the morning run, from the railway station into Beaverville, was a genial fellow, and, stimulated by a few draughts from Armstrong's capacious flask and by some of his choice cigars, gave a most entertaining sketch of the robbery of the day before. Stopping at the spot where it had taken place, he described its minutest details. He pointed out the tree under which the pessengers had been "lined up," while Carter had picked their pockets. Carter's style, although peremptory, was very quiet, and he had treated the passengers with great consideration, apologizing for the annoying necessity of appropriating their valuables. The driver alone had made resistance, and had not been treated quite so gently. In fact, he had been all shot up," and was now lying at Beaverville in a critical condition. His friends were in hot pursuit of Carter, intent upon lynching him if caught.

The road to Beaverville soon leaves the broad valleys that are traversed by the railroad and winds for a distance through the foothills. Thence it penetrates the Sierras, leading deeper and deeper into a rugged country with small and scattered settlements, most of which are mining camps. It goes up and down long declivities, some abrupt, some gently sloping. A part of the way is shaded by magnificent forests of pine and fir. The robbery had occurred not far from Beaverville, a rude wayside station, at which Armstrong and the driver arrived an hour or so after noon. Emerging from the dining-room after dinner, Armstrong found his friend, the driver, picking his teeth on the little verandah.

"I leave you here," the driver remarked.

"Sorry," said Armstrong; "I appreciated your company this morning. Who takes the reins?"

"Jim Willing, one of the best drivers on the road, and a jolly good fellow. You'll enjoy the afternoon."

When the team, six wiry broncos, was brought from the corral, Arm-

strong took his former seat on the box. "Good-bye," he called to his late companion, reaching down a handful of cigars. "Have another?"

"Thanks. Good-bye."

As the horses were attached, Armstrong heard one of the men say that there wasn't a fresh horse left, not even a saddle horse. Everything had been pressed into service in the pursuit of Carter, who had headed for Nevada. "All ready!" called the foreman of the corral force. "Where's Willing?"

Just then a man whom Armstrong had not noticed climbed quickly into the driver's seat. Without waiting to gather up the reins, which were fastened to the brake, he yelled, "Go!" in a voice like the crack of a pistol, and the horses started at a gallop, throwing aside the two men holding them. With a quick motion the driver loosened the brake and grasped the reins. As Armstrong turned to wave a farewell, he caught a fleeting glimpse of men excitedly running after them and shouting, "Whoa! Stop!" But the new driver urged the horses all the faster.

"Not much!" he said. "I don't stop for nobody. Let the duffer be on time if he wants to ride with me! A turn in the road and the clump of pines quickly shut their pursuers out of sight, but Armstrong fancied that he still heard them shouting.

Greatly amused at the independence of the man who dared thus defy the manager of the line, by leaving a passenger behind, Armstrong took a good look at the new driver. He was tall, wiry, and muscular; dark, with a stubby black beard, apparently of only a few days' growth. His face had a peculiar pallor, and his eyes were luminous, like a cat's in the dark. His head wobbled queerly from side to side, and the edges of a livid wound, or a deep scar, near the right temple, protruded below the slouch hat that was pulled low on the forehead. Altogether, his appearance was forbidding, even sinister, and Armstrong decided that his friend of the morning must have been joking when he predicted a pleasant afternoon. The new driver seemed anything but sociable. To the proffer of the flask, refilled at the station, he answered:

"No, thank you; not to-day."

"Have a cigar, then?"

"Thanks, but I don't care to smoke."

Armstrong lit a cigar and puffed in silence. The driver gave his whole attention to his horses, guiding them with wonderful skill. The road was now taking them through a deep canon, with a stream rushing down its centre. There were many quick descents and sudden turns, but the driver made them all with the greatest ease, the pace never slacking. Armstrong noticed, with a curious thrill of mingled apprehension and pleasurable excitement, that he took every possible chance of an accident, yet always escaped. At the curves, he drew his horses in as closely as possible to the overhanging rocks, and sometimes the coach swung for a moment on two wheels, but it always righted itself, and the horses seemed to understand the slightest motion of the guiding hand.

Passing out of the canon, they came to a stretch of more level country, and Armstrong improved the relatively slower gait by another attempt at conversation.

"How far," he asked, "to the next station?"

"'Bout twenty miles."

"Be there in two hours?"

"Certain; less than thet if we hev any luck. Them hosses is good fer fourteen miles an hour, an' the road's down hill 'most all the way from now on."

"I suppose you have heard all about the hold-up yesterday?"

"What?"

"Certain. I wuz thar."

"I wuz thar. Saw te hull shootin' match."

Armstrong thought that the fellow was lying, but he didn't like to say

so. He lit another cigar and continued:

"Were you one of the passengers yesterday?"

"No."

"You surely weren't the driver? He got shot."

"No. I wuzn't the driver."

"Nor the express messenger?"

"No."

"Well, then, if you were not the driver, nor the express messenger, nor a passenger, what were you doing there?"

"Jest loafin' 'round as a spectator."

More puzzled than ever, Armstrong inquired, "How did you happen to be there?"

"Never you mind, stranger. Don't be too inquirin' 'bout other people's bizness. When I tell you I wuz there, that orter settle it."

Armstrong was hurt, not so much at his companion's gruffness, as at the fact that the genial driver of the morning had so grossly deceived him. Either this was true or else he was singularly unsuccessful in finding the right side of the rough nature with which he was trying to establish an acquaintance. He made one further effort.

"Now see here, Willing—" he commenced.

"You're mistaken," the driver interrupted. "My name ain't Willing."

"The deuce you say!" Who the devil are you, then?"

"They call me the Wizard of Red Gulch, but my real name is William Murphy," said the driver quietly.

Armstrong sulked back in his seat, and in gloomy silence awaited further developments. These were soon forthcoming. They commenced to wind about the brow of a mountain preparatory to a descent on the other side of a "divide." There was forest on both sides of the road, and now and then they skirted the edges of ravines.

"I'll tell you how I got my name," said the driver, still in a quiet, monotonous tone. "I kin do things with hosses an' coaches sech ez no other feller ever done. I'll soon show you my greatest act. Jest over the hill here we go down all the way fer 'bout a mile. Pretty steep, too. They call it Long Canon. 'Bout the middle there's a stretch of a quarter of a mile where the bluff on this side is straight down five hundred to a thousand feet. Narrow road. Jest 'bout the middle of this there's a big boulder right on the ragged edge. I turns them hosses loose an' makes it at a gallop. Ev'ry trace on this side an' both wheels hez to graze thet rock 'thout hittin' hard enough to throw us over. See?"

No, Armstrong didn't see, and didn't want to see. He was convinced now that he was travelling with a maniac. But it was too late to interfere. They had entered upon the narrow road indicated, with a sheer wall of granite at their left, and a plunge into unknown depths at their right. Armstrong caught glimpses of the tops of trees far below them, and fancied that he heard the roaring of a torrent at the bottom. He shut his eyes in despair; then opened them again, impelled by a horrible fascination. Yes, there was the boulder just ahead. The brake was jammed down hard but the horses were plunging merrily along, their heads in the air, their hoofs flying, quivering with excitement. The coach swayed and lurched, and the man who held the reins, his eyes fixed intently on the leaders, leaning away forward in his seat, was calling, with explosive emphasis, which seemed to lift the bronchoes into the air: "Go! *Vamos! Vamos!* Git out o' here."

They swept past the boulder. Armstrong saw the traces touch and bound away and heard the hubs of the wheels grate against it. A moment later the danger was past. The horses had swung around a turn in the road and were trotting quietly upon a space that was more nearly level. Armstrong wiped the sweat from his face. A little later they emerged from the canon and the view widened

on either hand. Armstrong breathed more freely.

"I knowed I could do it ag'in," said the driver quietly. "I done it ev'ry day fer three year—except oncet."

"What happened that time?" Armstrong stammered, with a desperate effort at unconcern.

The driver ignored the question. "Would you mind holdin' the ribbons a minit?" he inquired. "I git off here."

Mechanically, Armstrong took the reins. Without an instant's hesitation, the Wizard of Red Gulch stepped lightly from the swiftly moving coach and waved a farewell to Armstrong, who looked back at him, bewildered. He had expected to see Murphy roll head over heels and stop with a broken neck. But nothing of the kind occurred. Murphy stood for a moment with his tall figure sharply outlined in the glare of the dusty road-bed, a melancholy smile playing upon his cadaverous features. Then he vanished, all in an instant, and Armstrong thought that he must have plunged into the chaparral by the side of the road. He was uncertain whether he ought to stop. He had never driven a six-horse team in his life, and he hesitated a moment between desire to be rid of the maniac and reluctance to assume responsibility. A second later the horses settled the question, for they broke into a gallop again, and Armstrong found himself occupied keeping them in the road. For the first time he fully appreciated the wonderful skill of his recent travelling companion.

Having gained a certain control, Armstrong kept the horses moving along and left the Wizard to his fate. He soon entered a better country, where there were ranches of some pretensions and evidences of prosperity, and was congratulating himself that he must be nearing Red Gulch, when he noticed a dozen horsemen coming swiftly towards him. At sight of the coach they separated, ranging themselves on either side of the road. When Armstrong came up they pointed rifles at his head and ordered him to halt. He brought the six horses to a stop as quickly as he could. "Throw up your hands!" was the next command. Armstrong lost no time in complying. His captors were roughly clad, uncouth, but ready men of the mountains—not at all the sort to be trifled with. They surrounded the coach, swearing, laughing, cracking frontier jokes.

"Git up that, Jim, an' hand on to them bronchoes," said a burly fellow, evidently the leader. "Jim" slipped from his horse, handed the bridle to the man next in line, mounted the box, and picked up the reins which Armstrong had dropped.

"Now then, Sandy an' Tom, git up thar, too, an' search him fer weapons." Two others climbed upon the stage. After a hasty examination of Armstrong's clothing, they reported that there were no "shooting irons" upon him.

"The hell you say!" remarked the leader in puzzled tone.

"Gentlemen," said Armstrong, "may I inquire the reason for this outrage?"

"Now don't try to run no bluff, young man," was the reply. "We're out after ye, and we've got ye. We're agoin' to take yer into Red Gulch, where ye'll have a fair trial. Fall in, boys. Go ahead, Jim."

Escorted by the riders and closely watched by the men with him on the stage, Armstrong made his entry into Red Gulch an hour after in his sudden deposition from the proud positioin of driver. On the way he gathered little information, every question being met with ridicule or with indifference. He inferred, however, from the little chat that was said, that he was accused of stealing the horses and the stage, and was supposed to be connected, in some mysterious way, with Joe Carter.

Red Gulch is a straggling mining village. The office of the stage company is flanked on one side by the postoffice and general store, and on the

other by the Blue Blood saloon. As the stage and its cavalry escort came swinging down the single narrow street of the place, thirty or forty men and half-grown boys rushed forward and surrounded them. Several were armed, with revolvers ostentatiously protruding from pockets and belts. Their air of eager expectancy impressed Armstrong forcibly rather than pleasantly. At a word from Jim, when the stage stopped, he stepped to the ground. The crowd laughed and drew closer. A tall, old man, with long gray beard, a hooked nose, and an eye like a hawk's, waved them aside.

"Jedge," said the leader of the capturing party, "here's your man. We told ye that we'd bring him in, dead or alive. He's a queer cuss. Didn't show a bit of fight. Consequently he's here to speak fer himself. We've searched him. We didn't find nothin' in the way of tools—no rifle, no revolver, not even a knife. He didn't look like one of Carter's gang. But we'll turn him over to you fellers, an' you can try him. We've done our part. Now you do yourn. In my opinion, though, he ain't worth the price of a rope to hang him with. I think he's locoed."

With a look of infinite disgust and a wave of the hand which signified that he was done with the business, Armstrong's captor delivered him into the custody of the law, as represented by Judge Billings, of Red Gulch. Something in Armstrong's appearance seemed to strike the judge as irresistibly comical, and he joined in the laughter of the crowd as he laid a sinewy hand, at the end of a long, lean arm, lightly upon Armstrong's shoulder.

"So you're the bold, bad man," he said, "thet runs off with a stage an' six hosses, be you?"

"I don't understand you, sir. There must be some mistake," Armstrong replied with dignity, and shaking off the detaining arm.

"Wa'al, they telephoned from Beaverville to look out fer a light-haired, doodish duffer who hed run off with the coach, an' here you be, answerin' the description all right."

"Did they also telephone that they sent the stage out with a lunatic for a driver?" Armstrong demanded angrily.

"No—o. They didn't say that. But mebbe thet's right, boys, what d'ye say?"

"Looks like thet wuz 'bout right," said one.

"Let's try him for hoss stealing, anyway," said another.

"Ask him where his friend Carter is," suggested a third.

"Gentlemen," said Armstrong, "you are evidently labouring under a misapprehension. If you will devote a moment's reflection to this subject, you will at once see that I could have no possible use for a coach and six horses. I have not been guilty of larceny, as you appear to surmise. I simply took the reins from the hands of a crazy driver, who deserted me several miles back, and I have brought the property of the Beaverville, Red Gulch and Gold Run Stage Company to the place where it belongs. It is I who have suffered, not you or the company. I have been frightened out of my wits this afternoon, and, if you will give me your attention for a few minutes, I will prove to you that your suspicions in regard to me are entirely unfounded."

Thereupon, Armstrong related the story of his ride. When he described the Wizard and his reckless driving, the crowd laughed uproariously. They tossed their hats in the air and yelled like madmen. Armstrong became convinced that most of them were drunk. No one could tell what freak would seize them next. He was frightened. His voice faltered; his knees shook; but he managed to carry his narrative to the end, realizing, as he told how the Wizard had dropped off from the stage and vanished—he did not know whither—that his

auditors had a reasonable foundation for their mirthful incredulity.

"You're a good one," Judge Billings remarked, when Armstrong had finished. "Well, boys," he continued, "come along and let's talk it over. We'll settle this thing right now."

The crowd drew a little apart, and, left alone, Armstrong took a seat on the steps of the shanty that served for a stage office. He caught snatches of the comments passed upon him during the animated discussion which followed. They were such as these:

"Slickest liar ever been in these parts."

Queer lookin' duck, but don't look like a hoss thief."

"You bet he's ez crazy ez a loon."

While this proceeding was in progress, six fresh horses had been attached to the stage, and a new driver, a ruddy, cheerful individual, was drawing the reins over them for another start. Armstrong did not stir. He thought it better to wait until he was given permission. The driver called "All aboard!" Judge Billings came back to Armstrong.

"The boys," he said, "hez found ye guilty ez charged, but with extenooatin' circumstances. I hope you'll excuse th' informality of the perceedin's. I'm a jestice of the peace, but in these parts the wheels of jestice is mostly greased by public opinion. Some of our most influential citizens air out after Carter. Mebbe that's jest ez well fer you. If the boys thet's here don't object, I kin let ye go. Some of them thinks you're in chaoots with Carter, but they ain't proved it. We've decided to turn you loose if you'll stan' treat all 'round."

Without stopping to discuss the equity of this decision, Armstrong willingly acquiesced. Everybody filed into the Blue Blood saloon, and Armstrong paid for drinks for all. Then he climbed slowly to a seat beside the new driver, and they started amid cheers and a rattling farewell of revolver shots. In its way Red Gulch is a lively place, and Armstrong hopes to visit it again under happier auspices.

Armstrong and the new driver rode for ten minutes in silence. Then the driver said: "Thet wuz a dead cold bluff of yourn, pardner. But it worked all right, jest the same. You see the Wizard hez been dead this two weeks—two weeks ago to-day he wuz killed. He used to hev the fool trick you tell of—skinned past thet boulder ev'ry day for three year. Skeered more'n a hundred wimmen pashengers inter fits. Company discharged him half a dozen times, but took him ag'in, fer he wuz all right 'cept fer thet one thing. He druv too close to the boulder an' plunked right inter it. Threw him off'n the seat an' inter the gulch. Killed him dead ez Moses."

"Nevertheless," said Armstrong quietly, "I, myself, rode with him to-day."

"The boys wuz pretty hot 'bout your stealin' this here outfit afore you come up. Thought mebbe you wuz mixed up with Carter in some way. Consid'able talk of lynching ye. But, you see, you didn't do no harm. Hosses blowed a leetle, but thet don't count. I reckon they decided that you wuz crazy. Mountain air makes people crazy sometimes. No. You can't come it over me. I see Murphy arter he wuz picked up. His head wuz smashed an' his neck was broke. He wuz much deader'n Cap'n Kidd. We planted him at Beaverville. Thanks! I don't care if I do. Here's to your good health. Thet's good stuff, too. Will I hev a cigar? Cert. You ain't a-ridin' with no spook this trip, mister. Ain't thet a lovely sunset, though? See! how it flames along the mountains! Dog my cats, but thet's a daisy.

In course of time Armstrong completed his tour and returned to San Francisco, but for weeks afterwards, in his dreams, he took wild rides down Long Canon in company with the phanton Wizard or Red Gulch.

Looking from the Commons Room towards the entrance to the new Houses of Parliament at Ottawa, showing in profile gargoyles in likeness of Sir Robert Borden (on the left) and Sir Wilfrid Laurier (on the right).

THE SUBSTITUTE

BY MARY VAN BRUNT HUNTER

THE parlour car Uarda was last in the vestibuled train. Even beneath the shadow of the station roof its glories of brass and nickel plate, of shining paint and varnish, gleamed with but slightly diminished splendour. On the front platform stood a porter immaculate in uniform, ebony in complexion. Within the passengers were arranging their belongings and making themselves at home in their sections.

The hands of the station clock pointed to the minute of departure. The final signal had been given. A short, incisive whistle sounded from the engine. Placing his step on the platform the porter waved a friendly adieu to the white-capped cook on a neighbouring dining-car, when through the gate came hurrying a belated pair. They dashed breathlessly across intervening tracks, reaching the Uarda at the first slow revolution of the wheels. Seizing the girl on either side, her companion and the porter swung her to the vestibule. The man swiftly followed. Catching bags and umbrellas, the porter scrambled hastily after. Cheers of congratulation came from the cook and waiters. The interested onlookers smiled and again pursued their various ways. The wheels revolved more and more swiftly, a shrill, prolonged whistle pierced the air, a bell clanged loudly, and the train rolled out from beneath the station roof.

"Close call, dat, sah!" grinned the porter, as the girl, flushed and laughing, paused in the narrow passage to adjust her hair and hat.

"You're right, George," answered the man. "Here!"

Into the porter's outstretched hand dropped something large and shining.

With thanks he slipped it in his pocket.

"Spec's dey oughter be some rice on dat, sah," he added, his practised eye glancing swiftly over the garments of pristine newness, the bags plainly in service for the first time, the snugly rolled umbrellas. Only the golf bags and their contents showed evidence of use.

"Right again, George," laughed the man easily. "Take these traps to the drawing-room. I engaged one here somewhere."

He stepped forward to the girl, who was pinning a final rebellious lock.

"Wasn't that a race for life?" she said, with enjoyment. "Didn't we sprint across those tracks? Every one was laughing, but I don't care. We're off, and they're all standing around in the hall with their hands full of silly rice and old shoes. How foolish they will feel when they find we are gone!"

They walked the length of the car to the drawing-room, followed by admiring, interested glances. Both were young, well-looking and well-attired. The man's suit and top hat were plainly the product of a Fifth Avenue tailor. The cloth gown of the girl

fitted her slim figure with an elegance suggesting that on the inner belt, inscribed in flowing gilt lines, might be read a name famous in the fashionable world.

"How delightful to go off like this!" she continued, as they settled themselves in their compartment. If they had all come with us to the train everybody would know that we are just starting on our wedding journey. As it is, no one will ever dream of such a thing."

"Certainly not!" he agreed, mendaciously. "Not a grain of rice about us"—"as the porter observed," he was about to add, but checked himself in time.

"You were so clever to think of the back stairway and alley," she said, with admiration. "And the second carriage, too. I suppose the other one is still waiting in front." She laughed in sheer delight.

"I trust some fool hasn't tied white ribbons on the trunks," he rejoined meditatively. "People are such idiots at these times. When Maude and Tom went away some one sent a pair of turtle doves, in a cage adorned with white ribbons, to be presented to them on the car. It was to escape these pleasing attentions that I said we would take the Philadelphia train, and here we are headed up the Hudson."

"I'm glad you gave me time to let the girls at Vassar know. They will be at the station, I'm sure—the six left of our 'Octa Gamma Club' since Elizabeth and I graduated. I did want them here to-day, but papa is *so* opposed to large weddings. And then between us we have such a troop of relatives," she finished with a sigh.

"Yes, it's wearing," he responded, feelingly. "Well, the ordeal is over, and we'll have simply an ideal wedding journey, Katherine—no swell hotels full of bores, no dinner toilets and hops. Just the Adirondacks, some fishing and hunting, and a try at the links somewhere. By the way, did you pack your old tramping suit?"

"Yes, indeed; and I suppose you will live in those hideous hunting clothes. It will be just as it was last summer, when we mutually discovered—"

"That we were made for one another." He finished with his arm about her, her head nestled on his shoulder in the attitude favored by travelling brides since time immemorial, and they lost themselves in delightful reminiscences.

Sometime later, in the midst of tender "do you remembers," her hand sought her hair.

"It is shaking!" she said, rising. "Besides, the conductor might come any minute. Please give me my little bag. I must make myself presentable. Our mad rush was too much for the elaborate coiffure that went with my wedding gown."

She stood before the mirror, one hand removing hat and hair-pins, the other outstretched for the bag. He glanced at the empty racks, then along the cushions.

"Why, I don't see it, dear."

Katherine turned swiftly. One long waving brown lock fell on her shoulder. Her eyes were startled.

"But it must be there!" She swooped to the suitcases standing on the floor, dislodged golf bags and umbrellas from their resting places, glanced in her turn at the racks. With the energy of increasing alarm, she shook her overcoat, her jacket, and finally the hat she had just taken from her head, as though the bag might be concealed among its roses. Then she faed him tragically.

"Howard! it had my jewelry—everything! the lovely sunburst you gave me—auntie's pearl necklace! What *shall* we do?"

The situation revealed itself more gradually to his slower comprehension.

"All your jewelry?" he began in true masculine fashion. "Why did you bring it? to the mountains in June! No—I didn't mean that," he added in quick repentance. "Of course—"

"Oh, I don't know why!" she moaned. "We rushed so—I didn't think. I just put them all in a bag with my purse—Howard, aren't you going to *do* something?"

"Where did you have it last? Think, dear."

"I had it—oh, let me see?" she paused to summon all her forces. "In the carriage; no, running through the station it was in my hand. Wasn't it?" she questioned him fiercely. "Oh, dear, I can't tell! Don't you remember?"

"But, dearest," he tried to quiet her. "Be calm—you are so agitated—"

"Agitated! Calm!" she repeated his words in scorn. "And lose all my beautiful things? No, we must stop the train—"

She turned wildly to the door, but he caught her in his arms.

"My dear child, you mustn't! With your hair hanging. It would make a shocking scene—we would be in all the papers. I will telegraph. Oh, they will find it in no time! I believe they are stopping now—yes, I'll wire from this station!" He seized his hat as a warning whistle sounded far ahead. "Stay here, Katherine; I'll be back in a moment." The door closed with a bang behind his departing figure.

Katherine fastened her dishevelled locks in place slowly, with many distrait pauses. Try as she would to remember, her mind was an absolute blank with regard to the bag. How unutterably stupid she had been! just like the women one reads of in the so-called funny papers, who jump off street-cars backward and go about blandly poking their parasols into other people's eyes. It was beyond hope that she would ever see her lovely things again.

And why did not Howard return? She opened the door wide as though to hasten him. The telegraph poles were èying by with increasing rapidity. The little station was already miles behind. Seconds count fast on the Empire State Express.

With unseeing eyes Katherine was gazing toward the Palisades when the words, "Tickets, please," reached her ear.

The conductor was rearranging a handful he had already collected. He repeated his request mechanically. Then, as she did not comply, he glanced up sharply.

"I—Howard—the gentleman who is with me—I mean, my husband," she began lamely and concluded in desperation. "He has the tickets, I suppose," she added with hauteur.

"Is he forward?" asked the conductor with official brevity.

"I don't know—yes, he must be. He got off at the last station to send a telegram."

"Got off to send a telegram!" he repeated. "Have you any idea he got on again? Dobbs' Ferry isn't on our schedule—we were signalled; some trouble on the track this morning—but we were detained only thirty seconds."

"It can't be he was *left!*" she exclaimed in incredulous dismay. "Don't tell me so! Why, what should I do?"

"If he's on this train he must have stepped lively." The conductor spoke with conviction. "But don't be uneasy. Trains are passing constantly. He can catch another in twenty minutes."

Small consolation in that, reflected Katherine, bewildered at the avalanche of misfortune everwhelming this "ideal wedding journey." He could not catch *this* train, which was annihilating space at the rate of a mile a minute. A swift search of the silver chatelaine bag at her belt revealed her resources. One half dollar, one quarter, two dimes and a postage stamp. Surely she could not travel very far on the available assets.

The conductor was proceeding calmly with his duties. Would he take one of her rings, or a pin, she wondered? What rules and regulations had a soulless corporation for a desperate case like this?

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At that moment came striding down the aisle a man, tall, blonde, handsome. With a feeling akin to rapture Katherine recognized Jack Paterson, playmate of her childhood, beau of her dancing-school days, chum of her brother and friend and neighbour always.

"Oh, Jack!" she cried, advancing. Then, as a nearby passenger regarded her curiously over his newspaper, she retreated, sinking to a seat in the stateroom with relief too great for words.

Jack followed.

"How delightful to meet you, Katherine!" he began. "I saw you boarding this train at the last moment. Gave us a false scent, didn't you, saying that you were going Philadelphia way? I'm bound for Albany; Van Zandt's wedding comes off tonight. June's the month, isn't it? Where's Howard, the lucky beggar? I'll take myself off as soon as I've wished you both all the good that's going."

"Oh, Jack, if you wait for Howard!" exclaimed the bride of the woeful countenance. "I'm so glad to see you, you can't imagine! You will help me, won't you Jack? He's gone! I'm in such a dreadful predicament."

Tears of relief shone in her eyes, and Jack's mystified expression brought hysterical laughter to her lips.

Jack's handsome face grew more and more uneasy. Had Howard—no! impossible! Yet here was one of the dearest girls in the world, married but two short hours, alone, in tears, appealing for aid. What could it mean?

"I lost my bag," gasped Katherine, struggling with mingled emotions. "All my jewelry and my purse. Then Howard got off to telegraph, and now —I've lost him!"

Jack stared—then joined heartily in her laughter.

"Well, that's not so serious. For a moment I was afraid—well—hum—ha —let us see what can be done. And this is all the money you have?" Another peal of laughter at the contents of her hand. "Not enough for a bunch of violets. Really, it's a farcical situation. I'm glad you can see the humour of it."

"I couldn't until you came," she rejoined. "But now it really *is* funny, isn't it? A bride taking her wedding journey all by her lonely self."

"I'll go interview the trainmen," said Jack. "Then I think I'll take my turn at the wires."

He passed through the car smiling, as he composed a message calculated to soothe the troubled soul of the bridegroom. At the door he met the conductor bearing a yellow envelope handed on board at a recent slowdown. It was addressed to Mrs. Howard Woodrow, and Jack hastened with it to her side. The message read:

> Got left—all right—don't worry, come on next train, wait at Hotel Kenmore, Albany.
> HOWARD.

"Good advice—that 'don't worry'," quoth Jack. "Let us proceed to follow it. I'll get a cribbage-board and some cards, and we'll drive dull care away. You used to beat me once, Katherine, before Howard monopolized all your time."

The conductor pocketed Jack's cigars, the porter fingered his dollar with affection. Together they grinned at the situation, agreeing it was "on the bridegroom." By some subtle telepathic influence the state of affairs became known to the other passengers, who watched the progress of the little comedy with obvious interest and amusement. More frequently than usual did the porter's duties call him near the drawing-room, and his eyes rolled sympathetically in that direction each time he passed the open door.

"De bride's commencin' to take notice," he cheerfully informed the conductor on his return from one of these tours of investigation. "Dey'se playin' cyards and laffin' to beat de

ban'. Spec's t'udder fellah better catch dat fust train suah, or he fin' heself cut out."

And "t'udder fellah," pacing the platform at Dobbs' Ferry with impatient feet, was extracting what comfort he might from the following telegram:

> Ah, there, Dobbs' Ferry, wish you blissful honeymoon—Katherine O.K. I'm your substitute, write when you find time.
>
> JACK PATERSON
>
> P. S.—Don't worry.

The time passed quickly. The familiar hills about Poughkeepsie came in sight ,and Katherine's heart misgave her as she remembered the message she had sent "the girls."

"They will all be at the station, six of them. How frigihtfully awkward to explain; and how they will laugh!"

"Don't explain," advised Jack. "Say nothing about it. Just hug 'em all around and talk so fast they can't ask questions."

"Could I carry that off, I wonder?" she queried doubtfully.

"Sure! If they persist in asking, tell them—they don't know Howard, do they?—well, then tell them he is shy and doesn't want to come out."

The speed of the train slackened. Katherine, peering through the window, caught a glimpse of the station door. The girls were there. She quailed.

"Now for it! Screw up your courage!" cheered Jack.

"What shall I say? Oh, Jack, come with me and help me out!"

Jack followed, nothing loath. A chorus of laughing voices greeted Katherine. She was caught in a vortex of shirt-waists and summer hats, kissed, embraced and congratulated.

"But where's the bridegroom?" some one asked.

Katherine laughed, and blushed guiltily.

"Oh, he's shy," she began; then hesitated, casting a look for aid toward Jack in the doorway. The eyes of the girls followed hers and Jack encountered a fusillade of admiring glances.

"Shy, is he?" cried one brave spirit. "Then let us kiss him for his mother, girls!"

Jack found this mistake most diverting, and advanced unabashed to the charge. It was the opportunity of a lifetime, he gaily reflected. The girls were fresh and pretty, it would really be a pity to deprive them of their joke, and since he had been invited — presto! Their half-hearted greetings were met with an ardor and vehemence truly astonishing in a newly made bridegroom, supposed to have eyes—and lips—for but one. With gasps, laughter and shrieks the girls beat a hasty retreat.

Suddenly amid the confusion Jack's eyes met those of a tall brunette on the outskirts of the group, and his heart stood still. They were large, dark eyes with long-lashed lids, and the red mouth beneath them was set in scornful curves. Jack had seen those eyes, that mouth, before. He had dreamed of and sought them ever since. And now to find them when he was playing the clown like this! All his gaiety vanished, leaving him pale and grave. In that disdainful face he seemed to read:

"And you are Katherine's chosen one! A *farceur*, a romping fool! What could she see in you?"

With a wild idea of explanation he turned toward her.

"All aboard!" called a voice.

"Be careful; you'll be left!" cried Katherine's agitated tones; and Jack sprang on board, feeling very small indeed.

"Who is the tall girl?" he asked as his companion waved a last adieu.

"Oh, that's Elizabeth—Elizabeth Reed, my dearest chum. I was so surprised to see her. She was my classmate, and has been in Europe nearly all the year. They landed Monday and she's here to see her sister, the pretty dark-haired one. Elizabeth is the sweetest thing and a beauty."

"Yes, she is a beauty," he agreed briefly, inwardly raging at himself.

"And, oh, Jack!" Katherine burst into merry laughter as they again reached the stateroom. "Wasn't it too funny? They thought you were Howard! Isn't that a joke?"

Jack's answering mirth was hollow, and Katherine's laughter soon ceased, discouraged by his lack of enthusiasm. He sat preoccupied beside her. This was a scurvy trick that Fate had played him. To fall in love with a face, as he had done one night six months before, in Paris; to chase it over the Continent, to haunt cathedrals, galleries, palaces—all spots, in fact, that most attract tourists, and never to find it again; this had been bad enough. But to come upon it when he was acting the part of a cheerful idiot, a facetious fool—and a married one at that! Jack set his teeth, and to himself said things quite unfit for publication.

Katherine, beneath her lashes, studied him attentively.

"Jack," shed said finally, "do you know, I've always thought Elizabeth the very girl for you?"

He kindled.

"You know," she continued, joying in the consciousness of having applied the match to the combustible spot, "to begin with, you are both so tall and handsome."

He bowed with a deprecating shrug.

"Oh, yes—it isn't worth while to deny it. You know it as well as any one; you've been told it often enough. Then you're so blond and she so *brune*. You're so gay and she so dignified. Certainly it would be an ideal match. When we are settled in our house next winter I shall have her come to visit, and you will meet her."

"Next winter! As well next century," groaned Jack's despairing soul. Then, fearing his depression was too obvious, he made a desperate struggle to rally.

"Suppose we have another game," he suggested briskly. "We ought to play the rubber before we reach Albany. Do you mind if I leave you after I've seen you made comfortable at the Kenmore?"

Katherine laughed. "Better label me 'To be left until called for,'" she said. "I seem to have developed such a talent for getting into trouble."

"You see, I'm a train later than I promised, as it is," he explained, replacing the ivory pegs in the board and taking up the cards.

* * *

Jack had filled the office of best man too many times to feel any consciousness of his position when, that evening, he and the groom entered the crowded church from the vestry. It was the same old story. Pews filled with well-groomed women, a sprinkling of men, rustling fans, subdued murmur of voices, flowers, palms, strains of the wedding march. Waiting at the chancel rail with impassive countenance, he viewed the advancing bridesmaids with the eye of a connisseur. Six pretty girls they were, walking with a dignity befitting their state; and far behind them, alone, in gown of trailing, filmy white, tall and stately—Jack's heart gave a sudden leap. It was she!

Could this be the bride? he queried for one anguished instant. No; the great armful of American Beauty roses that she carried reassured him; and enhanced by their glow of rich color were the masses of midnight hair, the crimson lips, the deep, dark eyes that met his eager gaze with one of disdainful recognition.

From that moment Jack became an automaton, fulfilling his duties mechanically. He was dimly conscious of a clergyman and a service, but for aught he knew the bride might have been habited in black. With mingled rapture and trepidation he walked at the side of the beautiful maid of honor as the bridal party grandly left the church.

In the vestibule some one essayed an introduction, explaining the late hour of arrivals.

"We have met before," said Miss Reed's low contralto. Then she turned to Jack and her accusing gaze pierced him through.

"How is Katherine this evening?"

So glacial was her tone that Jack felt a sudden shiver of dismay. Was he really guilty? Had he married Katherine this morning, murdered her this afternoon, and concealed his crime, as this young woman's manner seemed to suggest? Meekly he replied:

"Quite well, I trust."

"But you do not know?" in accents of surprise. "And—since when has it become the fashion for a bridegroom to act as best man?"

Jack's crushed spirit reasserted itself. "There are matrons of honor, sometimes. Why not a benedict?" he hazarded, and immediately became aware that his sprightly joke had fallen upon stony ground.

With demeanour of studied inattention they walked together to the carriage, where two bridesmaids were awaiting her. As Jack held the open door, she flashed him an inscrutable glance beneath lowered eyelids. He bent toward her quickly.

"Let me tell you," he said rapidly, "this evening—later—let me explain all that happened to-day."

"Oh, really—it isn't worth while," she replied, with airy indifference. "I'm not the least interested in the travelling experiences of a Hobson."

Jack closed the door with a somewhat vicious bang, and the carriage rolled away.

Amid the throng of wedding guests that evening he met with no better success. Miss Reed proved an adept in the gentle art of evading a tête-a-tête. Moreover, she seemed to find a malicious pleasure in affording him apparent opportunities which she nipped in the bud with graceful nonchalance. When he bade her goodnight he had reached a state where he told himself she was a soulless being, that Katherine's adjective "sweet" was a misnomer, that he hoped he should never see her again.

Did she read his thoughts? In her eyes lurked a tantalizing smile, and she said, softly:

"And that—explanation?"

But Jack hardened his heart, and bowing low passed on.

The following morning he called at the Kenmore. The birds had flown. "Mr. and Mrs. Moodrow went north at nine o'clock," said the clerk, "but there was a letter; yes, for Mr. John Worthington Patterson."

Jack dropped into a chair in the lobby and opened his letter with languid interest. Perfunctory thanks, he supposed, and really they were delighted to be rid of him. They would not give him another thought while they were gone. Van Zandt, too, with his bride—what did he care, away with the girl he loved? A sensation of loneliness smote Jak's heart. Weddings were certainly dreadful bores. These selfish creatures, pairing off and forming little domestic trusts, left their friends quite out in the cold. Bitterly he agreed that the world was hollow. Then slowly he drew the letter from its envelope and read:

DEAR OLD MAN:

Your telegram, which was in the way of rubbing it in on the unfortunate, is forgiven in consideration of your kindly offices, and the realistic acting with which you personated yours truly on the journey. The girls all believed you were It, with the sole exception of Elizabeth Reed, who came up from Poughkeepsie with me last night. No doubt you met her at Van's wedding. She has known me a year and had seen you before somewhere—Paris, I think she said. Between ourselves, she seems to consider you a passably decent-looking sort of a chap, but somewhat conceited, and a trifle too promiscuous in your osculatory habits. It will take a little time to square yourself on that last count—you know that's the one thing women can't stand. As Katherine says, you and Elizabeth would make a "lovely pair." Try it, my lovely one—and when you are as happy as I am now, let me be the first to bless you, my children.

HOWARD.

P. S. The bag was found in Katherine's dressing-room, where she had carefully concealed it for fear of rice.

Jack sprang from his chair, cramming the letter into his pocket. She remembered him, then! She had really noticed him that night at the theatre—in Paris! Yet—so incomprehensible are the ways of women — though he had gazed until ashamed of his rudeness, she had never once seemed to glance his way. And that asinine performance yesterday—no wonder she thought him a conceited jackanapes who deserved punishment. But, perhaps, if he tried again—

As he reached the sidewalk he glanced at his watch. Half-past eleven. Surely it was his duty to call on Van Zandt's mother and sister before returning to New York. Incidentally, Miss Reed, who was staying with them. He walked briskly. The old town of Albany assumed its most picturesque guise. How blue the sky! how bright the sun! Almost he found himself quoting, "What is so rare as a day in June?" Ideal weather for wedding journeys. He wished Howard and Katherine, Van Zandt and his bride, the happiest of honeymoons. They all deserved the best, he thought, with a warm gush of enthusiastic friendship.

Thus, beaming alike on the just and the unjust, he reached the handsome old-fashioned mansion of the Van Vandt family.

On the wide porch, in a bevy of chattering girls, he found her—and it seemed to him that the bright morning paled before her glowing, enshrining beauty.

And oh, wonder of wonders; joy and rapture! She came to greet him, giving him her soft white hand with propitiatory smiles, and a bantering friendly light in her glorious eyes.

WHEN NEWFOUNDLAND SAVED CANADA

BY GUSTAVE LANCTOT

IN October, 1775, a century and a half ago, Newfoundland's first expeditionary contingent departed from St. Johns to fight for the Empire. Towards Canada, invaded by two American armies, the two ships, all their sails in the wind, hastily steered their northwest course. From the oldest British colony, these volunteers were rushing to the help of the newest sister province, now threatened with imminent conquest.

Few in numbers, but strong in patriotism, they brought to Quebec a moral support and priceless reinforcement in a war in which forces were small and every soldier precious. And they came when most desperately needed, when a feather could have turned the scales and meant the loss of Canada. During a whole winter, shut up in Quebec, hardly laying down their muskets to sleep, they helped to keep the enemy at bay and actively participated in defeating the audacious assault on the city. Then spring arrived and with it the fleet bringing reinforcements. And their regiment was at the head of the troops which marched out of the city and put to flight the enemy triumphantly liberating Canada.

Though unnoticed at the time, the Newfoundland volunteers of 1775 made history and asserted the principle of Imperial solidarity. In the military annals of Newfoundland there is no more inspiring page of patriotism, endurance and bravery than this episode. It is certainly worth narrating.

All modern students know that the war for American independence which broke out in the above-mentioned years was an economic struggle, an American resistance to British trade laws. The initial dispute quickly degenerated into a quarrel, and the quarrel developed into a revolt, and very soon war was raging.

Right from the start the colonies discovered that the presence on their flank of a British Canada, just as formerly of a French Canada, was a constant danger, an open door to an invasion of their hinterland. So they decided that Canada they must win over or take.

In spite of certain popular leanings, French Canada, led by its clergy and noblesse, refused to join a people who, while offering them friendship and freedom, were in other quarters insulting their institutions and religion. Propaganda and diplomats having failed, Congress authorized the conquest of Canada. The plan of campaign was simple and promising. The first army coming down Lake Champlain was to capture the two forts of St. John and Chambly, and, after taking Montreal, poorly fortified, was to go down the St. Lawrence to attack Quebec. The second army was to march from Boston up the Kennebec River through the wilder-

ness, strike the Chaudiere River and follow it down to the St. Lawrence, and then make a junction with the first army under the walls of Quebec for the great assault on the Canadian capital.

During the whole summer preparations went on; troops were assembled and drilled, arms and provisions were gathered, and Canada was kept in a state of alarm by continuous reports of large armies about to be hurled against the few British forces in the country.

Her position was, indeed, critical. Outside the forts of St. Johns and Chambly, gates of the country, there were not two hundred soldiers in the province. The French noblesse merchants and clergy were zealous and willing to do their share, but the country people, most indifferent, adopted an attitude of neutrality, compatible with the selling of supplies to the invaders.

The energetic Governor, Carleton, was training every effort to protect the province, fortifying the towns, gathering muntions and provisions, trying to raise men. In recruiting, he had a useful man in Colonel Maclean, who, in June, had been authorized to raise from among Scotch colonists a regiment to be called the Royal Highland Emigrants, armed and uniformed like the 42nd Highlanders. Officers were appointed and each captain instructed to recruit his own company of fifty men.

It was then that Capt. Colin Campbell decided to go to Newfoundland for the purpose of recruiting. Leaving Quebec in a schooner at the end of August, he probably reached St. Johns in September.

At that time Newfoundland had only a fishing station, with a floating population who came in the spring and returned home in the autumn. Permanent settlement on the island was discouraged and, as a matter of fact, even prohibited. The resident population did not exceed 9,000 and St. Johns could not claim more than 1,500 persons. 1775 was a bad year for the colony. In September, 1774, the American Congress had passed a decree forbidding all exportation to British ports. Enforced the following year, this measure was a hard blow to the Islanders accustomed as they were to buy most of their supplies from the southern colony. Threatened with actual famine they were obliged to send vessels in ballast to Ireland for provisions.

To aggravate the situation, American privateers were prowling off the coast, plundering trade and fishing boats. Still worse, a most terrific storm swept over the island. Ships were wrecked, hundreds of fishermen's crafts were destroyed and as many as 300 lives were lost.

Not a whit daunted by adverse circumstances the colony prepared itself for defence. The islanders loyally gave their help. Batteries were erected at various points and guns mounted. St. Johns defences were greatly strengthened. On a height commanding the harbour, a new fort, Fort Townshend, was constructed. Fifteen hundred stands of arms were distributed among the various harbours for the use of the citizens in case of attack. Ships of war patrolled the neighbouring seas. Two hundred volunteers were quickly enlisted to reinforce the garrison of 459 regulars. A martial atmosphere spread over the island. Governor Palliser knew that in the hour of need, "every man would turn a fighter, if not a soldier."

Such was the situation when Capt. Colin Campbell landed at St. Johns on his recruiting tour. Immediately he began beating up for volunteers for the regiment of the Royal Highland Emigrants. Terms of enlistment to recruits were posted and circulated as follows:

"They are to engage during the present trouble in America only. Each soldier is to have two hundred acres of land in any province in North America he shall think proper; the King will pay the Patent fees, Secretary's

fees, and Surveyor-General; besides twenty years free of Quit-rent. Each married man gets fifty acres for his wife, and fifty acres for each child on the same terms.

"And as a Gratuity besides the above Great Terms, One Guinea Levy-money."

These were really "Great Terms", but the island's population was very small and other recruiting officers were already busy in St. Johns and along the coast. Moreover a good many volunteers preferred to join the local forces. Besides most of the men were out at sea fishing. They would not return till the beginning of October. Then the "good chance" for recruiting would come. It certainly came, for, about the middle of the month, Captain Campbell had with him 130 stalwart recruits. Time was pressing to return if he wanted to enter the St. Lawrence before winter would close the river. So, availing himself of a favourable wind, he embarked with forty of his men on Heon's schooner which, unfurling all her sails, speeded her way through heavy water towards Quebec. A few days later the ship General Thomas from London, with Captain Littleworth, took on board the ninety recruits still in St. Johns and started in haste, racing with the wind, to catch up with the schooner. A month later fifty more recruits for the Royal Emigrants sailed from St. Johns, but owing to the lateness of the season, they went to Halifax, where they joined the second battalion of the regiment stationed in that city. So Newfoundland's first oversea contingent to Canada, comprised 180 men, a remarkable number for the actual population and local circumstances.

In the meantime things were becoming rapidly worse in Canada. The much advertised American armies had finally moved for the great invasion. In September with about 1,200 men Montgomery laid siege to St. Johns, while Arnold with a force of 1,000 began his remarkable march through an uncleared country towards the St. Lawrence and Quebec.

A bold coup de main againt Montreal by the adventurous Ethan Allen with a small detachment half American, half French-Canadian, was happily defeated by the French inhabitants, assisted by a few British soldiers and merchants. But on the 17th of October, Fort Chambly, with abundant provisions and munitions, unexpectedly capitulated to any enemy attack. On the 2nd of November, fell a still worse blow—St. Johns, the second and last fort protecting Montreal, was, in spite of Preston's fine defence, finally obliged to yield to famine and forced to surrender. The road to Montreal, ungarrisoned and indefensible, now lay open.

Embarking all his men—100 regulars—and munitions, Governor Carleton left the city and sailed at once for Quebec. Montgomery ordered his victorious troops to Montreal, and sent Col. Easton with a detachment to Sorel on the St. Lawrence to intercept Carleton and his small fleet.

Quebec was now the only hope of the Britsh. There Lieutenant-Governor Cramaché was actively engaged in putting the place in the best possible state of defence. The garrison consisted of twenty Fusiliers and eighty men of the Royal Emigrants for a town of extended fortifications enclosing the residences of about 8,000 persons. Taking the only course left open, Carleton ordered the enlistment of the citizens. French and English inhabitants were constituted in two distinct militias, companies were formed, drilled and armed. This brought an addition of a few hundred men, into whose ranks new men came in as the organization proceeded. In this state of helpfulness and preparatio ndisheartening reports were continually reaching the city; Chambly had surrendered, the country people refused to take up arms, etc. On the 3rd of November the citizens learned of the fall of St. Johns and the flight of Carleton abandoning Montreal to

the enemy. On top of all came the news that a large body of men, Arnold's troops, had appeared on the Chaudiere, about seventy miles from Quebec.

Here was the situation. A garrison of 100 soldiers, with a still unorganized militia, the whole country in the hands of the enemy, the governor in flight, and Quebec, the only place still under the British flag. Talk of surrender was perfidiously cropping up, when on Saturday, November 4th, Heon's schooner hove in sight of Quebec. She anchored and from her landed forty sturdy Newfoundland recruits, who briskly marched up to the barracks and signed the muster-roll of the Royal Emigrants. Next day Captain Littleworth's "General Thomas" came up forcing the pace under every foot of canvas. Ninety volunteers, including fifty-eight recruits and thirty-two artificers, disembarked and ascended Mountain Hill Street.

One hundred and thirty recruits, in Canada's most terrible hour of distress—such was the splendid help extended to us by Newfoundland.

Accustomed as we now are to enormous effectives, we must, to appreciate its value, place this event in its contemporaneous setting and remember how small were the troops engaged in the conflict. True appreciation must always be in relation to the circumstances involved. Newfoundland's contingent doubled the Regulars' garrison and its importance looms greater when one remembers at what a critical time it arrived, and, also, that it came from a colony of 9,000 souls which had to provide for its own defence.

Numerically and morally was the succour precious. It was also timely for the next day (November 5th) Arnold's first men appeared at Point Levi, across the river, opposite Quebec. Without the added strength of these 130 fighters (they all were so to a man) the town might have capitulated—for an active movement was on foot advocating friendship with the Americans. On the 12th, at a meeting of British citizens, somebody went so far as to recommend surrendering to the enemy. Fortunately, at that moment Lieut.-Col. Maclean burst into the room of the Royal Emigrants, having just arrived from below with a small detachment of soldiers. He broke up the meeting declaring that he and his soldiers would fight to the last ditch and the last man.

Next day Arnold crossed the St. Lawrence during the night; and on November 14th lined his detachment, about 500 men, before the walls and fired three volleys at the city and then retired to Pointe-aux-Trembles, eighteen miles up the river, unwilling to attack before Montgomery's army came up.

With feverish activity measures were taken to reinforce Quebec. Walls were strengthened, embrasures pierced, platforms erected, guns mounted. Barriers were put up between the Upper and Lower Town, and two posts established at Pres-de-Ville and Sault au Matelot, the two entrances to the Lower Town. On the 16th a Council of war was held by Lieut.-Governor Gramahé and the facts of the situation examined. With both militia, English and French, and the crews of the ships, the garrison had been raised to 1,126 men. There were 5,000 inhabitants within the walls. Provisions, consisting of flour, pork, rice, biscuits, peas and butter could last only a few months. Unanimously the decision of the council was "to defend the town to the last extremity."

An embargo was laid on all shipping and the services of all seamen requisitioned. More men were drafted into the militia and soon the garrison totalled 1,248 men.

But things were happening. On the 13th, three days before the Council, Montreal fell into Montgomery's hands, and on the 19th Carleton's little fleet surrendered at Sorel to the American Colonel, Easton. But Car-

leton had left it, escaping in a ship's boat. Thanks to the daring of two French-Canadians, Lanandiere, his A. D.C., and Captain Laforce, the party eluded the enemy's sentries and posts by rowing at night with muffled oars and at times with their hands. They reached Quebec on October 19th amidst the cheers of the citizens and "the unspeakable joy of the garrison".

Carleton pushed vigorously the fortifying of the city and its provisioning. He ordered out of town all the suspicious pro-rebels and those who were unwilling to enlist in the militia. All fit men were drafted and at the end of the month the garrison had swelled to 1,800 men.

Furious at Carleton's escape, Montgomery rushed to Quebec with his army. In the first week of December, having joined Arnold, he invested the last British town in Canada. His plan was to hammer it with his artillery and after thoroughly battering it and distressing the garrison to storm and take the city with a victorious assault.

December was spent in intermittent duels between the opposed artillery. Better supplied and better manned, the British guns easily kept the enemy at bay, while the small American shells proved very ineffective. Meanwhile Montgomery was impatient for an assault, but could not inspire his army with any enthusiasm for the idea. He finally promised his soldiers the plunder of the city and fixed the attack for the first favorable night.

On December 30th, the night was very dark. It was snowing with a strong north-east wind. The order went out for the attack. About four o'clock in the morning Captain Malcolm Fraser of the Royal Emigrants was visiting the posts when he noticed several flares rising in the darkness and the sentries told him of rows of lanterns set up on poles at regular intervals.

A combined assault against both ends of the lower town had been planned, the two detachments then to meet for the final rush against the upper town, while a feint would be made on the other side of the city. At once Captain Fraser gave the alarm. The guards turned out lining up the walls, the drums beat, the bells rang, and in a few minutes with soldiers rushing out of barracks and militia men running from every street, the whole garrison under arms was on the parade grounds with Carleton and Maclean at their heads.

American guns roared on the Plains, and screeching shells began falling into the city. Lively firing was heard at Cape Diamond Bastion and a fusillade battered the walls between St. Johns and St. Lewis gates. This was the feint attack.

Under order of Maclean, Colonel Caldwell took a party of the British militia to reinforce those points and then returned to the parade.

Meanwhile, the force assigned to the taking of Sault-au-Matelot in the lower town was on the march, 700 strong, all picked men under Arnold. To reach their objective they had to pass along the ramparts at Palaces Gate, where they were subjected to a galling rifle fire. Some fell, others were wounder, and Arnold himself stumbled in the snow, a ball through the leg. Captain Morgan assumed command and rushing his men stormed and took a battery and a little breastwork which a few French Canadians stubbornly defended.

With paper slips marked 'Death or Liberty' fixed to their caps, the Americans attacked and carried the first barrier—left undefended by the officer in charge. They at once dashed up the street to the second and last barrier. Here a party of French-Canadian Militia under Capt. Dumas peppered them with shots and kept them at bay. The assailants then tried to scale the position and put up the ladders they had brought with them. But some were pulled over by the defenders and others pushed down. Under the rifle fire from the barrier, the Americans retreated to

the first houses, in which they lodged themselves. Firing through the upper windows, they enfiladed the position and the street.

Then arrived a detachment of Royal Emigrants under Captain Nairn soon followed by Major Caldwell with a party of British militiamen. With a dash, the Emigrants and the militia rushed to the nearest house, entering it through the windows. It was a short struggle. British bayonets flashed in the air and the house was theirs with several prisoners. But firing continued between the Emigrants and the other Americans sheltered in and behind other houses.

Finding that he had no other attack to deal with, Carleton quickly grasped the situatioin and sent out another detachment of Royal Emigrants under Captain Laws by Palace Gate to take the enemy in the rear. The emigrants were eager for a fray and they were soon right on top of the enemy. They opened a brisk fire forcing the enemy from house to house, who soon found themselves hemmed between the oncoming Emigrants and the composite force at the barrier. Resistance became useless and Morgan and the whole American force surrendered to Nairn and his Emigrants.

About the same time Montgomery and his detachment of fifty men, who had a longer distance to cover, were plodding their way through heavy snow towards Pres-de-Ville, at the other extremity of the lower town marked for the second attack. They were now following a narrow road cut on the face of the cliff, at the end of which stood a small block house with four small cannon and a guard of fifty men. Representing the composite make-up of the garrison, it comprised thirty French-Canadians under Captain Chabot and Lieut. Picard, fifteen seamen under Captain Barnspare, and four artillery men under Sergt. McQuarters. Roused by the gun firing, they were on the lookout for the long-expected assault. Presently in the dark snowy night they spied in tense silence the enemy approaching. At their head was Montgomery, sword in hand. Everyone took his battle-post and the seamen stood to the guns. Barnsfare gave the word to fire.

And the guns and the forty-two muskets loosed their deadly missles. The terrific noise subsided and cries and groans were heard. Montgomery lay dead, with two officers and ten men scattered around him in the snow. The rest of the enemy retreated and disappeared. The assault was over and defeated. The British casualties were only six killed and thirteen wounded, while the Americans had thirty killed, forty-two wounded, with 389 prisoners, losing about one-third of the besieging force.

It was a grave crisis passed, a great triumph and Canada was that day saved for the Empire. The Royal Emigrants were in the thickest of the fight, and almost half of them were Newfoundland men. So that the 31st of December, 1775, should be written down in glory in the history of the island.

For the rest of the winter the siege dragged on with no event of any importance, except that the Americans got a new commander, General Thomas, and some reinforcements bringing their army to about 3,400 men.

About six in the morning of March 6th a ship appeared in sight of Quebec and soon one could see at her mast the British standard. At once the guns boomed and the whole town ran to the ramparts "to feast their eyes with the sight of a ship of war displaying the Union flag." It was history repeating itself, as when the *Isis* appeared in April, 1760, to relieve General Murray besieged by the French. For the second time the navy was saving the day!

The welcomed ship was the *Surprise* with troops on board. In her wake, also arrived the *Isis* and the *Martin*. Two hundred men were landed by ten o'clock. At once, Gov-

ernor Carleton ordered a sortie. At noon, in fighting equipment, 800 men marched out of the town to the historic Plains of Abraham. Led by Carleton the first detachment filed out of St. Louis Gate, while Col. Maclean led the other one at St. John Gate. Flying their standard, blue with a red border, the Royal Emigrants took the place of honour and danger, forming the advanced guard under Captain Nairn.

Deploying, they advanced towards the enemy. A few shots were exchanged, but as soon as the field-pieces began to play the whole American army broke its ranks and scampered away to a man in such a panic that they left their guns loaded with matches lighted and forgot their books and private letters. It was more than a retreat, it was a rout. Quebec was delivered.

Such was the siege of Quebec in which the Newfoundlanders took so prominent a part. Of the regiment of which they formed nearly one-half, Carelton could write: "They have gone through service all the winter with a steadiness and a resolution which could hardly have been expected from raw, undisciplined troops, and for which they cannot be too much commended." And with a kind paternal pride, Col. Maclean could add: "No troops could have behaved better than my young men."

Canada has never forgotten Newfoundland's generous help during her hour of need. Canadian histories mention it and it is fully appreciated. And when in June, 1846, an awful conflagration swept over St. Johns, destroying half the city, Canada was the first to send provisions and money to the sufferers. Between the two sister-colonies, who have so much in common, it was one more link in the chain of Imperial friendship and relations, the first link of which had been forged in the fire of battle fanned by patriotism.

PENETANGUISHENE

AN ADDRESS

BY HON. W. E. RANEY

WHEN Champlain came to Penetanguishene 300 years ago New France consisted, according to the contemporary description of the witty Voltaire, of a patch of snow inhabited by bears, beavers and barbarians. Now Canada stretches 4,000 miles from ocean to ocean and territorially is the greatest country in the world, a dominion larger than the Empire of Caesar or Charlemagne—as large almost as the whole of Europe, a dozen times larger than both the countries which warred so long in their puny way, measured by modern standards, for its possession.

White population of Canada numbered seventy souls, all of course French. At the conquest of Quebec 150 years after the founding of the city the total population was only 70,000, less than the present population of the County of Simcoe. Released from the arbitrary power of the kings of France and under the expansive influence of free institutions and responsible government the 70,000 French of 1759 have become, it is estimated, 2,800,000, an increases in 162 years of fortyfold, while the whole population has grown to 9,000,000, an increase of 130 fold over the white population of the country when it passed from the French to the British.

One is tempted to pause here and speculate as to what the political map of North America would be to-day had the declivity at Wolfe's Cove leading from the water's edge of the St. Lawrence to the Plains of Abraham been a little more precipitous than it was.

You will recall the whispered remark of Wolfe to his next in command as they floated down the river to the landing place after he had completed his recital of a part of Gray's Elegy then just published, concluding with the stanza:

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

And finishing the verses, glancing up to the towering cliff as his boat grounded at its base, Wolfe remarked, as though it were a casual matter and did not much matter one way or the other, "I do not think you can do it, but you may try".

One is reminded of Drake's gentle reproof of Howard when the news came to them in the middle of their game of bowls at Plymouth that the Armanda was sailing up the channel: "There's plenty of time to win this game and thrash the Spaniards, too." Well, Wolfe's men tried, and the next morning Montcalm received the news that the British were on the Plains behind the town. Had the declivity been a little more precipitous Wolfe would have failed and would have raised the siege, and there would then have been no American revolution, then at all events, and who could say

what the map of North America would now be? On such trifles do the fates of empires hang.

When Champlain came to Penetanguishene Europe was still rent asunder by the religious hatreds of the Reformation period. On each side was inhuman cruelty and superhuman sacrifice. Religious toleration was unknown except as a beautiful dream of visionary persons, having about the same relation to practical affairs as the injunction to love your enemies has to present day politics. As late as a little more than 100 years ago Nelson could without fear of popular reproof advise his middies that it was their duty to hate the French as they would the devil, and even in modern times it is said that an East Londoner has been heard to call to his mate, "'Ere's a stranger, Bill. 'Eave harf a brick at 'im". But on the whole there is no doubt we are making progress.

When Champlain came to Penetanguishene all the wealth of Canada did not amount to that of the poorest hamlet of the 20th century. Now we have 40,000 miles of railways, and ships on every sea, and great cities with hundreds of acres of factories and hundreds of thousands of automobiles and the poorest have wealth and luxury beyond the wildest dreams of the imagination of the kings of the seventeenth century. In view of these things he would be a confirmed pessimist indeed who would deny that on the whole more has been gained for civilization than lost since Champlain came to Penetanguishene.

And yet there is something wrong. For have we not just emerged from a war, not of Indian tribes, but of the great civilized nations that has not been exceeded in barbarity and ruthlessness by anything in the world's history. Fault there has certainly been somewhere as grievous as the fault of the Iroquois or the Hurons of 300 years ago. Perhaps the fault has been with our ideal of civilization. That ideal was cynically expressed by an American statesman a few years ago in this phrase:

> "An honest persistent desire for six per cent. interest with a willingness to take ten has done more to civilize the world than all the courage of the Crusaders."

Who will deny that that idea is at the basis of modern civilization as exemplified in railroads and steamships, and cities and factories and automobiles. Putting it baldly the statement is that selfishness—enlightened selfishness if you like—has done more for civilization than sacrifice. Or putting it more baldly, that Mammon has done more for civilization than the Crusaders, that is to say Christianity.

And this subject has peculiar point in this ter-centennary because as Colonel Fraser told us this morning Champlain was not only an explorer, but like Brébeuf and Lallemont and the other 350 Jesuit missionaries of whom Parkman tells us, he was a Crusader. His creed and theirs belonged to the 17th century, and is not easy for us to understand, but at least it was unselfish.

Champlain's master motive like that of the Jesuit missionaries was to save the souls of the savages, even as the aim of Columbus when he accepted the commission of Ferdinand and Isabella had been the conversion of the Great Khan of Tartary and his subjects, whose country he expected to discover.

It will be useless for the nations to talk of ending war until they revise their ideals. War is the result of a state of mind of the people and while that state of mind persists wars will continue.

And there is another particular in which our thinking here in Canada is of vast national importance. I am not among those, I trust few, English Canadians who feel called upon to regret that we have in the very heart of Canada (I think that was the word used by Mr. Caron yesterday) a province whose people are for the most

part not of the same lineage as ourselves. In diversity of strange races is strength. I would not make Canada homogeneous if I could, but every true Canadian will seek to promote harmony, which is quite a different matter and perfectly consistent with heterogeneity. If the right venticle of Canada's heart is Ontario, Quebec is the left and how foolish it would be for one venticle to say to the other, "I will not beat in unison with you". That would involve death and destruction to the whole organization. Or to change the simile—the bans of the marriage of these two provinces were published when they were still infants, in the Quebec Act of 1774. Then when they had come to adolescence the ceremony was duly performed by the Act of Union of 1840, and finally fifty-four years ago last month they were put in full possession of their inheritance, by the Act of Confederation of 1867. And now after all these solemn acts and ceremonies and after they have raised a family of beautiful young maidens--Miss Manitoba and Miss Saskatchewan and Miss Alberta, all doing well on the western prairies, who shall come between the parties? Besides all this, there is no divorce law in the Dominion. It is a union for better or for worse.

There is no denying the fact that in the beginning it was a marriage of convenience. But like many another marriage arranged by the perents of the parties it has come to be a marriage founded upon mutual respect, and more and more as time passes let us hope, and let us work to the end, that the tie may become one of increased *bonne entente*—an ever-growing kindness to each other's virtues and a constantly-increasing blindness to each other's faults.

FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

I

The conference on disarmameent to be held at Washington sets aside the League of Nations while recognizing its principle and its spirit. If the United States had entered the League its machinery would have been available for consultation and decision upon the questions that will be considered at Washington. In calling the Conference Mr. Harding goes some distance in Mr. Wilson's footsteps but he may fairly contend that decision will be sought only upon problems in which the United States has a direct and vital interest.

There is no doubt that the chief object of the conference is to remove grounds of suspicion between the United States and Japan and to prepare an easy and painless death for the Anglo-Japanese alliance. Possibly if all the truth were told it would be found that the United States dislikes the Anglo-Japanese Treaty and recognizes that as long as the Treaty exists Japan cannot be reduced to "splendid isolation". On the other hand Great Britain is unwilling to denounce the Treaty and just as unwilling to renew or consider any contract with Japan which would require hostile action against the United States or even leave Japan a shadow of reason to expect British intervention against the United States in behalf of Japan under any conceivable circumstances. There is the fact, too, that Canada, speaking through its Prime Minister, opposes renewal of the Treaty, and no doubt knowledge of this not only strengthens the position of Washington and weakens that of Japan but introduces a wedge of difference between Canada and the Australasian Dominions.

In so far as the secrets of the Conference of Premiers have been disclosed it is believed that Mr. Meighen and Mr. Smuts are against renewal of the Anglo-Japanese alliance and Mr. Hughes and Mr. Massey in favor of renewal, while Imperial ministers must divide the Empire and dissatisfy either Japan or the United States unless by Mr. Harding's conference all interests can be reconciled and the Anglo-Japanese Treaty submerged in a common agreement for disarmament on the Pacific and common guarantees of amity and security between the United States and Japan. If the conference succeeds in the high tasks to which it must set itself no greater achievement for mankind will have been accomplished in the centuries; if it fails the League of British Nations will be endangered and the League of all Nations revealed as an unsubstantial vision. For unless there can be complete understanding and cooperation between Great Britain and the British Dominions and between the British Empire and the United States it is sheer folly to think that the nations of Europe can be bound by any League or Covenant or that the United States will enter into any association of nations vested with such powers, duties and responsibilities as that which the statesmen at Versailles thought they had devised to "end war" and make the world "safe for democracy".

II

During the last session of Parliament Mr. Meighen intimated that the Government would bring down a measure of readjustment before the House was dissolved. This pledge is emphasized by *The Manitoba Free Press*, by *The Toronto Daily Star*, and by other journals which oppose the Government. It is, however, not so certain that there will be another session of Parliament before a general election. The suggestion that there should be a session to consider redistribution only may not be practicable. It would be difficult even to enforce an agreement between the three groups that no other question should receive attention. A wing of the Cabinet is understood to be in favor of an immedate dissolution. Indeed, if the Government sustains further losses in bye-elections, an appeal to the country can hardly be avoided, while a defeat in Parliament would not improve the Government's prospects.

Nor are the groups in Parliament likely to agree upon the details of any measure of redistribution. It is certain that the representation of the West must be increased and that of the older provinces proportionately reduced. Since under the constitution Quebec fixes the unit of representation, Parliament has no option but to adjust the representation according to population as determined by the new census. But there is certain to be acute differences of opinion over the relative representation to be accorded to the rural and urban communities. The counties now have a representation out of all proportion to the cities. This inequality, whatever may be said in favor of the system which has existed since Confederation, gives a great advantage to the organized farmers. It is, however, unfair to Labor and to the classes which bear a very heavy proportion of the public taxes.

But it is doubtful if even the supporters of the Government can be united in favor of an equal representation of all classes. There are rural members who will be unwilling to have the boundaries of their constituencies disturbed and a few such members could defeat a Government with a majority as small as that upon which Mr. Meighen now depends. The chances are, too, that the Liberal and agrarian groups would offer determined resistance to any attempt to adjust the balance between the industrial and agricultural communities. It is unlikely, therefore, that Mr. Meighen will delay dissolution in order to readjust the constituencies unless he is convinced that such a measure as the Government would approve can be carried in Parliament.

It is believed that before the House is dissolved there will be a radical reorganization of the Cabinet. Unquestionably such a reorganization should have been made long ago but conditions in the country have not been favorable to strong action by the Prime Minister. In the existing political unrest and uncertainty, Mr. Meighen faces a task of extreme difficulty, but he has courage which never fails and a persistence which never recognizes defeat. The Cabinet which he finally submits to the country may have a very direct effect upon his fortunes in the election. Whatever may be the result of bye-elections and whatever the immediate political temper of the country there can be no doubt that Mr. Meighen has the goodwill and respect of all elements of the people and that even among his opponents his integrity and ability are unquestioned. He must, however, have a stronger cabinet if he is to face the country with any prospect of success. It is likely that before the Government goes to the people some of those who have long been conspicuous figures in public life will finally disappear from the House of Commons. If they are fortunate they will go to the Senate or pass into offices of distinction and emolument. There are seven vacant places in the Senate. A High Commissioner for London may be appointed. The Government may or may not

send an ambassador to Washington. A few judgeships may be available when they are most wanted. Whatever governments neglect, they leave no vacancies in the Senate nor high offices unfilled when they appeal to the constituencies and generally those who have served long in public life deserve any reward they receive.

III

However it may be in other communities there is far too much reckless motor driving in Toronto. One would have expected that the desire for speed would abate as the motor became common. But from year to year the streets become more unsafe for pedestrians and the number of fatal accidents increases. It is not because cars are more numerous that so many accidents occur, but because there are more irresponsible drivers and a conviction for manslaughter is not easily secured.

Cars sweep around corners at terrific speed even at crowded crossings. They travel along main streets as though they were upon a deserted rural highway. They go at a pace which destroys all the pleasure of motoring and for which the most urgent business considerations afford no justification. Once there was a book published under the title, "Sports That Kill", and there could not be a better description of a good deal of the motor-driving that afflicts Toronto. Clearly magistrates must impose severer sentences and not hesitate at imprisonment in flagrant cases.

It is not desirable that motoring should be discouraged. We only begin to discover the utility and value of the motor in business. A car saves time, improves earnings and increases efficiency in many callings. The world has become adjusted to the motor as it has to the telephone but a license to run a machine is not a license to maim and kill. There is a touch of vengefulness in the suggestion that the judges should make examples of a few of the worst offenders, for examples are not always well chosen. But irresponsible drivers are bringing all motorists into disrepute and sterner measures are absolutely necessary if the streets are to be safe for those of us who have not learned to fly and should not be required to risk life and limb at every crossing.

IV

According to a statement by the Industrial Bureau of the Merchants' Association of New York, "it costs $30,000,000 a year for American manufacturers to exchange employees with one another." Comparisons show that labor turnover is twice as large in factories employing unskilled workers as in those employing skilled workers. In New York the average rate of labor turnover in plants employing skilled and semi-skilled workers is approximately 125 per cent. One firm in New York employing 1,000 workers reduced the cost of replacement from $61,000 in 1918 to $32,500 in 1920. The annual rate of turnover in these two years was reduced from 122 per cent. to 65 per cent. This was accomplished by more careful selection of workers and by a competent training school for new employees. We still have far to go before we have established the ideal relation between employers and workers and achieved the ideal organization of industry.

V

The questions of immediate and vital concern to Canada are how to readjust industry and end unemployment, how to increase production and population and how to revise methods of taxation so as to ease an intolerable

strain upon the working capital of the country. One wishes sometimes that the national reorganizers and the anxious Imperialists and the evangelists of the League of Nations would permit us to think and even to speak occasionally upon subjects of immediate interest and importance to the Canadian people. With every change of government since Confederation we have made Canada a nation over again and one ceases to be interested in a process of manufacture which seems to be continuous and which leaves the thing created exactly as it was before there was any new birth or any material change in the system of nursing.

During the last eight or ten years the political leaders of the Dominions have been required to spend too much time in London. The inevitable result has been neglect of domestic problems and continuous political uncertainty and confusion. It is doubtful if the interests of the Empire are furthered by the constant withdrawal of Dominion statesmen from their own countries and long absences in London in conference with the statesmen of the Mother Country over Imperial and international problems. We know what would happen in the United States if the President was required to spend three or four months of each year in another country. We know what would happen if the chief members of the British Cabinet had to spend three or four months of each year at Ottawa or Melbourne or Pretoria. We know what has happened in Canada through the long absences of Canadian political leaders in Europe. We must create some different machinery under which an annual pilgrimage to London by the statesmen of the Dominions will become unnecessary or under which, at most, regular periodical Imperial Conference will be all that will be required to ensure understanding and co-operation between the Dominions and the Mother Country in the common concerns of Empire.

VI

Evidence accumulates that the organized farmers hope to secure office at Ottawa in the next general election. The platform of the Grain Growers adopted two or three years ago demanded a revolutionary reduction of tariff duties, ratification of the old reciprocal trade agreement with Washington, an immediate increase in the British preference from 33 1-3 to 50 per cent., and—in five years—complete free trade with Great Britain. But Mr. Crerar has begun to admit that tariff duties must be reduced very gradually and that nothing would be more unwise than any revolutionary disturbance of industrial conditions. *The Manitoba Free Press*, which seems to be as close to Mr. Crerar as *The Grain Growers' Guide* or *The Farmers' Sun*, say: "Hon. T. A. Crerar and other leaders of the Progressives have stated repeatedly that they have no intention whatever of revolutionary changes in the tariff if they are made responsible for the government of the country. They have made it perfectly clear that while not in agreement with the fiscal policy of the present Government, their plan would be to make tariff changes gradually and in such a way as not seriously to disturb the business of the country."

Mr. King is also emphatic in his assurances that the Liberal party recognizes that free trade for Canada is an economic and national impossibility. Only Dr. Michael Clark speaks with the voice of Cobden and the faith of a true believer. He could not be a Unionist owing to the Government's adherence to protection. Apparently, he found too many protectionists and too much fiscal Laodiceanism in the Liberal party. Passing on to the Progressives he has become one of their chief spokesmen and probably expresses the feeling of Western free traders more truly than does Mr. Crerar and other official leaders of the Farmers' party. At least in Medicine Hat the farmers gave

no quarter to protection and the verdict against the Government at Ottawa which was described as the patron and protector of "the interests" was overwhelming. It may not be forgotten that the political platform of the Farmers is a product of the prairies and the vote in Medicine Hat and the result of the general election in Alberta leaves room for doubt if the leaders of the Farmers' party dare venture to modify the platform and reduce duties "gradually". Western farmers have been educated to believe that the tariff represents an organized system of oppression and plunder and the leaders will not easily undo their own teaching even with the prospect of office as a lure to moderation and compromise.

But there is other evidence that the official leaders of the farmers' party believe they are in sight of office. A few years ago the Senate was to get no quarter. It was to be summarily abolished. Proposals to reform the Upper Chamber were denounced as savoring of the insincerity and futility of the methods of the "old parties." But the sessional indemnity has been raised to $4.000 and senatorial patronage is a mighty convenience for governments. It is discovered, therefore, that it would be constitutionally difficult to abolish the Upper House and perhaps unwise to trust all the interests and the long destiny of Canada to the unregulated sovereignty of a single Chamber. Whether or not there is wisdom in the new attitude towards the Senate and the newer attitude towards the tariff at least there is evidence that men become more cautious and more practical as they approach responsibilities of office.

A more singular amendment of the platforom was approved at the meeting of the agrarian leaders in Toronto a few days ago. As originally constructed the platform demanded the abolition of the patronage system. But it has now been resolved that only the "evils" of patronage shall be abolished. It may be explained that the evils of patronage consist chiefly in appointments to office by the party to which one is opposed. It will not be suggested that there is any new fashion in handling patronage in Ontario under a farmers' government. One doubts if there will be any reform in Alberta. It is curious how virtuous all public men are in opposition and how human in office. The difference between new parties and old parties is that the new are rather more acutely and aggressively partisan. But when all is said the two-party system is the best that has been devised for the government of a free country and notwithstanding the chaotic conditions of the moment we are probably moving directly and more swifty than we realize toward the restoration of the old two-party system in Canada.

VII

In all countries there is a remarkable concentration of interest in systems of taxation and the relations between capital and labor. Mr. C. W. Barron of *The Wall Street Journal* has been making a personal examination of conditions in Europe. Few American writers speak with greater authority upon industrial and financial questions and few with greater candor and courage. No doubt his affiliations are with the financial interests but the world is discovering that the Levellers and the Destructionists have no monopoly of wisdom and patriotism. During the war Mr. Barron was the staunch friend of Great Britain and her allies and in peace his attitude towards the Mother Country is unchanged. But in one of his letters from London he says:

"England, like most other countries, is suffering from political leadership when economic education and leadership is the need of the hour. Germany, economically educated, drilled by militarism, and disciplined by war's defeat, is following its economic leadership and is ready to work for its salvation as opportunity offers. England, how-

ever, is to-day exploiting its capitalist classes and arresting all growth in its capital substance. No other country in the world is so heavily taxed per capita. In no other country of the world, outside of Russia, are the people so insistent upon eating themselves up. The laboring and voting classes had a taste of food and luxury under war's extravagance and are determined to hold so far as possible their advantages in wages and food and the consumption of the capital of the country. This demand follows the false education from the labor leaders for a generation, which has introduced the ca-canny system by which the laboring man thinks he promotes the interest of his fellow workmen by doing as little as possible and making more jobs. Indeed, the false economic system of England for many years has been to meet additional requirements for speed and output by adding more men instead of inventing means, as in America, to increase the efficiency of labour."

This may be an extreme statement but it is certain that the attitude of the revolutionary element in Labor has greatly complicated the problems of reconstruction in Great Britain. In few other countries is Labor so strongly organized as in the United Kingdom and yet it is certain that the average of comfort and prosperity is higher in the United States and in Canada. Even the more responsible leaders of Labor now recognize that Capital must have a reasonable assurance of security, that production must be maintained, and that observance of contracts by organized workers is the essential condition of industrial stability. There would have been no coal strike with its tremendous losses and grievous consequences for all classes if the wiser leaders of Labor could have prevailed with the miners. So such leaders have never favoured "direct action" in order to coerce employers and force confiscatory legislation from Parliament.

There is evidence, too, that the results of "nationalization" of industry and government management of public services are generally disappointing. In Great Britain and in the United States under control by government the railway services were impaired and huge deficits accumulated. We have tremendous railway deficits in Canada but it would be unfair to ascribe the situation in this country to inefficient political management. It is true that some of our railway projects had a political aspect, but in our day of high optimism we were all partners in the policies which gave us three transcontinental railways. In the Old Country "public ownership" generally seems to have increased taxation and to have brought some municipalities to the verge of repudiation and apparently the general results of public control over public services is proving unsatisfactory. It seems to be impossible to get the most efficient management or to keep the services "out of politics".

In the United States in contrast with Canada, the movement for public ownership has never been formidable. There has been no such close identification of labor leaders with the movement in the towns and cities as we have had in this country and there is no doubt that Labor was divided even in the agitation for government operation of the railways. So, American farmers are generally opposed to projects of nationalization and probably the farmers of Canada if they ever have opportunity to express themselves will reveal the same conviction. No other country legislates with such freedom upon all subjects as does the United States, but no other country is so reluctant to extend the power of the State in the realm of business. Not long ago a foreign socialist declared that the most reactionary and autocratic countries in the world were the Republics of the United States and France. That is at least true of the United States in its attitude towards socialists and syndicalists

No one saw more clearly than did Mr. Gompers the inevitable results of the ejection of "Capitalism" from Russia and no other country was so absolutely without confidence in the wild and destructive experiments of Lenine and Trotsky. In no other is there more sentimentalism in press, platform, and

pulpit, or less toleration for destructive agitators or legislative measures to establish the government in business. The truth is that the war and the dealing of governments with problems of reconstruction have not strengthened the movement in favor of nationalization of industry and transportation. For generations the Russian tragedy like the French Revolution will be a mighty influence for conservatism. The world has learned that governments may wisely exercise powers in war which applied in peace produce only mischief and confusion. It is the fact that the reluctance of governments to divest themselves of powers with which they armed themselves in war has aggravated the difficulties of reconstruction in many countries. As governments extend their powers officialdom increases and taxation increases proportionately. From spheres into which governments intrude private business withdraws and the lethargy of a bureaucracy replaces the energy and confidence of private initiative and enterprise.

VIII

The world has learned that it must have capital as well as labor and that both must be well treated if the State is to flourish. It has learned, too, that both must work if there is to be adequate production and general prosperity. There is no doubt that the excessive burden of taxation laid upon wealth and business is greatly responsible for the unemployment which is now so common in many countries. If all the surplus capital of employers is to be seized by governments the wheels of industry must turn more slowly, wages fall, and many workers go idle. If there is to be no reward for exceptional capacity in business and exceptional genius for organization there can be only loss of some of the benefits which organization and efficiency confer upon mankind. Capital will not exert itself unless upon the assurance of a decent return and men will not go into adventurous enterprises which develop and expand a country's natural and industrial resources, if they are to be punished by confiscatory legislation. There is urgent need that we should reconsider and revise the whole system of taxation in Canada unless we are to discourage enterprise and investment and block the wheels of national progress. Towards the solution of the problem in the United States, *The Wall Street Journal* makes this valuable contribution:

"Business in all its ramifying components—manufacturing, trading and transportation—with their attendant earning of wages, fees and dividends, receives benefit from the Government. Axiomatically, if the Government were not beneficial to business—the business of all the people—there would be no reason or excuse for its existence.

"Theoretically the maintenance of the Government should be provided for by contribution from all the beneficiaries. Through any tax based on sales (which, of course, includes taxes based on profits derived from sales, namely, income and excess profits taxes) the Government is provided for, practically, by contribution from all the beneficiaries. The distinction between the income and excess profits taxes and the gross sales tax is not in their final or actual impost, namely, the ultimate consumer, but in the means of collection.

"Under the income tax plan the collection is made entirely through businesses whose operations have been so conducted that the gross sales exceed the cost and expenses. The tax on salaries, etc., is not considered in this connection. Under the excess profits tax plan the collecton is made entirely through businesses whose operations have been so conducted that the gross sales exceed cost and expenses in an amount in excess of a prescribed percentage on investment. Under the gross sales tax plan the collection is made through all businesses as a consumer expense.

"Undr the first two plans, the efficiently operated businesses—those with lower costs and expenses—bear the entire burden of accounting for the Government's revenue, namely, the entire tax burden. Since under our Government equal opportunity is conceded to all businesses, the result is that the less efficiently operated businesses are granted an indirect

patrimony in that they are not required to account to the Government for any amounts as taxes. Unquestionably, the latter businesses did provide in their selling prices for Government taxes—for surely they did not expect to operate at a loss—but the Government, with unaccountable paternalistic favoritism restores to them their expense.

"It is self-evident that, other things being equal, the businesses which are operated at a profit are the more efficient businesses; are the businesses which—from a practical economic viewpoint—are the more deserving. So, we have the anomalous situation of paternalism being exercised by the Government in favor of the less deservinig businesses. The business which failed to keep its outgo below income paid its full amount for labor, for material, for transportation, for insurance, etc., etc., but it paid nothing to the support of the Government. It paid its own employees, but it dd not pay its pro rata share of the compensation of employees working in its interest in the Government.

"Taking up now the third kind of taxes—the gross sales tax—we find that in its application every business collects, for the common support of the Government, a certain percentage on all sales—payable to the Government as a proper cost of doing business. Its operating costs include a pro rata share for the support of the country. What a travesty of equity that in its own paricular fields of operation, a business has inescapable expenses, but that under present laws, in respect to the entire groundwork of business, far transcending its little field of operations—in its very birthright in this country—it should be considered to have no recognized common obligation, direct and fixed.

"Under any of the three plans, the tax is paid by the consumer, regardless of the propriety of the collection method. Under the gross sales tax plan the consumer knows the Government will receive directly the amount he pays for taxes in the purchase price of the goods. Under the other two plans the amount he pays for taxes is intangible, impossible of identification and will be retained by the business for its own purposes if it fails to make a profit or a certain percentage of profit on invested capital. The gross sales tax plan provides that every business transaction in the country shall pay pro rata share to the support of the country's government. The income and excess profits tax plans offer the speculation that if you make money, you contribute to the support of the Government; if you don't make money, the Government holds the bag. In a perverse consideration, the latter two plans promote the possibility that costs, expenses and invested capital can be so arranged that the tax will be evaded."

Taxation for all and employment for all are the natural conditions of citizenship in a democracy. There should be no punitive spirit in taxation. Nothing could be less wise than for the State to give a premium for laziness and inefficiency, and nothing less wise than to punish success and enterprise. But it is hard to reconcile oneself to the thought that any man willing to work should be denied the opportunity of earning bread for himself and his family. The solution, if there is ever to be a solution, probably will be found in the closer human relation which steadily develops between employers and workers rather than in gifts by the State. It is the fact that employers never were so reluctant to dismiss "hands" and that there never was so much humanity in business. But we still have far to go before we have developed an ideal civilization—and it is exceedingly doubtful if we will attain the great end by discriminatory systems of taxation or by any legislation which governments may devise. Governments, however, can help by wise legislation, employers by fair division of profits in seasons of prosperity and a generous sharing in losses in seasons of adversity and leaders of labor by recognizing that wages must have some reasonable relation to production and markets and that slackness and inefficiency reduce output, increase prices, and lower wages. In the meantime, however, there is no escape in Canada from exceptional measures to provide employment and relieve the distress which has become acute in many industrial communities.

THROWN IN

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

THE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP

In League with Nature

HALF-WAY up the hill, in a sort of pocket of the incline, fixed there as if in league with nature, the blacksmith's shop, its doors wide open, fell prey to every passerby. It was a picturesque shop. Of stones the front and sides were composed, stones that seemed to grow up from the earth, one upon another, as if they were vital to it, just as if they drew into themselves those elements that impart colour and contour and those rare beauties that can be found only in stones that have felt beat of rain, heat of sun, cut of wind, test of time. And then the roof, which was covered in blotches by beautiful green moss, ran back and melted into the side of the hill, actually as the shop itself seemed to melt.

Sometimes one sees a fabrication such as that, a construction that does not seem to be merely perching upon earth, but that appears to have taken root, to have been absorbed by the earth, to have become an integral part of the earth structure. That, if we only had the wit to appreciate it, would reveal the basic principles of architecture, would prove to man, who raises edifices, not as the swallow glues or the oriole weaves, that no pleasure can be found in outraged nature, in warts and protuberances that offend but do not adorn.

And yet adornment, as we think of it and as we use it, had no place in the blacksmith's shop. Ornamentation there was, of a simple, unaffected character, ornamentation that involved the forge itself, with its rough stone chimney, its great black bellows, its heap of charcoal, its little seat back in the crevice between chimney and wall, out of reach of the glowing coals. Then there were the cooling-tub, the rows of horseshoes, the kegs of nails, the work-bench with its array of tools, the tieing rings, the rods of iron, the sledge-hammers and the anvil.

The Interior of the Shop

The Anvil as an Emblem

The anvil, true to tradition, was for us the emblem of industry and usefulness. Its sounds of cling, clang, cling could be heard all the way from the graveyard to Bell's hill; and when the smith cut a bolt or fashioned a clevis, holding the big black tongs with one hand and wielding a heavy hammer with the other, while his apprentice brought the great sledge down with all its weight, the sounds that issued were as the heart-beats of the village. For the forge was indeed the heart, giving life and colour and the impulse to work. And while the sound gave that impulse the sight of the forge and indeed of the whole interior of the shop gave to the passersby an irresistible longing to loiter, to enter, to contribute to the conversation, to enjoy the gossip, to ruminate and speculate, to envy old Charlie his warm seat above the forge, in the crevice, a seat conceded to Charlie by the smith in recognition of long and faithful occupation. For Charlie was sitting there when the smith bought the shop, was the sole witness to the transaction, and for years afterwards he sat there most of the time, especially on chilly days, when he could not sun himself in the doorway or sit quietly under his own poplars. He loved to see iron take heat from the fire, to hear it thrust sizzling into the cooling-tub, to feel the heat from the coals running up his cottonades, to see steam rise in a cloud, swirl about for a moment, and then, joining smoke from the forge, slide quietly up the flue. He loved to sniff the smoky air, pungent of scorched hoofs, to hear the flames purring and to see them emit sparks with every puff of the bellows.

"I believe in a man doing what he hires to do," he used to say. "I hired to load wheat for Henry Perkins and when the cattle got in the oats Henry called on me to drive them out."

"That's easier than pitching sheaves," the smith would reply, bringing his head round so that one could see the neat parting of his hair at the back. Small of stature, he nevertheless was tough and wiry.

"But I didn't hire to drive cattle," Charlie would reply, "and so I just asked for my pay."

"Glad of any excuse to quit work."

Preaching and Practising

"Oh, I can work all right, but I'm not going to hire to do one thing and then find myself doing another. That's the way with a lot of people and religion: they preach one thing and practise another. They say this new preacher held forth the

other Sunday on Jonah and the whale. Now, I daresay you listened to him with mouth and ears open, if you didn't fall asleep, and believed every word he told you about that old cuss living in the whale's belly for three days and then being cast upon shore. Was it a shark or a whale? The Bible says plainly enough that it was a whale. But some say the translation is wrong. They say in the original the only mention of the creature at all is that it was a big fish. I've heard it said there isn't a whale alive that could swallow a man. I wonder if a shark could swallow one. They say there are some powerful big sharks, with mouths wide enough to take in soap boxes, dead hogs and maybe once in a while a man or two. What do you think about it, Smithy—was it a whale or a shark or a hoax?"

Jonah and the Whale

The smith would go on fashioning the shoe according to his design, for this was the time when every blacksmith made his own horseshoes and when factory horseshoe nails were just beginning to come into general use.

"As I never saw a whale or a shark," the blacksmith would answer, "I can't be supposed to set up my opinion against the Bible. But I fail to see why it could not be one just as well as t'other. What difference does it make?"

"Just the difference between the truth and the untruth. What I want to know is this: Can a man in his sober senses believe that tale about Jonah? If he can't, then he can't believe the Bible. What do you think about it, Smithy?"

"I certainly believe the Bible."

"Then you believe that a man could live all that time in a whale's belly? How would he breathe?"

"I suppose he'd get air every time the whale came to the surface."

"Yes, but whales take air into their lungs, just like any other animal. They don't take air into their stomachs."

At that the smith would strike the anvil two or three vigorous blows before replying.

"I suppose," he would say, "he must have stuck his head up every so often and gulped down enough air to last him until next time."

"Until Doomsday, you mean," Charlie would remark, rubbing his shins.

"Do you think," the smith would ask, "that a man can't live under water?"

Living under Water

"For how long?"

No Need for a Whale

"Just as long as he likes."

"You mean just until the whale feels like throwing him up."

"There doesn't need to be a whale at all. Why, some of the natives of Africa can live under water for hours, maybe days."

The doctor would come in and stand looking at the smith fashioning the shoe.

"Do you believe that, doctor," Charlie would ask, "that a human being can live for hours under water?"

"No, not under ordinary circumstances," the doctor would reply. "He'd be dead in a few minutes."

"The circumstances I mean," the smith would interpose, "are ordinary. The native of Africa, when he wants to hide, lies on the bottom of a stream and sucks air in through a straw. You can't see him; he is under water; and yet he lives for hours."

"And I suppose, " Charlie would say, "that Jonah worked that trick with the whale."

"No, but he might have had a tube running from the whale to the top of the water."

"An excellent idea. I suppose there would be nothing to prevent him from having two tubes, one for air and the other for Scotch whisky."

"That seems feasible," the doctor would interject, chuckling; "for you must remember there were no temperance lodges in Jonah's time."

"No," Charlie would conclude, "nor revised versions. But I notice they weren't above having water turned into wine."

One day in the very heat of road gravelling Joe Ham drove his team into the shop and called for new shoes all round.

"Why, what's the matter, Joe?" asked the smith. "Going to enter a race?"

Joe spat on the floor and gave his bootleg a yank.

"No," he answered, "but I made a bargain with Henry Perkins that I'd do his statutory labour for him at two dollars for myself and team if he'd pay for putting the horses' feet in shape. So, you see, I want to get as much out of him as possible. Shoe 'em fresh all round."

"Just so," said the smith. "And am I to look to Henry or you for the pay?"

Henry Refused to Pay

"To Henry; and if he doesn't pay I will."

And, true to form, Henry, on the ground that the horses' feet needed only a little touching up, refused to pay. The

Wouldn't Pay for the Oats

smith then said that if the whole amount was not settled, he wouldn't pay for the oats he had got from Henry for his own horse. Joe appeared to be quite disinterested until Henry refused to pay him for the statutory labour. Thereupon Joe became very angry and was going to hit Henry. But Henry kept away from the village and retaliated by impounding Joe's horses.

The blacksmith was poundkeeper, and as soon as he was informed of what had been done he went to Joe and demanded twenty cents as pound money. Joe refused to pay. His claim was that he had been letting his horses run loose every Sunday during the summer months for years, and it was a privilege he enjoyed now through force of custom. Old Charlie advised sending to Mitchell for the constable. And while they were discussing the situation, Joe went down to the pound, quietly let his horses out and drove them home. With that the smith threatened to send Joe a lawyer's letter, or, better still, have him hauled up for contempt of court. At length Henry offered to pay for the shoeing if the blacksmith would set for him a buggy tire free of charge. To that the smith agreed, and Joe received his pay for the statutory labour.

"That's an awful shoe you're making, smithy," said Charlie one day; what horse can take that?"

"*Lord Haddow*," said the smith.

"What! You're going to shoe a stallion?"

"Jack says he's got sore feet and wants him shod all round."

"He'll never stand for it."

"If he won't we'll get you to whistle for him."

Whistling was Charlie's chief accomplishment. In earlier days, before the advent of the organ and the fiddle, Charlie used to whistle for the horses at all threshings and the dances that followed; and he was invited to raisings and paring-bees mostly because he could whistle and call off at the same time and drink more hard cider than any two men in the township. He loved to throw trills into "The Flowers of Edinburgh", to pipe a sort of shrill wail in "The Wind that Shook the Barley", and to beat time with his heels whenever he struck up the stirring measures of "Money Musk".

Charlie as Whistler

So that it was with hopes of success that the blacksmith, knowing well Charlie's charms as a whistler, undertook the shoeing of *Lord Haddow*. The beast itself was noble in some

of the qualities that are attributed to animals of his flesh, but in strange quarters he was given to much snorting and stamping and sometimes to petty inconsiderations that should be beneath his class. These faults he began to display the very moment he was led prancing into the shop. He reared upon his hind legs until his head hit the beams above. One foot went through a plank of the floor, and he nearly broke a leg. At length, however, he was made fast to a hitching-ring, and there he stood champing and frothing at the mouth.

The smith attempted to raise a front foot in order to fit the shoe and burn it into place. But he might as well have tried to shoe Pegasus. Then Charlie began to whistle. He started with "The Girl I left behind me", and to the very first bars, even before he began to interject accidentals and grace notes, *Lord Haddow's* ears bent forward and the whole demeanour of the beast was subdued if not rendered docile. Charlie whistled on, the horse stood still and listened, and the smith finished the job. As he did so he straightened up and groaned.

"Pretty good whistler, Charlie," he said.

Charlie didn't reply.

"I say, you're a pretty good whistler."

Still Charlie didn't reply.

The smith looked up and saw that the old man was asleep.

The Scones in the Oven

"He'll wake up," he said, "as soon as he hears me pulling the door shut. Then he'll groan, yawn, stretch himself, and say that he must be going, for the missis will have the scones in the oven and the tea steeping."

THE SAMPLER

From the Photograph by Edith S. Watson

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OUR COMMON NATIONAL POLICY

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE ESSENTIAL AGREEMENT AMONG OUR POLITICAL LEADERS IN REGARD TO OUR PLACE WITHIN THE EMPIRE.

BY FRANCIS A. CARMAN

IN these days, when our external relations are bulking so large in our federal politics, it may not be amiss to remind ourselves of the essential agreement of all the Canadian political leaders of the past in regard to Canada's "autonomy", her place within the Empire and her place in the society of nations. The essential agreement includes Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir Robert Borden; it includes Hon. Alexander Mackenzie and Sir Wilfrid Laurier; and it includes the present Premier.

It is true that there has been a fair share of flag-flapping in the course of Canadian political battles. It is true that at times it looked on the surface as if there were a divergence of opinion between the parties on some phase of our status. But when a longer view is taken—when attention is paid to deeds and to utterances in power rather than to debates and to utterances in opposition—it is quite clear that there has been throughout essential agreement as to the position occupied by this country among the leaders of both the historic parties in the state. It is too early yet to judge the Progressive party in this regard; but in view of the unbroken development of the Canadian status, there is good ground for hope that the new party will prove no exception.

The problem, of course, as just indicated, has not been the same ever since the issue was first presented to the people of Canada and to her statesmen. It began with a tariff question; and it has been frequently associated with trade questions. It has involved in turn Canada's complete control of trade policy; her position as a part

of the British Empire; her right to negotiate her own treaties; her relations to foreign nations, especially in the negotiation of the recent Peace Treaty; and now our right to appoint a permanent Minister at a foreign court. Throughout there has been an ordered development "broadening down from precedent to precedent"; but from the beginning to the present stage of the process—which is obviously not yet complete—a common and consistent policy has been pursued by the different administrations which were in power.

Let us begin the story of this development with Sir John A. Macdonald. We are familiar with the idea that he was a stout defender of British connection; but we are not so familiar with the fact that he was also a vigorous fighter for the autonomy of Canada. It is fresh in our memory that in his last political campaign, he declared in terms which brought an instant echo from the Canadian people, "A British subject I was born; a British subject I will die". But we are apt to forget that "John A." was a member of the government which in 1847 first imposed duties on imports from Great Britain. This was the Draper administration, which Mr. Macdonald joined in the spring of 1847 and of which he was a member till it went out of office at the end of that year. At the time of this assertion of Canada's rights, Mr. Macdonald was young in public life, and did not take an active part in the battle. But the same issue continued in contest for forty years, until Canada's rights were fully admitted in 1887; and in the later stages of the contest Sir John was a stout asserter of Canadian rights.

Another occasion on which Sir John stood forth as the champion of Canadian interests against the British Government was at the time of the negotiation of the treaty of Washington in 1871. Sir John, somewhat reluctantly, accepted appointment as one of the British representatives; and almost from beginning to the end of the negotiations he found it necessary to fight against the sacrifice of Canada's rights. This is seen clearly in an extract from a letter which he wrote at the time to Dr. Tupper:

> "I must say that I am greatly disappointed at the course taken by the British Commissioners. They seem to have only one thing on their minds—that is, to go home with a treaty in their pockets, settling everything, no matter at what cost to Canada . . . . . The effect which must be produced on the public mind in Canada by a declaration from both parties in the Imperial Parliament against our course, will greatly prejudice the idea of British connection, as British connection will have proved itself a farce. I do not like to look at the consequences, but we are so clearly in the right, that we must throw the responsibility on England."

Alexander Mackenzie's short term of office did not place him under the same necessity as our other First Ministers of playing an active part in our external relations. But he did nevertheless take several steps in the development of those relations both within and without the Empire. He is described by his biographers—Buckingham and Ross—as a "staunch advocate of British connection" but "first and always a Canadian". This description gives a very good key to his course of policy. In a degree he anticipated the present proposals for a Canadian Minister at Washington by sending Hon. David Mills direct to the United States capital to negotiate in regard to the surrender of Sitting Bull, thus short-circuiting the Colonial and Foreign Offices. He secured amendments in the commission issued to the Governor-General, which recognized that His Excellency acts "as a rule" on the advice of his Canadian Ministers. He secured the appointment of a Canadian—a political opponent by the way—as British commissioner in the fisheries arbitration of '77. His general attitude in regard to Imperial relations he defined on one occasion in these words:

> "I have no doubt whatever our true policy is to obtain self-action in almost everything which relates to our own busi-

ness. I, for one, give my cordial support to anything that will extend our liberty of action and make us entirely equal in all respects to other legislatures and the ministers of the mother country itself."

The development of the principle of "self-action" was continued under Sir Wilfrid Laurier; and there was a great deal of emphasis placed upon our "autonomy". He was instrumental in securing the denunciation of the German and Belgian treaties, another step towards full fiscal freedom. Previously we had complete control over our tariff so long as it did not clash with treaties made by the Imperial Government. As a result of Sir Wilfrid's action we gained the right to grant to nations within the Empire tariff favours which we did not grant to the outside world. The Laurier Government extended the previous practice in regard to Canadian participation in the negotiation of treaties which primarily affected us; and in the Laurier naval service bill of 1910 was asserted the full control of the Canadian Parliament over Canadian ships of war.

All these things bear the scales down on the side of autonomy. But Sir Wilfrid also took steps and made utterances which strengthened the movement towards the organization of the Empire. In this direction points the solid fact that during his term of office a Colonial Conference of an occasional character grew into an Imperial Conference meeting with more or less regularity. At the very outset of his career in office he sounded a vigorous note of confidence in the ultimate organization of the Empire. This spirit was evident in the series of speeches which he made during his visit to Great Britain at the time of the Diamond Jubilee. A very clear expression of it was contained in an interview which he gave to *The London Chronicle* at that time:

"We [in Canada] are now a people of five millions. We must soon be seven—ten millions. What then? Satisfied as he may be with his lot, and grateful for the protection and liberty he enjoys, the boy one day becomes a man, and some re-arrangement of the relations between him and his parent become inevitable. Canada will not be ready to go on as a colony all the time. She has higher hopes, larger aims and nobler intentions. Present relations must become more intimate, or they must become less intimate. They cannot remain as they are indefinitely. Remembering the tendency of events, I really do not see why time should not evolve an Imperial Council—some such council as the Greeks had in their day. Oh, no! I have no scheme, but when the time is ripe, when the Colonies have reached a further stage of development, I really should not be surprised if representation were found to be, after all, the wisest and simplest solution for the problem for the British Empire of that day. It is a distant future, perhaps, but why an impossible, or even an improbable, one?"

Sir Wilfrid, it is true, always held to the belief that the problem of the Empire should be approached gradually; that no cut and dried plan should be laid down; but that each difficulty should be met as it arose. But in this regard, it speedily appeared that Sir Robert Borden was at one with him. A group of enthusiasts gathered in "Round Table" clubs throughout the Empire laboured for some years and drew up just such a plan. There were high hopes, when Sir Robert Borden assumed the reins, that this plan would speedily come into the field of practical politics. But these plans were soon blasted. Sir Robert came home from his first conference in London; and in his statement to Parliament he made it quite clear that he, too, was a disciple of the "solvitur ambulando" school. During that visit to London Sir Robert asserted Canada's autonomy in clearer terms than it had ever been asserted by Sir Wilfrid. Speaking at a dinner in London, he said:

"I would like you to remember that those who are or become responsible for the Empire's defence must, in the very nature of things, have some voice in that policy which shapes the issues of peace and war. I would like you to understand that Canada does not propose to be the 'adjunct' even of the British Empire, but as has been well and eloquently expressed, to be a great part in a greater whole."

The events of the war and of the peace negotiations, it is hardly necessary to point out, have but carried further the assertion of Canada's autonomy and independence within the Empire. Canada is now a member of the League of Nations independently of the United Kingdom; and she has been granted the right to appoint her own Minister at Washington. These elevations of the status of Canada are both the work of the administration of which Sir Robert Borden was head; and they are the natural outcome of the stand which he took in 1912 and its necessary development under the pressure of the great events which have occurred in the meantime.

The present occupant of the office of First Minister has carried on the tradition of Borden—which is indeed the tradition of Laurier, of Mackenzie and of Macdonald. He has given rather startling evidence of this if his reported "four points" are textually exact. These "points" have not been officially confirmed; but they were reported by a representative of the Canadian Press in close touch with Mr. Meighen, and their tone has been borne out by both earlier and later utterances of his. These "four points" are:

First—That on all questions of foreign policy which more directly concern the British Government, such as matters arising in connection with Palestine, Mesopotamia and the Middle East, the Governments of the Dominions should be kept thoroughly and constantly informed.

Second—That upon all questions of foreign policy affecting the Empire as a whole, the Dominion Governments must be consulted.

Third—That the British Government should enter into no treaties or special alliances without consultation with, and the advice of the Dominions, and that all such treaties, even when entered into, be subject to the approval of the Dominion Parliaments.

Fourth—That upon all questions arising as between the United States and Canada, the advice of the Dominion Government must be accepted as final.

These succinct paragraphs caused quite a stir in some circles in London when published, and there is little wonder. They assert Canadian rights and "autonomy" in a challenging form. They are, however, but a carrying on of the steady policy of Canada as to our external relations—a policy which Alexander Mackenzie described in his day as "extending our liberty of action . . . . and making us entirely equal to the ministers of the mother country itself".

This continuity of policy upon this vital subject, no matter which party guided the destinies of the Dominion, is a fact which it is well for us all to keep firmly in mind. It ought to be a commonplace of our political life; but unfortunately it is not. These issues have been the occasion of flag-flapping and of sectional appeals in the past; and it is asking a good deal of the ordinary garden politician to hope that they will not be so misused again. But if we will only remember it, there is a great bed-rock fact which will be a great comfort to us in the storms that may come—Conservatives and Liberals alike have steadily upheld Canadian rights and "autonomy" and have extended the meaning of those terms year by year, decade by decade. So, whether one stripe of politician wave the old flag or another assert that our dearest liberties are being sacrificed on the alter of "Imperialism"—whatever that may be—we may possess our souls in patience, resting in the faith that the common National Policy of all parties during more than half a century is not likely to be altered by any temporary political squall.

MRS. O'DEA'S LODGER

BY DOROTHEA CONYERS

"I WAS niver yit," said Mrs. O'Dea importantly, "mistook as to a man's character. Nor was I iver took in as some other I could mintion." Her glance was plain. "Not tin minnits pasht I was makin' in from feedin' the pigs, an' I see James here with a face on him like weekould milk turnin' away a dacent little felly with a pack on his back. Directin' him down to yerself, he was, Mrs. Clancy saying he'd lie chaper there."

The laugh which fat Mrs. Clancy gave was one of absolute good humour. She kept the second lodging house in the little town of Abbeyduff, and had held amicable feud for many years with Mary O'Dea, who was well known as a hard woman.

"He'd the face of a rogue on him," said James O'Dea, with conviction. He sat by the fire smoking impassively.

"So ye sint him on to me—success to ye," observed Mrs. Clancy easily. "Well the dour's shut and locked, and he'll be back to ye yet. Faix times, there's some do be without the price of a breakfast, an' they gits it; but after all, am I poorer at the ind of the year for a bit of bread an' a sup of tay? I know ye'r leverness, Mary; but sure I lives."

Mrs. O'Dea sniffed heavily, clattering cups and saucers.

Outside the rain fell in the village of Abbeyduff—a thin, exhausted mist clinging with chill emaciated fingers to the skirts of a cold night.

The sky was dim and dreary, an unbroken mass of gray, moving sullenly. Here and there pools glittered where lights from open doors fell on them; dejected donkeys brayed heavenward—further prophesy of bad weather.

In Mrs. O'Dea's public house it was warm and bright; the family sat in a low-roofed kitchen, where a big turf fire glowed, the light falling on polished glass and china; the dim roof was hung with bacon and strings of onions. In the bar beyond, Kate O'Dea acclimatized to an atmosphere suffering from over-crowding, which recked with porter and bad whiskey and worse tobacco, served drinks to various dripping men with much indifferent repartee thrown in. Katie was a local beauty who could afford to be rude if she chose. Her coarse, black hair was puffed out in a ludicrous following of fashion and her red hands emerged from lace bedecked sleeves. Old friends drifted through the bar into the warmer kitchen, gathering round the fire.

"James is that postive." Mrs. O'Dea hung the kettle on a sooty hook, and remarked that "'Twas on, bilin'. He has the face of a rogue,' says James, says he, bawlin' into me ear, and packs the crayture off an' 'twould be the cute one I'd tell ye would get the better of Mary O'Dea".

"They couldn't shmell the taypot here without showin' the money," said James stolidly, "but I sint this wan off."

"Niver did I make a mistake yit in judgin' man or baste," snapped his wife, bustling to a glass-fronted cupboard to take out butter and sugar,

"save maybe whin I took this James here."

The audience laughed softly.

James O'Dea shifted his pipe from the left side of his mouth to the right and spat with emphasis.

"There was the mather of thim turkeys," he said slowly.

"Oh, Heaven, kape ye'r mem'ry green," shot out his wife sharply. James put his pipe back to it's more familiar side.

"A fancy the wife had to huxter fowl," he went on placidly, "an' to buy a cort load for Tullom market; so awa' wid her to make a fortin', the price of a nate little pig in her pocket, she having weedled it from me. Well, she wint far, and comes back in the dark, pleasant an' happy, with her full of thim; an' faix I heard nothin' of the evenin' but how she she was to get fifteen shillin' a couple—no less —next day in the market, havin' paid but tin. But sure whin I git up in the morning to help her—I recalls that 'twas freezing an' I near to fell—didn't I see it was old hins she had, ould crabs, five year an' more, that they sould to her in the dusk an' glad I was to see thirty five shillin' back for the crowd. Indade the pig, the crature little knew the loss he went to."

The audience now laughed mercilessly while Mary O'Dea, very red in the face, clattered at the cupboard.

"An' I a shlip of a girl," she said indignantly. "'Twas the youngness did it."

James remarked thoughtfully that "she'd mended that." "An' there was the mather of Malone's ass," he began, "an' Susie Daly that lifted the sixpence," but here he caught his wife's eye and desisted.

"I towld ye he'd be back," said Mrs. Clancy suddenly.

Some one looked in. A smooth-faced young fellow of between twenty and twenty-five, with sodden, shabby clothes, and sockless feet thrust into patched boots. A pack hung to his back, and his trade was further demonstrated by an inch tape and pair of scissors hung round his neck.

"The door was shut against me," he said in a mincing Dublin accent. "So I returned. May be ye can arrange for me after all."

Mrs. O'Dea swung her great form to the front of things.

"That's right," she said quickly. "I was out, an' me man here takes no one without me. 'Tis 1-6 here for a night's lodgin' an' ye'r sup of tay. Money paid to me now. No credit."

The young tailor's face fell; he hesitated and looked out at the bitter night. Lines of fatigue and hunger were drawn on his thin face. With numb fingers he began to search his pockets. A shilling, a threepenny bit, a greasy penny and finally two stamps were produced by degrees and eyed wistfully. "The last," he said. Mary O'Dea bit the shilling and swept the money away.

That'll do, she said briefly. "Them that pays can rest. Let ye take a sate be the fire now an' dhry yerself. 'Twill be extry of course for ye'r breakfast in the mornin' or for an egg or bit of bacon."

The tailor sighed and turned to the fire.

"'Tis the last pinny he has in the world," said kindly Mrs. Clancy to a friend. "Look at the face of him. Isn't it the hard woman she is."

The young man, having intimated that his name was Patsy Daly, stretched thin fingers to the blaze and in his mincing voice informed them that trade was bad entirely. He was broke where he was down at Clahir an' was trampin' to Dublin to get a sure job, Dublin being his birthplace. He then signified his willingness to make a suit for any man who would buy the stuff from his pack, for five shillings, and opening his bundle displayed a couple of lengths of such vile material, that even the men of Abbeyduff detected its worthlessness, and shook their unbrushed heads. His one sale was a card of buttons to fat Mrs. Clancy for which she paid two-

pence. Daly shut up his pack and stared hungrily at the tea table.

The kettle had ceased to sing and was spluttering and spitting from its narrow black mouth; the brown pot stood heating in the ashes, flanked by half-a-dozen potatoes left over from dinner. A loaf, a slab of butter, and a basin of sugar stood on the clean white cloth. The callers gave a kindly good evening as they slouched out. Mrs. Clancy, much pressed and having always intended to remain, shook out her shawl and wiped her hands on her skirt ere she sat down. She and Mary O'Dea were enemies who could never live apart.

"A dacent quiet boy," whispered Mary to her as she filled the teapot, "though maybe short of money, an' James here turning him out. I daresay now if he was to go to ye, ye'd havin' given him tay for nothing seein' the thin face of him."

"Seein' him puttin' out his last penny, maybe I would," observed Honor Clancy dryly, sitting down to the meal.

Patsy Daly, tired as he was, tried to win his landlady's heart by helping her to lift the potatoes; telling them in a voice thin with exhaustion that he'd thramped sivinteen miles that day with but a bit of bread inside him.

"If it wasn't that 'twould break the tally I have for market to-morrow I'd give ye an egg," observed Mary O'Dea with vague kindness.

James O'Dea put his pipe in his pocket; Mrs. Clancy smiled.

With stern hands Mrs. O'Dea measured her lodger's portion of the loaf and allotted him a tiny slab of yellow margarine and one potato. These she handed to him with a glance which forbade further demand. But his tea was hot and strong and he drank it greedily.

"Talkin' of eggs," Honor Clancy raised a smiling face from her cup. "There's three in the blue bowl that Katie brought in late and can't be counted for the market, so you can spare them. 'Twas well I happened to see this same. James here'd take one too."

With a weak smile and bitter brow Mary O'Dea rose to find the eggs and put them into a saucepan with a sacrificial air. James winked gently, and Honor Clancy unmoved, praised the strong tea and good butter, till her hostess's brow unbent. Daly, the lodger, however, caught her kindly eye and smiled suddenly; he was eating wolfishly. But though he left his plate bare and chased the crumbs round it with a damp finger, he was offered no more. Mrs. O'Dea knew how to keep her lodgers down. If he had chosen to pay an extra threepence she would have given him unlimited bread and two slices of white American bacon. It fell to Mrs. Clancy to push away absently an untouched soda cake and remark *sotto voce* that he might as well ate it if he cared.

It rained on outside—a bitter, dreary evening. When tea was over more loungers strolled in to gossip and drink. The tailor went out to them, spending his buttons' price on a pint of porter and flirting with his Dublin accent with pretty Kate. Even distant London was not unknown to him. The local beauty was so clearly impressed that Tom Carmody, who wished to marry her, felt black murder well up in his heart. Tales of Abbeyduff and Tullon—stories of "the gray mare's broken knees" and a whisper "o' the pink chaney set" he had brought home against his wedding (this always with a sly wink)—fell flat as sodden bread beside the young tailor's histories of theatres and great towns.

In the warm kitchen Mary O'Dea, very red in the face after her hearty meal, took occasion to reiterate how she "tuk the man in to lodge, nivir havin' been mistaken yit about man or baste," and "takin' good care she wasn't". Here she locked tea, bread, and butter away in the cupboard, lest some hungry lodger might steal down in the night.

"Not that I'm afeared of this honest little felly," she added, as she drained the tea off the leaves and put them in a saucepan to dry to supply the lodger's morning tea.

Daly came in presently, a roll of newspapers in his hand. He asked for a candle to read them by, for he had, he said, some advertisements to answer, and was told that it was a pinny extra for light, no sane man wanting to see his way to bed.

"He'd pay in the morning, he said, when he had had his breakfast, and after a moment's hesitation got his light and left, his last glance at his landlady lacking cordiality.

Peace fell on the house of O'Dea, but Mrs. Clancy, kept awake by a sick child, was surprised to see a point of light gleam all night from one of the narrow windows of the thatched roof. It was the lodger's part of the house; James and his wife slept off the kitchen; Katie, who dreamt of mighty cities, possessed a little cupboard at the back, the whitewashed walls hung with many highly-coloured prints of saints.

The household were early astir. It was yet the cold gray of a winter's dawning when James went forth to feed pigs and cows, and Katie, muffled in a shawl, went out to milk. Mrs. O'Dea raked the warm turf ashes together, blowing them till they glowed and the fresh fuel caught. She opened the back door to let in some air, for the smell from the bar clung heavily.

Patsy Daly, looking white and wretched, came down pack in hand and bade them good day.

"Will ye have a slice of bacon with ye'r brekfast?" demanded his landlady sharply. "We all take it?"

But Patsy the Tailor bent a shamed head.

"To tell ye the thruth, missis," he said, "I want to kape the few pince that's on me for the road." (None knowing better than he that those pince were nowhere). "I'd not ask a bite in charity—" Here Mary O'Dea set her mouth grimly, and there was a flicker of humour in the tailor's face as he eyed her. "But—" he unstrapped his pack, "I bought some shtuff very chape lasht week and made it up into things, and if ye'd buy them, ma'am I could give ye a bargain, have me breakfast, and go. Bits of underthings," he added, laying some garments on the table and turning modestly aside.

Mary O'Dea pounced upon them. A hungry man drove easy bargains. There were two shirts of good strong calico, fashioned with more roominess than taste, but decorated with some hand-made crochet edging, an under petticoat of home-made flannel, and a man's waistcoat of the same material fastened with gaudy buttons, topped the head.

Katie, coming in with her foaming tankard, ran to look, and conjured up a fleeting blush.

"Hand done, Ma," she whispered, as she fingered the crochet on the shirts. "The same patthern they taught us at the convent."

Mrs. O'Dea handled and disparaged; the tailor over his shoulder recommended his goods. Mrs. O'Dea held the petticoat up to her ample form, measured the shifts upon the resisting Katie, and made an offer. The materials were all solid and durable. The offer, of course, was a low one, but she presently advanced it a little, proffering eggs and bacon free for breakfast if it was accepted. Daly hesitated no longer; he took the small sum of money, while Mrs. O'Dea put the things aside, and boiled eggs and fried bacon with an unusually liberal hand—she knew she had driven a hard bargain. The tailor ate greedily, gulping down hot tea and slices of flabby, high-tasting bacon. The eggs and bread he put in his pocket, keeping them all the time absorbed by his flow of conversation. He rose, looking better.

"God save ye, ma'am, for a generous lady," he said, as Katie helped him on with his pack. "I have afar to go, and I didn't sleep much. I hope

the things will plaze ye. But fer yer goodness I'd niver have let ye have them." Then he vanished.

Mrs. Clancy, measure in hand, came across for her morning's milk she bought from the O'Deas.

"What ails the little tailor," she asked, "that's he's makin' the road as if the divil was forkin' his heels? He past me houst at the throt, and threw Deely, that was playing at the dour, a card of coloured buttons."

"The divil an all ails him," sniffed Mary O'Dea, as she measured the new milk. "I towld ye he was descent an' not so poor." Here she lifted up her purchase proudly. "See here," she said, showing them and telling the price.

Honor Clancy fingered them curiously.

"Quare ways for a boy to be stitching this sort of things," she said dubiously. "'Tis hardly dacent like. And did he give thim to ye for that price?"

"Hunger drove him. If he was with you, I suppose he'd have got what he'd ask an' a free breakfast. He nivir even bought the shtuffs for the couple of shillin's."

Katie, yawning audibly, took out her laden hair curlers, and remarked that "whin she'd the lodger's room done she'd get a dhrop of hot wather to wash her face.

James O'Dea appeared at the door. He looked at the remains of breakfast.

"Did he get the bit and make off!" he said, grinning. "Faix, I seen him peltin' down th' road like a sphurred horse."

Mrs. O'Dea, having expressed an urgent wish that God might sind him and Honor Clancy since, asked angrily if he had "iver seen Mary O'Dea give bite or sup without seeing the money for it," and again showed her purchases.

James took up the waistcoat, and put it round him.

"Ye'd think he measured me," he remarked. "I'm glad to git it."

"'Tis the shruff ye spin yourself, Mary, for the blankets. Well, ye did right to get thim."

Mrs. Clancy took up her milk, but dropped it again as a skirling wail of dispair rang through the house.

"Katie has a wakeness got," she gasped, unheeding the white liquid pouring across her feet. She dashed for the narrow staircase, flying fast to the summoning yells of "Ma! Ma!"

"Mighty strong she's bawlin' if 'tis a wakeness she has," said James, as the women shoved him aside.

What a scene met their eyes as they ran into the little bedroom, with its sloping roof and dry, musty smell. The small windows were not made to open. Katie, scarlet-cheeked, leant against the table, tears ran down her unwashed cheek. She beat the stair with helpless hands.

"Oh ma!" she cried; "the crochet mats I did meself at the convent ripped to tatthers an' gone, an' not a state of the candle, an' the room littered with scraps an'—Oh! his shifts—no less.

"God in hivin this night, what ails ye?" cried her mother, as she came in, unable to grasp what it all meant. The floor was covered with shreds and scraps; the candle was a memory in its porter bottle.

Then Mrs. O'Dea ran to the heaped-up bed, and knew. Below the patchwork counterpane were the remnants of her strong twill sheets, her homespun blankets. They were cut and sliced remorselessly, but a scrap or two remained. Patsy Daly had used his wits and his landlady's goods to procure his breakfast and get back his money. Mary O'Dea had paid in kind and cash for her own goods hastily fashioned by the light of her own candle into the garments downstairs.

"Me little mats that took me two months to do," wept Katie.

"Me blankets; me sheets that I saved the egg money for two months," shrieked Mary O'Dea, awakened to the flood of misfortune which poured

over her. "That little felly with his assurance."

"I declare to hivin," she wailed, "if I was to wear that underskirt 'twould give me a chill to me legs, knowing how I come by it."

Then her husband's grinning face, the loss of her bedding, and the knowledge of her folly being laid bare before Honor Clancy were too much for Mrs. O'Dea; she sat down and wept bitterly, gathering up scraps of her sheets and blankets with tender hands.

"Bawled for the dear life," James O'Dea recounted that evening. His wife was not visible, and his audience laughed happily. "Divil a softy at all was that little tailor. Didn't I always mistrust him, an' he was off, with two shillin's an' a warm breakfast. What's more with the price of the eggs that was in thim sheets.

"Turkeys an' tailors," he added, stroking his new waistcoat, which he wore proudly, "there was niver a woman yet could judge either of thim."

Mrs. Clancy remembered the present of buttons flung to Deely and wondered.

THE WEST

By CHRISTINA WILLEY

I AM so tired of this little land,
Where each to-day is linked with yesterday
So close, that then and now walk hand in hand,
And all the dead who have gone on their way
Watch through the gates of Life—
Crowd, even if kindly, on the steps of Life!

Two thousand years ago the Romans made
This road, still echoing Legion footsteps faint;
A thousand years ago these stones were laid—
The church of some old, square, black-letter Saint.
Too near the living Past,
Too heavy is the weight of all the Past!

This land breeds men, but they are not my kind,
Too many linked traditions bind them round,
Too sweet the sunshine, and too soft the wind—
Their roots are struck too deep in English ground.
My careless foot is free!
What do they know of wandering feet and free?

On the wide prairies now the long winds roll,
The great arch spans horizon-wide in rain.
O, I would master Life, possess my soul,
If I were back in my own land again!
And lift a joyful heart,
For peace and solitude lift up my heart.

I will go westward, where the old sad tales
Are not, or are forgotten, where each sun
Rises a new creation. What avails
The Old World's strife and clamour—I have done.
Avalon and Atlantis, and my West!
I go to my own West

RATS AND RABBITS

BY JOHN WADDELL

EVERY plant and animal has its enemies, in the sense that every living thing in its struggle for its own existence interferes with the life or comfort of some other living thing. Probably the cases are comparatively few where any animal attacks another simply because of hatred. The man-eating tiger, I have been told, attacks humans because he has learned that human meat is more tasty than that of other animals, not because he has any special animosity against mankind; just as we kill turkeys for food, instead of horses.

Bacteria and protozoa find the blood and tissues of higher animals a suitable place of abode and their life in these places may or may not be harmful to the higher organism. For instance, Amoeba Meleagridis causes the fatal disease of turkeys known as entero-hepatitis or blackhead. The same amoeba is often found in other birds such as chickens, ducks, sparrows, pigeons, etc., but it seldom causes serious trouble with any except turkeys. Relapsing fevers are produced by spirochaetes which may be found in the alimentary canal or blood of some fishes, birds and mammals, where they apparently do no harm, but if transferred to the blood of man by the bite of the fever tick give rise to these very dread diseases. Another form of spirochaete is fatal to chickens.

Rusts and smuts are fungi which attack wheat, black knot is another fungus which attacks plum and cherry trees. The tent caterpillar, the coddling moth, the plum curculio are a few of the many insects that devastate the orchards. The scale insects attack almost all kinds of trees and shrubs and are probably the most destructive, though it is difficult to estimate the damage they do.

Among the higher animals the carnivora naturally live by the destruction of others and so in some parts of Asia and Africa, lions and tigers are the enemies of other animals in the same district.

Since man has the greatest range of all animals on the earth and makes use of a greater variety of food than any other, he encounters the largest number of enemies. The tiger and the polar bear never meet, but man may come into close quarters with both. Man makes use of all kinds of cereals and fruits, of cotton, tobacco, forest products, and domestic animals and anything which attacks them is an enemy to man. It is estimated that insect pests cost the United States a thousand million dollars each year. Screens alone, to protect from mosquitoes and flies, are said to reach ten million dollars.

While the numerous hurtful insects are probably the greatest curse to man, the rat, partly on its own account, and partly because acting as a carrier of disease, is the most destructive mammal. It ranges over an area nearly as great as that covered by man. There is no large town in the world but has its rats, not infrequently at least as numerous as the human inhabitants. D. E. Lantz of

the U. S. Bureau of Biological Survey says: "A single rat does far less harm in a year than one of the larger mammals, such as a lion, tiger, wolf; but the large mammals of prey are comparatively few in number, while rats are exceedingly abundant. North America or any other continent has probably as many rats as people, possibly two or three times as many. The destruction wrought by this vast horde of rodents is far greater than that wrought by lions, tigers, wolves and all other noxious mammals together. Injurious insects are enormously destructive to crops. Probably their combined ravages inflict greater economic losses than do those of rats but no one kind of insect destroys as much. The harm done by any species of insect is usually confined to certain geographical limits, rarely extending over large parts of a continent; that done by the rat extends over the whole world. Oceans fail to limit its activities."

Miss Frances Pitt in an article in *The National Review* quotes the late Barrett-Hamilton who said that rats are probably the greatest mammal pest of the human race and continues:

"It would be more in accordance with the facts to say that they are the greatest pests of all creatures, insects, birds, and beasts, that batten to our detriment. They are everywhere; town and country it is all alike; shipyard, stockyard, granary, warehouse, potato heap, and root-dump, all have their tenants. Looking at the matter from another point of view, and excluding man, we may say that rats are the most successful species that evolution has yet produced for it is not only in one country but in every part of the world that rats are such an appalling plague. Wherever man has penetrated, rats have followed, north, south, east and west, hot and cold, every country and climate comes alike to them. Like us upon whom they prey, they have become truly cosmopolitan and are at home under all conceivable climates and conditions save the cold of the Arctic Circle."

The rat is a typical domestic animal. It lives near man and does not go far from him. It eats our food and would no doubt drink our drink if given the opportunity. Where man has become partially immune to disease by being always exposed to it rats have become correspondingly immune. This has been proved by experiments with different classes of animals. Rats are in this respect even more domesticated than dogs and cats.

The common rat is called by various names, the brown, the gray, the Hanoverian, the Norwegian, etc. The last term is embodied in the scientific name which since 1900 has been Epimys Norwegicus.

The name Hanoverian reminds us that this rat came to Britain early in the 18th century, and that in Britain their was a certain amount of antipathy to the earlier members of that race of monarchs which has during the last century become the most loved in civilization.

Not that rats were unknown in England before that time. The black rat, a somewhat dainty mouse-like animal, had been in the country for centuries, having come from the east apparently at the time of the crusades, bringing the bubonic or pneumonic plague. No reference to rats is found before the crusades and there is no word for rats in the Welsh language.

The brown rat spread rapidly and well nigh exterminated the black rat, which is now found almost exclusively in seaports, being kept from extinction by immigrants from overseas.

The brown rat came to America towards the end of the 18th century and spread over the country as the population extended. Here, too, it has in a great measure driven out the black rat, though the latter survives in isolated places chiefly in the south and at seaports. The black rat is more common in India and is the greater carrier of the plague.

Brown rats are very prolific. They begin to breed when three or four months old, and if food is plentiful, there may be six to ten litters in a

year with an average of ten to a litter. If this rate were kept up for three years, without any deaths one pair would produce 350 millions. These figures apply to the middle part of the United States, in the colder climate of the northern states and in Canada the numbers are not so large.

Though the rat is widely spread it has very few varieties, one of them being found in Ireland of a black colour, but in all parts of the world there is the rough-coated gray-brown rat with neither longer nor shorter tail, bigger nor smaller feet, nor any of those minor differences that delight the soul of the hair-splitting species maker.

The rat is a very intelligent animal, said to be inferior to no other, unless possibly the dog. Probably this intelligence keeps it from extinction. Everyone knows how hard it is to catch an old rat, be the trap ever so enticing or innocent looking.

Few animals kill others just for the sake of killing, but the rat is an exception. It will continue killing small ducks or chickens long after it has more than enough to supply its needs. Rats eat nearly everything but toads. Apparently the acrid secretion in the toad protects it from being eaten. It does not, however, protect it from being killed because on the bank of a creek, heaps of toads may be found all killed by rats in the same manner.

Rats destroy a great deal to provide food for themselves but they carry off more than they can eat and their waste is to be measured not by their appetite but by their greed.

Rabbits in New South Wales are more destructive than dogs and foxes combined. The loss in sheep from destruction by native dogs, tame dogs, was in 1920 estimated at £246,250, the value of rabbits and hares and the skins exported in 1918-19 £1,325,207, and yet the rabbits are said by the N.S.W. Official Year Book to be the greatest pests to the pastoralists.

Rabbits first attracted attention in 1881, having come in from Victoria, where they had been introduced some ten or fifteen years previously. In 1882 they had multiplied so that they were found on most holdings having frontages on the Murray River. In 1883 the "Rabbit Nuisance Act" was passed but so little success had it that in 1890 there was a Royal Commission inquiring into schemes for extermination of rabbits which made a report of 216 pages. This report led to legislation and there was still further legislation in 1902. Rabbit proof fencing has been used, and in N.S.W. there are more than a hundred thousand miles of such fencing, put up at a cost of six million pounds.

The Year Book of 1916 states: "The chief means adopted for the destruction of rabbits are poisoning and trapping but it has long been recognized that these methods are inadequate." In 1908, Dr. Danysz, an eminent French scientist, claimed the discovery of a disease fatal to rabbits and easily propagated among them, while proving harmless to other animals and to birds. A liberal offer was made by the pastoralists of the state for the introduction of this disease, and experiments were conducted under the supervision of a Government Medical Officer who in November, 1907, reported that though the microbe could be made to infect small animals there was no reason to apprehend danger from its practical use, but the efficacy of the virus as a destroyer had, nevertheless, not been demonstrated.

New South Wales is not the only part of Australia where rabbits abound. I have not the official figures, but rabbits have passed from Victoria through New South Wales and well into Queensland and West Australia. Mr. Wm. Rodier, of Melbourne, says that after allowing for the profits made out of the rabbit industry the loss to Australia cannot be less than £25,000,000 a year. He puts down the cost of protective netting already spent as £15,000,000, which would seem quite likely, in view of the official figures for New South Wales. Mr. Rodier says of the wire fencing

that it should be used as fencing ordinarily is, namely to keep the rabbits *in* not to keep them *out;* that within the fenced areas they should be raised for profit and that outside they should be destroyed. He says that one of the chief causes of drought is the rabbits; they make an ordinary dry time into a drought and a drought into a calamity.

The blow-fly plague is blamed by Rodier on the ordinary trap and on poisoning. Before the advent of rabbits, blow-flies were unknown. Not only are birds that might help to control the flies killed by poison, but the rotting carcasses are excellent breeding places and are frequently seething masses of maggots. "When such numbers as 65,000 rabbits are poisoned at one tank or water hole in ten nights, 15,000 at one tank in one night, 22,000 at one tank in two nights, and in many instances 10,000 at a tank in one night is it any wonder that the blow-fly is a trouble".

In March, 1918, Rodier writes: "In a report on a pastoral holding submitted to the shareholders last month is the following: 'The losses in sheep during the year amounted to 8,024, mainly attributed to blow-flies, which gave considerable trouble. Every effort is being made to deal with the pest.' Dips of various kinds are used but this involves mustering and handling the sheep and loss of wool."

Rodier's plan for rabbit extermination starts out from a paragraph in the chapter on sexual selection in Darwin's origin of species which reads: "This leads me to say a few words on what I have called sexual selection. This form of selection depends not on the struggle for existence in relation to other organic beings, or to external conditions but to the struggle between the individuals of one sex, generally the males, for the possession of the other sex. The result is not death to the unsuccessful competitor but few or no offspring."

Rodier says it is a curious fact, nevertheless a true one, that all animals and birds kept by man for profit are kept in the polygamous state, such as sheep, cattle, horses, pigs, goats, fowls, and birds of all kinds. Anyone keeping these animals or birds polyandrous and at the same time for profit would be looked upon as a fool. Hence Rodier proposes for the extermination of rabbits and rats that they should be made polyandrous. He gives evidence that at the present time, there are among both rats and rabbits, a greater number of females than of males. A greater number of females are caught, and Rodier thinks that females are less inclined than males to leave their home and that the excess of females is greater even than shown by those caught. What is known as the Randwich test where rabbits were kept polygamous showed three females born for one male. One test which extended over sixteen years and was carried out on a 64,000-acre holding gave sixty-seven males to 100 females.

Rodier's plan is to catch the rats or rabbits alive, to kill all the females, and set free all the males. (He suggests cutting off the tails of the rats and a portion of the ear of the rabbits so that they may be recognized if caught again). Naturally, if there were any hope of catching *all* of the rats or rabbits *this* policy would not be adopted, but there are always enough females in hiding to continue the race in large numbers. By Rodier's method the males would finally become more in number than the females and would persecute the latter to such an extent that they would be killed or become sterile. Rodier tried the plan for a number of years on a ranch of 64,000 acres, and published photographs in which he shows the boundary line between his holding and the next, both of them netted, but in his neighbour's the ordinary methods of traps, poisons and dogs were used. On one side of the line fence, the ground is as bare as a tennis court, on the other the growth is vigorous if not luxuriant.

Mr. Rodier has not been very successful in getting others to consider his plan seriously and to try it on a large scale. He has worked for a number of years in Australia but has found Ministers of Agriculture and of Health largely apathetic. But at last he is gaining attention and individuals in different parts of the world are interesting themselves. So far as I am aware one of the most important of these is Mr. Geo. Jennison, of Manchester, a Fellow of the Geological Society and owner of the Bellevue Zoological Gardens (eighty-six acres), which serve as the Manchester Zoo. He first heard of Mr. Rodier's plan in 1915 and immediately began experiments on rats in his gardens. As a result, he made a report to the National Sanitary Congress (British). I have a copy of the report. In leading up to the subject of extermination of rats he says: "Selection of sexes by man, among wild creatures must be exceedingly rare but there are two marked instances illustrating each aspect of the case to which attention should be drawn. The one is the Bird of Paradise, a bird closely related to the monogamous crows; sober coloured and inconspicuous the hens are of no value, but the gorgeous cocks have been hunted for their plumes for thousands of years with the result that they have developed polygamous habits and have saved the species from extinction. A cock has now about fifteen hens around him. The contrary is seen among the pigeons with whose habits I am well acquainted from many years as a fancier. They are also monogamous birds, but very salacious and the damage wrought by one unpaired male is so great that most fanciers keep a couple of hens to guard against the danger. Then nothing unusual occurs, the hens may mate together and lay useless eggs but occasionally a cock bird will pair with two hens and Robert Fulton, the great fancier, reports one case where a cock paired regularly with five hens, so that there is every probability that the race could be made as gregarious as the birds of paradise have become."

"In the case I am going to mention, man unwittingly adopted the contrary procedure, resulting in the most rapid and marvellous extinction of a species that the world has ever known. I refer to the Passenger Pigeon, an extremely hardy bird, of long sustained and rapid flight that ranged in North America from the great lakes to Mexico and from the Rockies to the Atlantic seaboard. Audubon and Wilson each speak of single flocks estimated in one case at 1,150,000,000 in the other at 2,-240,000,000. When they nested (and an area of 28x7 miles is called small) they broke down the branches of big forest trees with their weight. At this time every one turned out to slaughter them, parties camped in the woods, hogs were fattened on the fallen squabs, Michigan sent 12,000,000 to market in forty days, but what is that in 2,240,000,000? The killers did more; the slaughter took place at nesting time, the hen pigeon sits twenty hours out of the twenty-four and is more devoted than the cock, and will even take his turn if he deserts his post. It is probable, therefore, that of the adults killed at least three-fourths were hens. Note how quickly the results become apparent. The United States is an enormous and very sparsely populated area; in 1813 Wilson noted the stupendous flight; in 1857 Ohio was already thinking the birds needed protection, in 1867 it was too late; in 1892 Cincinnatti Zoological Gardens obtained a passenger pigeon that lived for twenty years, the sole survivor of a vanished race In my opinion, man upset the balance of sexes and the ardour of the male pigeon completed the disaster.

"It is a melancholy chapter of human foolishness, but science may profit by these errors of ignorance and use the experience in dealing with the very minor numbers of the equally salacious rat and rabbit. We cannot kill all the rats, but we can alter the proportions of those left alive by killing

the females and releasing the males to work destruction of their race."

Mr. Jennison says that the idea was first suggested to him by a gamekeeper, Isaac Bailey, who had proved that the best way to replenish a depleted rabbit warren was to net the poor remnant and kill every male that came to hand. He afterwards found the same idea in an old book, "Jesuit Relations in Canada, 1634". The writer, speaking of the beaver, says: "We will counsel them (the Indians) not to kill any but the males. If they act upon this advice they will have skins and meat in the greatest abundance."

It seems, however, that Mr. Jennison did not change his habit of killing all the rats caught until he heard of Mr. Rodier's experiment with rabbits. A room trap had been used regularly for forty years. In Mr. Jennison's paper he describes how a room trap may be arranged and says that if trappings are made only fortnightly the rats do not become suspicious. He gives detailed figures of the trappings in Bellevue from which the following are selected: In the year 1916 three hundred and twenty rats were caught, 146 being males and 174 females; in the year ending June, 1920, two hundred and sixteen were caught, 107 males and 109 females. It should be noted that all the males caught were counted, even if caught previously, but when released they seldom come into the trap again; the loss of their tails being apparently an incentive to them to stay away. During the first six months of the experiment more males were caught than females, but each year afterwards more females than males. In the last year recorded there was practical equality and from now on the race should be rapidly killed off. During the nearly five years from October, 1915, to June, 1920, there was a total catch of 1504, of which 612 were males and 892 females, which is somewhat more than two males for three females. So far as Bellevue Gardens are concerned I should think it better if the males were set free uninjured as they would be more likely to stay about the place till the females were killed off, when the whole tribe would desert the locality; but Mr. Jennison seems to be pleased that his tailless rats "carry on the good work elsewhere".

It would seem that any large centre might well expend a good deal of money in trying out Rodier's plan. Copenhagen has tried very thoroughly the general slaughter of rats for twelve years or more with little success. At the very lowest estimate, New York must lose $10,000,000 a year from rats, probably $20,000,000 would be more nearly correct. In view of this fact, one or two millions a year spent on the Rodier plan would be a small matter. Ten years, if not less, would test the value of the plan and even if it were found valueless, the sum spent would be small compared with what has been spent on other failures to get rid of the vermin.

Probably an expenditure of £50,000 a year would test the matter with rabbits in a 100,000-acre ranch in Australia; and this sum divided between the federal government and the states interested would not be a large amount.

The total cost of the war has been estimated at £30,000,000,000 and the damage done by rats all over the world at £3,000,000,000 a year, that is nearly half the annual cost of the war. Assuming the latter figure three times too great the loss caused by rats, would, if saved, pay at least three per cent. interest on the cost of the war. Miss Frances Pitt calculated the damage done by the rat as 3d. per day. per head, and calculates for Britain £200,000,000 yearly. Even if her calculation were ten times too large, it would evidently pay to expend two or three millions a year in any experiment with such a reasonable hope of success. Let us hope that at all events the experiment will be carried out thoroughly on the Calf of Man. A city somewhat isolated, say Madrid, would appear to afford a suitable place for the test.

HOMELESS

From the Painting by George Clausen in the Canadian War Memorials Collection.

THE VISIONARY

BY ODETTE TCHERNINE

THORA JARLING was a mere wisp of a girl, elfin-faced, and with quantities of fair hair. She lived on a little rocky island in Jotuns Fjord, and was alone most of the time, for her father owned a fishing vessel and came home late at night. The only other human being on the Island was Fru Ingeborg, as she was called, a half-witted old woman who lived in a tumbled-down cottage near the shore.

"What a pity you haven't time to come to the mainland when the travelling schoolmaster is there," Eric Larsen once told Thora.

A vague regret came in Thora's clear eyes. She could read and write, but no more.

Eric Larsen was the son of a man now sailing the cod fisheries, and on his return Eric was to join the crew of a whaler as second mate. He was seventeen, and two years older than Thora, and until now had accepted her hero-worship as a matter of course.

"I shall join next month," he told her one morning. "Father returns from the Lofodens next week if the weather remains good."

Thora's fingers blundered with a rent in the net she was mending.

"I shall leave you my books," he went on generously, and Thora gave a pale smile.

"I shall make my way," Eric pursued enthusiastically, "and then I shall paint pictures, and make my name, and you will hear that I have become famous." His blue eyes glowed with the light of boyish dreams.

"You might own a ship some day," she suggested, looking rather wistful.

He laughed, and shook his handsome blonde head in an impatient way.

"You don't understand, Thora. That wouldn't be greatness."

Thora looked worried. But a few minutes later she smiled good-bye to him from the summit of their favourite rock as he pushed his boat down the shingly incline of beach, and rowed back to the mainland.

Thora stared at the gray-green waves, at the clear, high sky, at the bracken and rocks of her lonely little isle; at the wild, beetling cliffs of Jotun's Fjord; then she turned away, and reaching her cottage door proceeded to mend the net once more.

One morning, more than a week later, she heard the grate of Eric's boat on the shore, and she dropped her work, and went and halloed to him from their rock.

The whaler was to sail sooner than had been expected, he said, and he had come to say bood-bye, and to give Thora his books.

"Will you ever—ever come back?" she asked timidly.

"I mean to make my name. I've got it in me, Thora, you know."

"Oh, Eric, but don't you love the homeland? Aren't you sorry to leave the Fjord, and the pines, and—and everybody? I'm sure you don't mean to come back!"

"Yes, I do. I love the old country, but I love my paint brushes—"

"Your paint brushes can't feel, Eric."

"I will come back," he persisted stubbornly, and as he looked into her face his pulses beat quickly and he wondered why he had never noticed before that Thora's gray eyes were as clear and pure as the northern skies under which they stood.

"Thora . . . " he stammered. Something too deep for speech was stirring in his wild heart; something that uplifted yet rendered him inarticulate, that made the earth golden and mere words poor.

"I—love—you, Thora," he went on jerkily. "I want you to be my betrothed." He always "wanted" things, and never doubted whether he would get his wish.

Thora hung her head. Emboldened, he kissed her.

"I'm too young, Eric. Father and everybody else will laugh," she whispered.

"Thora, dear, don't you love me? Oh, I'm sure you do!" he pleaded like the boy he was.

"I'm sure I do, Eric. It—it's going to be very lonely," she faltered.

"You'll read the books and try not to feel lonely, and I'll paint a great picture and make my name, and I'll come back and fetch you," he said eagerly. "Think, Thora, of all the beautiful countries we shall visit together, and the picture—just think! It will be you, Thora, with the wind in your hair, and the rocks around you, and Jotun's Fjord in the background."

A sparkle came to her eyes, she had caught a little of his youthful enthusiasm.

They stood hand in hand by the rock, the waves broke in a line of heaving surf at their feet.

"I want to give you something to remember me by, Thora, but I can't—I haven't time now, and I am so poor though I mean to be rich some day."

"I can remember you without a keepsake, Eric," she replied, "but perhaps you won't remember me. You'll see so many places, so many people!"

"Oh, Thora, as if I could forget you when we are betrothed! See, Thora," he took a narrow silver ring from off his little finger. It just fitted her third finger.

"Eric, it belonged to your mother! It is beautiful, and I shall prize it very much!" she exclaimed, and gazed at it with as much pride as if it were gold and diamonds instead of a cheap circle of silver.

"Why, that's nothing to what I shall buy you," he said with the splendid arrogance of youth who thinks that no obstacles between him and his heart's desire are insurmountable.

"Then I must give you something, Eric," she began after a minute's pause. "I have this locket, but it is ugly and battered. I would have taken better care of it had I known that I should give it to you some day," she went on innocently, "besides, I have nothing to put inside it."

"Yes you have, Thora. A lock of hair will do. It's—it's the most beautiful hair in the world," averred Eric Larsen who had until now seen only one little out-of-the-way corner of the world, and who was blushing furiously because he was so little used to paying compliments.

"Will you cut it?" Thora asked, unfastening one of her plaits. He cut a small, thick lock with his pocket-knife, placed it inside the locket, and fastened the same round his neck with a piece of string.

"Eric, how I wish that was magic, and could always keep you safe!"

"It is magic. Every time I touch it, it will keep me from doing wrong things, even if I am ever so much tempted, Thora."

"I'm sure you will never do anything bad. Why, you couldn't, Eric, for I shall be praying ever so hard whilst you are gone. You'll return soon, won't you, Eric?"

"Yes, and we'll be married, and be ever so happy. Promise me, Thora."

"Yes, I promise. And—and you, Eric?"

"I shall always love you, Thora dear. Now good-bye." He took her in his arms and kissed her, and Thora was left alone by the rock, trembling very much, for he had not kissed her like that before, and Thora was such a child that she felt frightened.

That same night, with the wild wind rattling the cottage window, and the thought of Eric sailing far, far away, she opened the books, and read them painstakingly.

She rose, put the oil-lamp in the window to guide her father's footsteps, and returned to her book. She was determined that when Eric returned he should not find her ignorant.

*

Eric Larsen had signed on for three years.

He was a favourite with his shipmates, and joined in their rough-and-ready life with zest. He amused them, and caricatures often came from his ever-ready pencil. Sometimes he wished that he had made a drawing of Thora and taken it with him, so he drew one from memory, and pinned it on the wall over his bunk. But the first mate and the whole crew laughed at him when he gravely informed them that that was Thora Jarling, his betrothed.

By the time he was nineteen, he had gone round the Horn twice, had sailed Arctic and Equatorial waters. He knew the Antipodes, had put up at many strange ports, had hob-nobbed with Briton, French, Slav, and "Heathen Chinese". He knew many a queer side-street in Singapore, 'Frisco, and Shanghai. But he still wore the little charm round his neck. Perhaps it was fatalism, perhaps superstition, for he seldom thought of the Island in the Fjord.

He gave up sea-faring life when he was twenty-one, and went to Paris where he managed to fall in with an artist who lived in the Latin Quarter. The artist picked him up and initiated him into the tricks of the trade.

Nash Vereker was an American, but for the sake of "Le Quartier" he affected floppy ties, and had grown a blonde beard which had gained him the sobriquet of The Viking among his English and American associates. One day they had a good dinner, another day they bought potato chips for a few sous. But Larsen always swore that he had an idea in his head—*the* idea, and that he would commit it on canvas as soon as it grew more formed.

There were occasional flashes of genius in his paintings of sea-faring life, but on the whole Eric only had a knack for clever daubs. The divine fire was not in him, but he knew how to touch the human note, so that after a few years he found his pictures selling rather well, and the public at large appreciating his semi-realism.

Nash Vereker sometimes swore at him, "That's not art, my son," he lectured, "it's mere trade. You're dabbling for filthy lucre, man."

Eric grinned. "We must have filthy lucre if we want to live, old fellow. Besides, what is *your* art?. *Do you* think you can be a second *Turner*, with your fearful orange *skies, your* stormy sunsets, and your volcanoes in eruption? I pander to realism the human note, etc., you pander to sensationalism; and our public is childlike and trusting, the darling!" Eric finished in English.

"But it's not art," the Viking bawled, running his hand through his beard.

"Bah!" said Larsen, "we've both got our *idée fixé*. And in the meanwhile we go on doing daubs because they're fools enough to pay us for them!"

"What is your *idée fixé* of a painting, King Olaf?" (This was Eric's sobriquet).

"Listen, old fellow!" Eric poised his brush in mid-air, and gesticulated with his palette hand. "Listen, here's the idea that's been running under

shoals of other bad, wild, brawling things: Listen! There's the sea in front with great hungry gulls circling about; in the back-ground the pine-trees of the mainland; at the side, a great, high Fjord; and the little island in the middle is all rocks, and shingle, and stunted broom, and the wind is everywhere. Sitting on one big rock—it is so big, and she so small that she half sits, half crouches on it, and her feet don't touch the ground—is—" Eric paused.

Vereker shifted his pipe to the other corner of his mouth. "Go on," he twanged, "this is getting interesting."

But Eric was painting away energetically. He had lost the flow. He felt a fool, and to comfort himself lit his pipe.

"What's the lady's name?" Nash drawled.

Eric looked uneasy. I've never seen such fair hair since then, and Th—and her eyes were clear as the skies over Jotun's Fjord."

"You're mad, King Olaf. You haven't got that picture in your head, but you've got it in your mad, fly-away heart, and you'll never paint it. Get along! You make me tired with your idea."

"We'll go round to Claude Beaupré, and see how he's getting on with 'Electra,'" Larsen suggested. Vereker grunted assent, and they went out together.

"The man's crazy, crazier even than you," he broke forth when they were nearing Beaupré's studio. "He thinks he can hew a real, live, vivid Electra out of stone. He's got the idea right enough, but it won't come out, clever though he is."

Eric laughed. "We're none of us geniuses, and we all have gorgeous ideas that won't come out."

"'You wanted a block of marble, I needed a music-master,'" the Viking quoted in a murmur.

"You haven't seen Claude's model?" he said as they made their way upstairs.

Claude Beaupré greeted them with a nod, and waved his hand towards a divan. There was a furrow on his brow, and his dark hair looked rumpled.

"Electra will drive me mad—I'll never manage her," he exclaimed, turning to his visitor. Nash scratched his nose. There was no doubt that the statue was poor work. The flesh and blood Electra on the model's platform gave a faint giggle.

"I told you you couldn't do it, mon cher," she teased in a silvery voice, and shifting at the damp damp draperies that hung from her shoulders.

"Margot, I don't pay you to make rude remarks about my work, do I?" asked the sculptor.

"You haven't paid me for some time—not my full price."

"But I've often taken you to dinner at the Père Michelet."

"That doesn't count; you've got credit there," Margot chirped, getting down from the platform. This raised a general laugh, and Eric called her "Miss Hard Cash". She flashed her vivid, light green eyes at him, and smiled.

Eric took another look at her, and was fascinated on the spot. Her whole poise and her features were purely classical, her complexion satin smooth. Her hair was dark brown with red-gold threads in it, and the vivid, restless eyes scintillated like green jewels under finely arched brows.

"Do you know, it's a difficult subject to tackle in cold, unemotional stone," said Eric at last, turning to Beaupré. "Electra needs colour. How can you put such life, fire, and defiance into stone eyes, man, unless you're a genius such as never existed?"

Beaupré laughed. "The conceit of you, King Olaf! The conceit of the man! He thinks he can paint Electra straight away!" Beaupré cried turning to Vereker as if for evidence.

"Look here," Eric began excitedly, "you try something stiller, something

less full of fire—try Orpheus and Euridice, but leave Electra alone. Electra must have colour, colour, colour, and light and shade. You're not a Pygmalion any more than I am a genius, and it's not a subject to carve; it's a subject to slash away at with a paint brush to get effect!"

"Don't fly away with the idea. It's too ambitious."

"It's an inspiration."

"I think so too," Margot chimed in, and her wonderful eyes dwelt caressingly on the young Scandinavian.

"I bet you make a hash of it," said the sculptor.

"Not I!"

Margot gave a little smile. She disappeared to divert herself of the wet draperies, and returned wearing a pale green dress, and with her hair twisted in a loose knot at nape of her neck.

"Where did he pick her up?" Larsen asked his friend later on.

"Somewhere at a dancing-hall," Vereker replied. "She is a beautiful bit of flotsam. French and American parentage, I believe. She doesn't know her own worth, but I guess you taught it to her to-day."

"I?" Eric stared and burst out laughing. "I hardly spoke to the little minx!"

*

Eric was scraping out an unsatisfactory nose on the following morning after having painted a shadowy background for Electra which was still vivid in his mind, when a light footstep paused outside, and someone knocked at the studio. He gave a pleased exclamation when Margot appeared on the threshold.

"Sit down. I wanted someone to talk to. It was kind of you to come," he cried. "What's happened to Claude?"

"Claude's got on a fit of the dumps, and he won't return to his studio till to-night. Out of funds, you know," Margot explained cheerfully.

"Poor old Claude!"

"I'm sick of plaster and stone; I like colour, colour, colour!" she mimicked. He laughed.

"Paint that picture you said yesterday," she pleaded all at once as they stood together before the easel. "You're working half-heartedly, King Olaf. Start on Electra, and you'll see how well you work. I'll sit for you. Claude is dismal. He makes me feel I want to cry."

"Poor Margot!"

"Do paint Electra!" she begged.

"Margot, where did you learn English?" he asked. He was unpinning the half erased fancy head from the easel, and putting up the other canvas instead.

"With my father," Margot explained, unabashed. He wrote beautiful poetry. One couldn't hear the twang in poetry, so it was all right, all right," Margot gabbled on. "Did you ever hear of—" She mentioned a name well-known in semi-literary, semi-bohemian circles, a name renowned for versatile powers, great brilliance, and general unstability.

She did not come the next day, for Beaupré required her to sit for him, and he wondered what put her so out of temper.

"Margot," began the sculptor at last, "you are in love with that damned Norwegian. Handsome is that handsome does, ma cherie, and I would be kinder to you, I would love you better than he." He turned his eyes on her, but Margot looked away, bored.

She managed to go to Eric's studio daily the next week, for Beaupré went to stay for a few days with some rich relations in the hope of gaining a few crumbs.

In the intervals between painting, Eric would smoke, and "educate" Margot, as the Viking called it.

For the next few days he worked feverishly, and Electra seemed to come to life on the canvas, and Margot's twinkling, soulless eyes brightened with admiration when she came before the easel.

At last Electra was finished, and Eric stood before the canvas like a young pagan in front of some wild, beautiful goddess; like Pygmalion before a marble Galatea. His features were flushed, his eyes shining.

"It's the best thing I've done," he breathed, "the best, and that's without conceit, Margot! Look at her eyes—look at the defiance. And I put soul into them, you little heathen! Electra will bring me fame, Margot, she'll go to the Salon. D'you know," he laughed excitedly, "I feel like going down on my knees and kissing the canvas!"

"Canvas is cold," Margot murmured.

He put his hands on her shoulders, then tilted up her chin. "You think the real, live original is better? So be it. By all the powers, Margot, how beautiful you are. You witch of a girl!" She was in his arms, her gold-streaked hair touched his cheek, and her lips met his willingly, half-way. As he kissed her, a memory came to him like a rush of wind from the north. He thought, not of other women he had kissed, but of the grate of a boat on the shingle; of a gale-swept shore, and a slight, fair figure with clear, deep eyes.

"Eric—King Olaf . . ." Margot's voice broke upon him and brought him back to the studio. "King Olaf, I do love you."

He burst out laughing. "Margot, you naughty, naughty girl to say that before I even say it!"

When Nash Vereker returned he voted his picture a masterpiece, and called Eric "lucky beggar."

On the day when Larsen's picture was exhibited and had a success, they returned to the studio elated and triumphant, and found Claude Beaupré there.

"Hello! Have you managed Orpheus and Euridice?" Eric asked.

Vereker shot him a reproachful glance. Beaupré flushed dully and looked at the girl.

"You are not content with stealing my idea, but you must steal her as well," the sculptor began. "You are a bounder!" His fist shot out and caught Larsen on the chest. Eric fell back a pace, then started forward threateningly, then stopped, an odd change coming over his face. When Beaupré had hit him, something hard and sharp cut his neck under the stiff shirt collar, something he had forgotten in to-day's triumph, something which he forgot many other times before.

Margot looked on, a little devil of mischief dancing in her eyes. Slowly she sidled towards Beauprê, her quick glance noting his assurance and confident air.

Vereker came between the two men. "Don't come to blows," he said, "it's not worth it."

Eric's hands dropped to his sides. "No, it's not worth it," he echoed. "You were right in calling me names," he added to the Frenchman, "I've—I've been a bounder. I apologize."

An hour later, when they were alone once more, Vereker found him sitting before a blank canvas, his chin sunk in one hand.

"Come, old fellow, you weren't in love with the girl. Cheer up!" he said.

"I suppose I only wanted to cut out Beaupré," Larsen replied slowly. "Isn't it fiendish? And yet the whole thing made me paint a better picture than I've ever done."

Then Vereker saw what he held in his hand: an old locket with a little golden curl behind the glass.

"Well I'll be—jiggered!" exclaimed the American.

*

A few weeks later Vereker showed Eric an engraving of Electra in an illustrated journal, also some complimentary cuttings from different papers.

"Bah! I hate the thing," Eric said with his usual revulsion of feelings.

"You exaggerated young ass!" Vereker shouted. "Whether you like it

or not the thing has made your name."

"I'm starting a better one, dear old Viking. Don't you worry. It will be *the* picture, the real thing. You remember the outline I gave you some time ago? That one will make me famous."

And Eric took off his coat and started to mix colours.

He worked hard during the next weeks, and gradually the atmosphere of the Northlands came to life under his brush. But it was vague, incomplete, and unsatisfactory, though he tried to make himself believe that once he painted in the figure all would be well.

At last he had Thora before him, Thora with her two fair plaits, her clear, serious eyes, and the wind blowing her gray homespun skirt.

When Vereker saw it he said:

"Keep it for yourself, King Olaf. Don't exhibit it. It may be precious to you, but the public won't look at it."

But Eric was obstinate, and the picture was exposed, and turned out a dead failure.

"What will you do now?" Vereker asked.

"Work, and then go to Norway."

"Your work has gone down in tone, Eric. You'll never make your fortune at it."

Larsen passed his hand over his forehead. "It's rotten to think that the painting I slashed away at for a whim should be a success, whilst the painting I meant to be the best in my life should turn out a failure!"

"You waited too long to bring it out," Vereker croaked, and he let him have the last word.

What Vereker said was true. The dealers got to notice the difference, and orders fell off considerably.

The flashes of genius were rare now, and then Eric got an offer for illustrating books and magazines. It was a come-down from his ambitions.

"I mean to do something before I go to Norway," he told his friend.

"Since I can't keep up my reputation—make my name, I shall keep up my position and make money."

Vereker addressed the skylight. "Some time ago he was mad with inspirations, now he's going to be mad with overwork," said he.

He was not far wrong. Eric made money rapidly now that it was not a question of making his name, but he overburdened his brain. He took on heavy orders, and extra work made him burn the midnight oil.

"Bad for the brain, bad for the constitution. Once you worked erratically, spasmodically, now you work on the non-stop system, my son," said Vereker.

But Eric would not pay heed. He used to think of Thora while he worked.

One day something seemed to snap in his brain, and he came to consciousness again with a blinding, torturing headache.

"You've worked yourself into a breakdown," Vereker informed him grimly. "What's the good of your comfortable banking account now? D'you know what a breakdown is?"

Eric groaned. He soon knew. The sight of paper, pencils, colours, and brushes sickened him, and he felt he loathed the whole artist's paraphernalia, and could never touch or see it again. What was worse, he fell a victim to insomnia. Night after night he smoked or read, and battled with that wakefulness.

Or sometimes Vereker stayed beside him and kept him company. He would make coffee on the little stove, and Eric from his bed would envy him the forbidden beverage.

One night Vereker had fallen asleep, when he was awakened by the opening and shutting of the door. Eric had apparently gone out and come in again, for his hat and coat were toss-

ed down on a chair, and Eric himself stood by his bed measuring something out in a glass.

He started, for Nash had risen and was at his elbow, a detaining hand laid on his wrist.

"Don't do it, Eric. It's no solution. You'll curse it after a time."

"Doctor's orders," Eric lied.

Vereker shook his head. He picked up the little locket lying on the table beside Larsen's watch, cigarettes, and matches, and held it out to him. "Can you swear on that?" he asked.

Eric started back as if stung. "You —fiend!" he cried.

"What would she say, Eric?"

For reply Larsen threw himself down on the bed with a groan.

"She's forgotten me, I'll warrant," he said at last. "Nash, you're a devil —a devil!" he added as he heard him empty the contents of glass and bottle in the sink.

The next day Vereker voted that they should pack their traps and take a trip to Norway, and Eric caught at the idea like a drowning man, and they set sail for Bergen soon after.

From Bergen they went by rail to the station nearest to Jotun's Fjord, and from there he and Vereker walked to the village inn.

He seemed in a dream. A day passed before he dared make inquiries.

He was afraid of what they might tell him. Then little by little he knew. The old house where he had lived was deserted, his father had died. He found himself thinking of the old man with regret. Then he heard that Sven Jarling, Thora's father, had emigrated to Rio de Janeiro, and that Thora taught in the town school.

Eric chartered a boat and went to the island that same afternoon. He left the boat on the strip of beach as of yore, and strode towards the cottage at the end of the path. He wanted to look in at the window, but could not bring himself to do so, and gave an unsteady knock at the door.

The door opened, and Thora stood on the threshold, Thora with the fair plaits coiled round her head instead of hanging on her shoulders; with almost the same child's face as before, but with a stiller deeper look in her eyes.

She stared at him, then a faint colour rose to her cheeks.

"Thora," he said huskily, and held out his hands. She smiled and did not speak for a while.

"You've grown a man, and—and yet you are the same Eric as before," she said at last.

"Yes, I'm the same Eric as before," he echoed, snatching eagerly at her words. "Are you glad to see me?"

"Very glad." She raised her clear, cool eyes to his. "I haven't wasted these eight years, Eric. I studied hard —I travelled a little round the country, and I teach in school now."

"Thora, did you think I should not come back?"

"I thought so. We were both children then."

Those words sent a chill over him, but when he looked again he saw that her eyes were downcast, and he saw something else: a cheap little silver ring on her third finger.

He caught her hands. "Thora, you have not forgotten!"

"Have you?" She put a wavering finger to where the locket hung round his neck.

"Did it keep you safe?" she asked, a queer smile on her lips.

"Oh, Thora, it did not keep me from temptation, but I loved you all the same, my dear!"

"Have you fulfilled your aims? Have you painted a famous picture?" He flushed with shame. "I painted a picture which made me famous at the time, but it was not the picture I loved. Later on, when I was less mad, I painted the picture I loved, Thora, and it was a failure in the eyes of the world, but in my eyes it was the most beautiful in the world. I will show it to you, and then you will understand."

But she had understood already, or half understood.

"I'm not the genius I thought I was, Thora. Listen to my life since I left Jotun's Fjord, and then tell me what you think of me."

He told her and she listened. Thora had always been a good listener.

"And now I have come down to illustrating. It pays well. I have money—a good lot of money, and for the last six months I worked like mad, and got a breakdown and insomnia. I'll tell you why I did it to-morrow when I show you the picture I love. Now tell me what you think of me."

She was pale, but her eyes had a light in them which they seemed to have borrowed from the skies above. He thought of Margot's soulless eyes, and a deep, unspeakable relief filled his heart.

"You have suffered," she said simply, "you have suffered, though it was your doing!"

And she held out her hands to the world-stained man.

"Oh, Thora, you make me feel bitterly ashamed! How can you forgive and understand?"

"I do," said Thora with a queer smile.

SHIP OF DREAMS

By KATHLEEN WHEELER

MY ship of dreams went forth to sea,
(With prow of gold and sails of blue)
And crossed the opal-tinted waves
To find the land where dreams come true.

Fast, fast, the seasons waxed and waned
The winds blew soft,
The winds blew free,
And yet from out the far-away
My dream-ship came not back to me.

THE YELLOW CHAISE

BY HEADON HILL

AGUST of the biting north-easter, which had swirled through the alley from the churchyard opposite, swept the little man into the cosy hall of "The Dorset Arms", taxing all the strength of his wiry arms to close the door behind him. The effect, as presented to the one or two loungers at the bar, was that of a withered leaf blown in by the gale, so small and brown and lean was the new-comer.

The landlord detached himself from the group of his fellow townsmen and came forward hospitably.

"We are in for a wild nigiht, sir," he said, creasing his fat face in the welcoming smile of the eighteenth century host. "But we of East Grinstead make light of such weather, being well seasoned thereto. Does Your Honour wish for a room?"

He was in truth somewhat puzzled. The stranger wore spurred riding-boots, yet there had reached him no news of a stabled horse, nor had the ostler appeared from the back regions with a valise. And that the arrival had been by coach was an untenable theory. "The Dorset Arms" was the house of call for the mail-coaches to Tonbridge Wells and Brighthelmstone. They changed horses there. The up coach had passed through two hours ago. The down coach was not due for an hour.

The explanation was quickly forthcoming in a voice like a grating file: "I need no accommodation but the use of your public rooms. My horse cast a shoe as I was journeying to the Wells. I have left him at the smithy in the London Road and he will be brought to me when he has been shod. In the meanwhile I will take a cut from your cold joint and a tankard of ale."

The landlord led the way into the low-ceiled, oak-panelled coffee-room, and after handing the guest over to the waiter rejoined his cronies at the bar in the entrance-hall.

"Surly old cove," he said in a lowered voice. "I don't know what to make of him. Bagman, travelling in sugar and spice, eh, Hubbard?"

But Mr. Hubbard, the leading grocer in the town, shook his head sagely.

"Not so," he replied, glancing cautiously at the coffee-room door. "I speak by the book inasmuch as I know who the cully is. I was on jury at Lewes three years agone when he put the noose round Jerry Pogson's neck. 'Tis Master Aaron Sharp, the famous Runner, from Bow Street, London.

The statement caused much chin-wagging and whispered surmise among the local worthies, for the name of Aaron Sharp, the great thief-taker, was known far and wide. The wizened little man-hunter had trapped and sent to the gallows more knights of the road, cracksmen and evil-doers generally, than all his highly efficient brethren of the real waistcoat combined. Frail almost to emaciation he looked, yet many of his captures had been made single-handed, an iron nerve being served by tireless tenacity and cunning. And in the haunts of —the taverns of Drury Lane and Whitefriars—he was aided by an army of spies, faithful because he

could have hanged the lot had they proved otherwise.

The good burgesses of East Grinstead having discussed the presence of the distinguished stranger and come to the conclusion that it had no bearing on the affairs of their respectable town, went about their business, fighting their way out of the inn in the teeth of the gale. The landlord was putting all his strength into the closing of the door behind them, when, from behind Middle Row, the quaint cluster of ancient houses which divide the High Street into two thoroughfares, there dashed a yellow post-chaise to pull up at the door. A man leaped out, was blown into the hall much as Aaron Sharp had been, and the chaise clattered under the arch-way into the stable-yard behind.

"Damme, but it's rough on this hill-top!" exclaimed the late occupant of the chaise as the host managed to shut the door. "Warm and snug in here, though, Master Boniface. Where can I partake of a roast capon and a bottle of your best claret while the nags are baited. I am minded to bide here for an hour or two."

This was a gentleman of quality, if he was to be judged by his three-cornered hat threaded with gold, by the delicate lace at his throat and wrists, and by the sword-cane in his well-gloved hand. He spoke with a blend of langour and insolence that might or might not be taken for a sign of breeding—according to his company of the moment. The good landlord evidently accepted it as such, for he was more deferential than he had been with Aaron Sharp. He conducted his latest visitor into the coffee-room and remained to attend to his needs in person.

The Bow Street Runner had chosen a seat at the far end of the room, where, half-hidden in the shadow of a huge sideboard, he was taking his solitary meal. The exquisite summed up what he could see of him in a supercilious glance and removed his gentility as far as possible by sitting down near the window abutting on the street. While the waiter went to hurry the cook and fetch the wine he affably patronized the host, and even he detained the obsequious innkeeper, after the viands were set before him inviting him to drink and bragging of brave doings in the world of fashion.

"Captain Barton Trower, late of his Majesty's Dragoon Guards," he introduced himself, leering up into the stupid, credulous face after the second glass. "You will have seen my name in the news-sheets, I'll wager, as a leader in the highest circles?"

But the landlord had no time to more than bow his acknowledgment and hurry away with profound excuse. For above the wail of the wind there rose the steady beat of iron-shod hoofs and the rumble of wheels, heralding the approach of the mail-coach from London. A moment later it pulled up, and half a score of passengers trooped into the inn to snatch some refreshment while the horses were changed.

Noticeable among them were a beautiful girl and a feeble old man, muffled in a huge coat of many capes, whom she was tending with solicitous care, giving him her arm as she guided his faltering steps into the coffee-room. The gentleman who had arrived in the yellow chaise was on his feet in an instant, advancing with easy assurance to meet the pair.

"My Lord, your obedient servant. Lady Clarice, what a delightful surprise," he murmured. "There are vacant seats at my table, if you will so honour me. Pray permit me to be of service to you."

"Who is it, Clarice?" the invalid demanded querulously, hand to ear. "Do we know the fellow? What does he want?"

But the girl disregarded her father's questions and answered the first speaker direct, holdinig herself very stiff and prim.

"I thank you, Captain Tower, but we do not need of your services," she answered hautily. "I have a mind to

sit at the back of the room, away from the noise of the storm."

And she guided the tottering old man to the deeper shadows where Aaron Sharp was finishing his repast. Word had been passed to the landlord by the guard of the coach that these two travellers were the Earl of Hawksfield and his daughter, Lady Clarice Anstruther. The Earl was one of the richest peers in England, and the fame of Lady Clarice's beauty had reached even this dull Sussex town. No wonder the landlord hovered round such distinguished guests.

"Thank you, we require but two bowls of hot broth," the girl smiled at him. "And," she added, "if you have a screen please to bring it. His lordship has a chill, and there is a draught."

In those days titles counted. Moreover Clarice's smile compensated for the meagreness of the order. In a trice the eager host had produced a folding screen which blocked the current of air and, incidentally, the view of this end of the room from the people taking their refreshment near the door. Master Aaron Sharp, willy-nilly, had to share in the isolation, but he offered no objection to the adjustment of the screen, nor did he appear to notice the newcomers. He, however, took advantage of the propinquity of the landlord to demand in his rasping voice a glass of rum and water—hot.

The landlord, with his own hands having served both orders, was politely released from attendance by Lady Clarice, and for the space of ten minutes the proceedings behind the screen were veiled from the leisurely dining captain, and from the passengers at the front end of the room. The brief respite from the journey was sharply terminated by a blast from the guard's horn, notifying all concerned to take their places.

The elegant captain, a malicious gleam in his eyes, watched the tall girl furtively as she came from behind the screen, with filial devotion steadying the feeble steps of the invalid. But he did not provoke a second snub by attempting to address her, contenting himself with standing up and bowing profoundly as the pair passed out into the hall. Lady Clarice either did not, or affected not to, see the salutation. At any rate she did not respond to it. The exquisite by the window sat down again, and his eyes were now more than malicious—they were even sinister.

The gale had somewhat abated and the passengers were able to take their seats without the buffeting which had marked their entrance to the inn. The guard came to Lady Clarice's assistance in hoisting her charge into the coach. The other passengers, two inside and six out, took their seats, and the cumbrous vehicle started on its final stage to "The Wells", sixteen miles away. It trundled merrily along the Lewes road, but had got no farther than the dip into the next village of Forest Row when disaster overtook it, swift and sure. "Bang! Bang!" went two big pistols at the roadside, and the leaders fell, one shot through the head and the other plunging in its death agony. Seeing nothing else for it, the stolid old coachman got control of his wheelers and awaited events. It was not his first experience of the game of "high toby", and this was one which was evidently to be played in earnest.

An instant later a masked horseman appeared at the door of the coach, the moon shining fitfully through the storm-wrack on two fierce orbs glaring through the eyelet holes. A second double-barreled pistol had replaced the one which had wrought havoc with the horses. The weapon was thrust through the window, its murderous muzzle within an inch of the swathed head of the aristocratic invalid.

"Hand over the shekels, all of you," came the highwayman's sharp demand. "Every blessed stiver of cash, and your trinkets to boot. Quick

now, if you don't wish to smell sulphur and feel lead."

It was in keeping with the miserly character of the wealthy that he allowed the inside passengers who were strangers to him to part with their valuables first. His penurious habits were notorious, which was why the guard and coachman had taken it as a matter of course that Lord Hawksfield and daughter should be travelling by coach instead of by chaise or private equipage.

Lord Hawksfield's turn came at last, and the muzzle of the pistol was pointed at the shrinking figure in the corner seat.

"Now then, you in the mufflers. Don't keep me here all night. Sharp's the word, old scarecrow, if you want to sleep with a whole skin," the toby-man thundered.

But the threat was punctured by the sound of fast galloping horses, by a fierce shout, and, almost simultaneously, by the report of a firearm behind the coach. With an oath the highwayman wheeled from the coach door and was gone, his place being taken ten seconds later by Captain Barton Trower, his hat in one hand and a smoking pistol in the other.

"Lady Clarice! Your lordship! You are both unhurt, I trust? Thank God I came up in the nick of time to drive that varlet off," he exclaimed. "It was a fortunate chance that set me on the road for 'The Wells' this night. You will allow me to place my chaise at your disposal and to give you a lift to your destination? The coach is foundered. It cannot move till fresh horses can be procured from Grinstead—the matter of an hour at least."

Lady Clarice whispered to her companion with an air of reluctance, but he made an impatient gesture and struggled to his feet, as though insisting on the acceptance of the offer against her wishes.

"We are obliged to you, sir, and will take advantage of your kindness," the girl turned to the rescuer. "My father is much shaken by this untoward incident, and I fear for him the inclemency of the weather."

The captain lost no time in effecting the transfer. The two passengers singled out for his favour were quickly seated in the yellow post-chaise, bowling away from the wreck to the envy of the unfortunates left behind. The swathed figure, after emitting a grunt which might be taken for thanks, collapsed into the seat. Lady Clarice stared out of the window at the hedgerows, lit by the passing gleam from the chaise's lamps. For some reason best known to himself the ex-dragoon did not, as might have been expected, enlarge upon his prowess, but leaned back with something of an air of achievement. It was a singularly silent party, considering the hurly-burly from which it had just emerged.

So the chaise was soon traversing the long straggling street of Forest Row, the faint lights from cottage windows indicating their route to Lady Clarice who had often made this journey before. But when the village had been left half a mile behind the post-boy took a firmer grip on his bridle and swung the vehicle out of the main road into a lane where it went rocking and swaying upwards towards the wilds of Ashdown Forest. The girl who sat so still beside the old man on the back seat knew very well that they were off the road to Tunbridge Wells, but she gave no sign till they had climbed to the heathland where now, a century and a half later, the golf links deface the splendour of the woodland.

Then, suddenly, she stirred.

"This is not the way to the 'Wells,' " she said to the man facing her from the front seat, and there was no tremour in her fresh young voice. "But mayhap you know of a short cut, Captain Trower?"

An evil laugh greeted the quiet question. "You choose your words well, Lady Clarice," was the answer. "It is a short cut that I am taking you

—to a hireling parson and the joys of matrimony. You have yourself to thank for it, my winsome baggage, inasmuch as you responded to my advances at the Duchess of Wargrave's rout last week—up to a point. And then when I waxed too warm for your liking you grew as cold as ice. So, since I meant to wed you, I planned a little stratagem, and—well, you are bound for an ancient house in the Forest where the needful sanction of the Church awaits us. Screaming will not serve you. There is no one to hear amid all this welter of bracken and fir. Best make the best of it. I shall prove an attentive and tractable husband, so long as I have a free dip into the money-bags of the noble earl, your father."

A smothered snarl came from under the old man's wraps, but the girl did not break silence for quite a space. Then she said:

"I am not of the screaming sort, sir, and small need for screaming do I see at present. My chief concern is for this poor ailing graybeard whose son-in-law you think to become. You will never turn him adrift in the Forest, sir?"

The garish rogue was taken aback by the unselfish calm of the words. He even stammered as he replied, losing also some of the studied elegance of his diction:

"I had to bring him along to get you into the chaise, but the old josser need not trouble himself. I had thought to loose him hereabouts to find his way home as best he could. But as you are reasonable I'll take him along to the house and send him back in the chaise. The post-boy shall drop him within easy reach of an inn."

Lady Clarice's eyes shone like stars in the semi-darkness. "You are most considerate sir," she said. Then she laughed a little and added: "A ceremony such as you have arranged would be a sorry affair if the Earl's daughter were not given away by the Earl."

Somehow her gaiety did not seem of the infectious order. On the contrary it filled the abductor with a vague uneasiness for which he could not account. He was hardly so vain as to suppose that his lovely captive had succumbed to his fascinations and was reconciled to the fate he had sketched for her. It might be that she had conceived some mad scheme for giving him the slip when the chaise stopped, and if that were so it would be well to disillusion her.

"There will be fault for your ladyship to find with the ceremony," he said. "The parson is a sturdy fellow from the Fleet, and though we may have to wait till he is sober you may set your mind at rest that he is well up in his trade. There will be no flaw in the contract. I have provided a notable witness, too—no less a star in the firmament than Moonshine Mowlem."

"Gracious me! What a fearsome name, yet it seems strangely familiar," the silvery laugh rang out. "And pray, Captain, who might your friend Master Moonshine Mowlem be?"

"A man with a price on his head—the same who an hour ago for my last fifty guineas upset the coach on the Lewes road," was the reply. "You will have heard of him as the most noted tobyman out of London, I'll wager. Rough tools for rough work, you see, at the place we are bound for, if he has acted on his instructions. Payment was to be by results, you will please to understand. He was not to handle my nest-egg till the brood was hatched."

The girl sank back as though stunned by the overthrow of a design for escape which the presence of the notorious highwayman would render hopeless. The sound of sobbing came from her corner, and the Captain wasted no more breath on proclaiming the triumph of which he was now assured. He had pinned his faith to Moonshine Mowlem for the success of his enterprise, and now the mere name of the desperado had proved a trump

card. The Earl was evidently not to be reckoned with as a factor in the situation. The old man was leaning back, either dazed or maybe sound asleep.

So they came at length to a cleared glade in the Forest, where the fantastic gables of a half-ruined house were dimly seen over the back-ground of dwarf oaks and brambles. The chaise turned out of the lane into a private track, seamed with ruts and deep in mire, to pull up at the front door. The latter stood open, the flickering light of a candle in the hall showing the figure of a man in riding dress standing in the entrance. The expectant bridegroom jumped out of the chaise and turned to give his hand to the lady whose fortune he sought to grasp.

"Come," he said, leering insolently, "put your hand in mine, sweetheart, and let me help you down. See, there is the good Moonshine on the steps to welcome us. 'Twill be but like the drawing of a tooth. Then all will go as the marriage bells which, alas, we lack."

"But my father, sir—he is nearest you. Will you not assist him to alight first?" the girl shrank back and pleaded.

"No, my pretty bird—not till I have you safely caged," was the brutal answer. "Once you are behind Moonshine's broad back in the hall yonder I shall be sure of you. Then I shall return for his noble lordship, and by Criminy it looks as though I shall have to carry him to our nuptials. He is dreaming of his money-bags, seemingly."

A snore from the corner seat next the door justified the surmise.

Gathering her skirts, the girl rose and made as though to leave the chaise without further protest, but on passing the huddled heap she bent down and kissed the wrinkled forehead—all that peeped out between the shawls and comforters. Then with a long-drawn sigh she put her soft palm into the gauntlet outstretched to receive her. Trower turned to lead her into the house.

"Parson sober?" he demanded of the highwayman at the door.

"In his cups, but sound enough for your job," was flung back with a coarse laugh which died at birth.

For at that moment Tower went down, felled in his tracks by a blow from the butt of a pistol, and in a twinkling the same weapon was leveled straight at the speaker's head.

"In the King's name surrender or I fire!" croaked the harsh voice of the little man who had leaped from the chaise and dealt the blow.

Moonshine Mowlem was no coward, but he saw that to raise his own pistol would be to court instant death, so steadily was he covered by that unwavering barrel. He must trust to cunning to defeat the temporary advantage which the old nobleman had won. It was unthinkable that he, the Terror of the highway, should be bested by a doddering invalid twice his age.

"Have it your own way, cully," he replied. "Only don't play with that barker of yours. It might go off."

"Lay your own pistol on the ground," followed the stern command.

"Anything to oblige," the robber rejoined, doing as he was bid with confident good humour. "It isn't every day that a tobyman of repute has the honour to be stopped by a party with a handle to his name. Aaron Sharp couldn't have done that trick in proper style."

The figure in the caped overcoat advanced and picking up the discarded pistol tossed it into a shrubbery. Then from one of his voluminous pockets he produced a silken cord and beckoned the astounded post-boy.

"Tie me this fellow up securely, then the other," he commanded. "Nay, friend Moonshine, 'tis useless to resist," he croaked, unwinding the wraps that had hidden his face.

"Aaron himself!" the highwayman groaned, and he knew that Newgate and the gallows had overtaken him at last.

Late that night the yellow chaise clattered once more over the cobblestones into the yard of the Dorset Arms at East Grinstead. While the two prisoners were being placed under lock and key Lady Clarice tripped into the coffee-room, where she found Lord Hawksfield sitting up, sleepy but not inordinately anxious.

"We have them both," she announced gaily. 'Twas quite easy."

"I knew that you would, or I should not have lent myself to the venture," the Earl replied. "We owe much to Master Sharp—first for his discovery of the plot through his spies, but chiefly for that whimsy of his for changing places with me behind yonder screen. I will buy it, Clarice, as a memento of how we helped to scotch a brace of knaves."

Which purchase is why the motorists who nowadays throng the fine old Sussex hostelry do not see that screen in the coffee-room. Lady Clarice's great-great grandchildren are playing hide-and-seek round it in one of the stately homes of England.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE UKRAINIAN

By P. CUNDY

I WENT into the forest.

All so still and quiet there.

A child silence, so great that I grew afraid.

With warm words I try to reanimate it and myself and I speak the words. No echo comes.

All is as quiet and desolate as before; so deathlike is it in the luxuriant greenwood that sorrow comes over me.

Once more I cry loudly and speak out of a full heart the most ardent words there are in the world . . . and, can it be? In a long wave the echo rolls, surge after surge, like a merry wanderer emerging out of a chill ravine: "I love you." It went through the forest, but lived on in the memory of every flower though itself had long since perished.

OLGA KOBILANSKA.

From me to thee there stretches a bright pathway,

Like a silver ribbon.

Along it, lightly stepping, pass the lilies of my heart. The last lilies of my youth. Hanging their sorrowful heads, they look backward and say their farewells, "We shall never again come back, proud life, we shall never come back. . . . we are the last . . . let us remain but a day longer. . . . . ." But quietly they move along the calm pathyway to thee, that there they may fade and wither away.

OLGA KOBILANSKA.

PATH END, NEWFOUNDLAND

From the Photograph by
Edith S. Watson

MYTHS OF THE CONSTELLATIONS

BY DANIEL BUCHANAN

A MYTH is usually considered as a story of the gods, of rather doubtful origin and perhaps of still more doubtful content. It is a story of daring or romance which has been preserved in more or less fragmentary form from remote antiquity. The doctrine of the survival of the fittest when applied to the field of mythology seems to be this—the more unlikely the story the more likely it would survive. At least we moderns hope that this has been the law of survival, for if the specimens now extant are merely the mildest forms of primitive fabrication what could their masterpieces have been?

According to the lisping lassie, "a myth ith a woman that hath not got a huthband". Although there may be many fair creatures of the heavens who might satisfy this definition even after all these centuries of dazzling and unfailing brilliance, we shall not raise any such pertinent questions but leave them rather to the census man or the income tax commissioner. We shall be concerned only with some of the stories associated with the constellations and shall style them *myths,* whether they come from the ancient primitive peoples whose heavens were reflected in the Euphrates or the Nile, or from the more modern but none the less primitive races who watched the "starry skies" from the glow of campfires on the great prairies or from the foothills of the Rockies or Andes.

Where or when the constellations received their fantastic forms and names are questions difficult to answer. At any rate, some ancient nomad races who dwelt much in the open, both day and night, and were far removed from the Subs, the Great White Ways and the Movie Stars of the modern age, have chiseled about heterogeneous groups of stars vivid forms from their still more vivid imaginations—forms which represent the exploits of their heroes and heroines, their gods and demons—and these fantastic creatures have survived the great reaches of time even better than if they had been cut from stone. In fact an early tradition affirms that Seth and Enoch inscribed upon two pillars, one of brick and the other of stone, the names, meanings and secret virtues of the stars together with the divisions of the Zodiac. If this is the case, and Josephus states that he saw the stone pillar in Syria (no one has yet vouched for the brick pillar), then these two sons of Adam deserve more notoriety than their elder brethren who figured mainly in murder and matrimony.

In order to appreciate why so much attention was devoted to astronomy among the ancients, we must remember that among those primitive races astronomy was inseparable from religion and religious worship. No

doubt astronomy was first cultivated among the ancient civilizations that bordered on the Nile and the adjacent regions of Western Asia, and for those peoples there was one event which dominated their industry, astronomy and religion—that was the annual rise of the Nile about June 21. The rise was not attributed to natural causes but was looked upon as the manifestation of a kindly Providence. The sun-god, Ra, was pleased to spread the waters over the barren fields and by means of them deposit the sediment which would ensure an abundant harvest when the waters subsided.

As there were no fixed calendars at that prehistoric time (and we infer that no insurance companies existed), some means had to be found in order to fix the approximate time of the rise and subsequent inundation. This was done by marking, in some way, the point where the sun would rise the farthest north on the horizon as this occurs at the summer solstice, June 21. Since the event carried with it a religious significance, temples were constructed which would serve the two-fold purpose of indicating the direction of solsticial sunrise and of providing a place where thanksgiving could be expressed and sacrifice offered. The structure of these ancient temples is very interestingly explained in Lockyer's "Dawn of Astronomy" and various "cuts" given of their ruins at the present time.

The temples were constructed with a long passageway or axis directed toward the point on the northeastern horizon at which the sun would rise at the solstice. This axis led through various courts until it reached the holy of holies where an image of the god Ra was placed so that it would be illuminated with the rays of morning sunlight. On no other day in the year would the sunbeams penetrate so far down the axis of the temple but on this auspicious day the sun-god Ra manifested his presence as an indication that he was about to spread the waters over the parched fields and deposit the sediment which would ensure an abundant harvest. Thus the ancients cultivated astronomy partly for religious and partly for industrial reasons.

It is peculiarly significant that a certain part of the southern region of the sky is devoid of the more ancient constellations. This is evidence that the early star groupers lived between thirty-six degrees and forty-two degrees north latitude, and could not see this portion of the southern sky. It is well known to astronomers, both great and small, that the axis of the earth does not always point in the same fixed direction but that it rotates about a certain mean position in much the same way as the axis of the boy's top wobbles when he gives it a furtive spin on his desk at school. The time required for a complete wobble is 26,000 years, and so the mathematical astronomer who would subdue tradition and make it yield homage to the sublime authority of sines, cosines, and logs, computes when the south pole of the earth pointed most nearly to the centre of the above-mentioned unpeopled or unanimaled waste of southern sky and arrives at the date 2800 B.C. as the most probable time when some primitive P. T. Barnum uncaged his celestial menagerie of lions and goats, dogs, rams and bulls, centaurs and winged horses, strong men and fair maidens, dogs and bears both small and great, reptiles and scorpions, hawks and crows, swans and eagles, dolphins and whales, and led them accompanied by the music of the spheres in triumphal procession through the ethereal regions of space.

The constellation known as the Great Bear or the Big Dipper has more legends associated with its somewhat majestic appearance than with any other group of stars. It has been variously named, the Hippopotamus, the Bear, Charles's Wain, the Plough, etc., etc., but there is no preference for name so far as the arrangement of stars is concerned as any one object or animal will envelop the group just as well as any other. It would almost

seem like a misfortune or an afterthought that a long tail had to be attached to the bear so as to include the three (or four) stars in the handle of the dipper.

According to a legend which the Iroquois Indians held concerning the dipper, a party of bear hunters were attacked by three monster stone giants and all but three were slain. These three survivors, together with the bear, were "carried to the skies" by some sporting patron of the hunt, perhaps, where they might pursue their game unmolested. The four stars of the bowl represent the bear (before the tail was endowed), while the handle features the hunters. The first hunter, next the bear, carries a bow, the second a kettle to cook him in, Alcor being the kettle, and the third carries a bundle of sticks to prepare the fire when the bear is slain. In the autumn the first hunter hits the bear and his blood tinges all the foliage, turning the green to crimson.

Another legend concerning the Bear might be said to feature the Farmers' Movement. A farmer had two oxen stolen by two thieves. He first sent his servant after them but as the servant did not return, he next dispatched his housekeeper and dog (Alcor). Still no return. Then becoming impatient with the representatives he had sent to retrieve what had been stolen from him, he went after them himself. Unfortunately the farmer lost his temper just before he went or while he was going and consequently he was destined to continue a perpetual but fruitless chase.

The origin of the constellation known as Andromeda is lost in remote antiquity. The well known myth from which the constellation gets its name relates to Andromeda, the daughter of Cepheus and Cassiopeia, King and Queen of Ethiopia. It seemed that Cassiopeia boasted that she was fairer than the sea nymphs, but Father Neptune would not tolerate such disparagement of his Annette Kellerman and immediately dispatched a monster to ravage the sea coast of Ethiopia. The Queen thereupon appealed to the all powerful Zeus for deliverance from a ruthless foe, but he decreed that her proud and beautiful daughter Andromeda (the Andromeda Nebula shines only with reflected beauty!) should be sacrificed to appease the 'righteous indignation' of the sea god. The innocent suffered even in mythology! Poor Andromeda was forthwith chained to a wave-lashed rock, there to await her doom at the hands or rather at the mouth of Cetus the Whale, a neighbouring constellation, who loitered nearby impatient and yet reluctant to consume his victim.

Even the ancient star-groupers were not unfamiliar with the clever ruse of modern serial-story subdividers, who leave their heroes or heroines in the most exasperating circumstances and the only immediate relief is "to be continued" in the next number.

Of course we know that Andromeda had a rescuer! No lady of Andromeda's standing, to wit, a Princess, would be left thus to perish, especially if she were as beautiful as Andromeda was bound to be through inheritance.

The "next number", in this case a neighbouring constellation, presents Perseus, who was well fitted to deal with monsters of the deep. Having sailed through he air to the farthest shore of the Ocean in the neighbourhood of Night, he found the three Gorgon monsters asleep and beholding the reflection of Medusa in his shield, for a direct glance would change the beholder into stone, he severed her head with its coiffure of entwined snakes. Then mounting Pegasus, the Winged Horse, which sprang forth from Medusa's gushing blood, he sat out to the land of Ethiopia where another monster Cetus was awaiting his doom. He easily severed another gory head with the "trusty blade" which Hermes had given him and thus delivered Andromeda from her undeserving

plight. Of course we anticipate the sequel. No gallant exploit like this whether in fact or fancy could end otherwise than in a marriage.

But what about the King who played no part in this family tragedy? His constellation is approximately dim. And Cassiopeia the Queen? Surely she would be beside herself with remorse at seeing her innocent child suffer for the mother's vanity! Horror of horrors, she is neither screaming nor hysterical, but calmly reposing on a chair. The heavens themselves cry out against such dearth of mother love and daily upset the heartless Queen, chair and all, and dangerously suspend her about the pole.

The constellation Cassiopeia is about to have a modern Perseus associated with it. Since this group of stars is in the form of the letter W, the suggestion has been made, accompanied by an illustrative, copyrighted (1919), all-foreign-rights-reserved diagram entitled "A Tribute from a Grateful World", that "whereas

Woodrow Wilson

through his advocacy of a League of Nations has earned the imperishable gratitude of mankind, be it resolved that the constellation known as Cassiopeia — — — shall henceforth be known as 'Wilson', our nightly reminder of the aims and hopes enunciated and fought for by him for the good of all peoples." It is hereby respectfully submitted, as an amendment to the above resolution, without copyright or foreign-rights-reservation, that, in view of recent development in American politics, the word "Cassiopeia" be deleted from the above resolution and the words "Capricornus the Goat", be substituted therefor.

The constellations associated with the Andromeda myth may signify the victorious domination of man over the animal world. Other constellations as well convey this same idea, for example, the beautiful constellation Orion. Holding in one hand the lion's "gory mane", in the other a mighty club, and standing upon the timid Hare, Orion, the Great Hunter, threatens undismayed the infuriated Bull. We would expect Orion to be undismayed at the Bull, for did he not spring from an ox's hide after it had been buried in the earth?

There are two rather interesting legends concerning Orion. They both have to do with the age-long story of love, distraction, perfidy and remorse. One story is that Orion loved Merope, the daughter of the King of Chios. Probably because he was a mere hunter, his suit was frowned upon by the king, but no doubt because he was a hunter and would not allow his *dear* to escape, they eloped. The ruthless king pursued, discovered his perfidious would-be-son-in-law, drugged him and left him sightless and alone upon the sea shore. Following the sound of a hammer, the blinded hunter made his way to the forge of Vulcan and from there he was carried upon the shoulders of one of the cyclops to the East, and there meeting the sun-god was restored to vision by his beams.

The other story seems to give what might be called Merope's attitude in the affair, although it is another lady who plays the leading rôle. The moon-goddess fell in love with the Giant Hunter, but the sun-god disapproved of the infatuation and was resolved upon a treacherous destruction. The sun-god poured his golden rays upon Orion and called upon the moon-goddess to vie with Locksley at archery by shooting at the brilliant target. Having received training with Cupid's bow upon this self-same mark, she shot as usual an unerring shaft and unwittingly slew her lover in the blaze of light. When she had discovered her awful deed, she appealed in distraction to Jove, and Orion was placed in the sky near her orbit where she might gaze upon him in remorse. But it seems as if to intensify her remorse, the very bow and arrow she used was also placed in the sky in the constellation Sagittarius di-

rectly opposite Orion, to torture her, like Lady MacBeth's accursed spot, for her crime.

But we must not leave Orion, despite his unfortunate romances, forever holding at bay an on-rushing Bull, without naturally giving some slight attention to the Bull.

It is believed that Taurus, the Bull, was one of the first constellations to be named. About 4,000 years ago the vernal equinox was in Taurus and therefore the sun was in this constellation at the beginning of spring. As the return spring brings new life to the fields and forests, so the Bull was looked upon as the emblem of perpetual life or a symbol of immortality. The sun in Taurus was therefore an object of worship and was symbolized as Cherub, a bull with a human face, so familiar in Egyptian statuary.

According to the Grecian legend, Zeus fell in love with Europa, a daughter of the King of Phoenicia. He changed himself into a snow-white bull and approached her, "breathing saffron from his mouth" as she was plucking wild flowers near the sea shore. So charmed was she with his tameness and beauty that she wove a garland of flowers to adorn his curly brow and then alas! she mounted his back. Away he darted into the sea carrying his precious burden as far as the island of Crete. There he revealed himself and tenderly calmed the timid maiden. This kidnapping exploit is commemorated in the heavens by a blood-red star Aldebaran and on earth by a blood-soaked continent, Europe.

Closely associated with Taurus is the neighbouring animal Aries, the Ram. This constellation consists of only three of any importance. There is a wealth or legend associated with it due to the fact that the vernal equinox was in Aries when an animal was assigned to the constellation. While the vernal equinox is still styled the First Point in Aries, it is no longer in that constellation. Like the Bull, Aries typifies the spring sun. Many of the great sun temples erected to Ra had long rows of gigantic ram-headed sphinxes marshalling along the temple axis the first glimmer of the equinoctial sun in much the same way as modern butlers and footmen gaze with the traditional sphinx-like stare when the Pathé News ushers in a foreign potentate.

Like his neighbour, the ram also figured in a mythological kidnapping escapade, although on an act of mercy he was cruelly recompensed. Phrixius and Helle were about to be sacrificed to Zeus by Ino their stepmother, but the golden-fleeced ram, the gift of Hermes, provided a means of escape. They rode through the air upon this chariot of gold until Helle fell off into the sea, thereafter and therefore called the Hellespont. Phrixius had better success. He arrived safely in the kingdom of Aeëtes and out of gratitude for his deliverance (although the ram did not see it in just that way) he sacrificed the ram and bartered the fleece for a princess.

Along with the Hunter, the Hare, the Bull and the Ram, we naturally look for the Dog. Behind the Hunter and almost ready to spring upon the Hare, he shines conspicuously in the brightest of stars, Sirius. The rising of Sirius just before the sun was a sure precursor of the inundation of the Nile, and like a faithful watch dog it warned the people to flee from the lowlands to higher altitudes. The star was held in great reverence among the Egyptians and in the form of a man with a dog's head it was worshipped as the god Anubis.

The term "dog days" owes its origin to this constellation. In the hottest days of summer when dogs with the angry countenance are given a wide berth, Sirius adds its rays to those of the sun and this is supposed to account for the intense heat. There is not much appreciable difference in temperature due to this cause, however, as Sirius is eight and a half light years distant and its radiant

energy is somewhat diffuse when it reaches the earth.

Sirius is a very interesting binary. From the fact that its proper motion, that is its motion with respect to the other stars, is undulatory with a regular period of fifty years, Bessel inferred in 1844 that it had a travelling companion. An itinerary was computed for this invisible and unknown traveller and in the following year it was discovered as advertised and christened in due form with the name Comes, the fellow-traveller.

The Sirian system has this remarkable human characteristic that it is made up of "pull" and "light", and as usual these seemingly necessary attributes are not equally distributed. Sirius shines like four thousand companions such as Comes, but pulls like only two. At the distance of Sirius it would take twenty-one suns such as ours to supply its light but only two to supply its pull. Obviously in the Sirian system, promotion is based on "light" and not on "pull".

Wherever we have the big dog, we naturally expect to find the cur, and we are not disappointed as Canis Minor follows the Major. Procyon is the bright star of this constellation and it too has a companion which though drowned in the light of its showy mate is nevertheless a quiet little worker. The efficiency expert would rate Procyon and its companion as follows: "Light", 4700 to 1; "pull", 7 to 1.

Let us now leave the menagerie for a few moments in order to behold some of the exploits of the strong man, Hercules or Heracles. The constellation so named is one of the old-star groups but its origin is shrouded in mystery.

Hercules is not only one of the oldest heroes in Greek mythology but the most famous of them all. Every school boy is familiar with the picture of muscular manhood as Hercules paused a moment from his "Labours" that the sculptor might chisel the ponderous form of the hero as he leaned upon his gigantic club partly concealed with his knotted biceps and partly covered with the lion's skin. Equipped with such potential energy and so powerful a club, the hero might well accomplish the various tasks associated with his name. The major "Labours of Hercules", having been accomplished in prehistoric times, are divided into twelve parts, corresponding with the twelve signs of the zodiac, instead of into the more modern *fourteen* divisions, which likewise have their historic analogy.

The first labour was that of slaying the invulnerable lion of Nemea, upon whose impenetrable hide nothing could make an impression but the beast's own claws. To commemorate this task, Hercules always appeared thereafter somewhat scantily clad in the lion's skin, the jaws covering his head, and the lion in skeleton form appears in the sky in the constellation Leo. When this constellation received its name, the summer solstice was in that region of the sky. Just as the lion reigns supreme as monarch of the jungle, so the sun achieves the summit of its radiating power at the summer solstice. The Nile also had reached the summit of its overflowing power at the same time. The synchronism of these two "peak-loads" of power is symbolized in the modern custom of placing in our city parks bronze lions from whose "gaping mouth" issue fine streams of clear, cool, crystal, chlorinated, city water.

The second labour of Hercules was killing Hydra, the watersnake. The snake boasted the same parents as the lion but the family resemblance could not have been pronounced. Hercules seemed to have exhibited a partiality for snakes. Even when an infant he rose from his cradle and straightway strangled the snakes sent by Juno for his destruction. This seems to have been a preliminary tryout for his later encounter with the water-snake. The reptile had normally nine heads, one of which was im-

mortal. As soon as Hercules smote off one head, two more appeared in its place and the process of destruction seemed to be progressing in the negative direction. At last the nephew of Hercules, his charioteer, suggested burning the heads. This they accomplished but the immortal head was impervious to fire and could be "knocked out" only by burying it under a massive rock. The deed accomplished, Hercules dipped his arrows in Hydra's blood so that the wounds they inflicted would be incurable.

While this mortal encounter was in progress Juno again sent her compliments in the form of a crab to bite the foot of Hercules, the hated son of her rival, but although he readily disposed of the puny crustacean, it still lives in the constellation Cancer.

The remaining major tasks are not directly commemorated by constellations although by a somewhat belaboured effort a one-to-one correspondence, to borrow the mathematician's phrase, can be established between these twelve tasks and the signs of the zodiac. Thus, beginning with the summer solstice, the sun passes through Leo and this corresponds to the lion incident. As the sun next enters Virgo, Hydra sets, featuring the reptile's exit. When the sun reaches the next constellation, Libra, then Centaurus rises symbolizing the coming of the Centaurs to the cave of Pholus where they were attracted by the fragrance of the wine which Pholus offered to Hercules when he obtained a "stop-over" while en route to slay the wild boar of Arcadia in labour four. The remaining labours have been similarly treated.

There are various minor tasks some of which the ancient hero accomplished in certain fits of insanity to which he was subject. One of his insane deeds was to attempt to carry off the sacred tripod from Apollo's temple at Delhi, and as a punishment he was sold for a slave to the Queen of Lydia. He subsequently married the Queen, but whether in a fit of insanity or not my authority does not record.

As Hercules was about to offer a sacrifice to his father Jupiter, his wife, jealous of a hated rival, sent him a robe stained with the blood of Nessus the Centaur, whom Hercules had slain. This, she was assured, would restore her husband to her, should he prove unfaithful. As soon as his body had warmed the blood upon the garment the poison began to function. In vain he tore off the robe, but tore with it great pieces of muscular flesh. Apollo, diagnosing his case, prescribed that he be carried to the summit of Oeta where the dying hero calmly mounted the funeral pyre. No sooner had the flames been kindled than a thunderbolt from heaven carried him to the admiring gods. Once among the immortals, Juno became reconciled to him, and as a peace offering bestowed upon him her beautiful daughter Hebe, the cup-bearer of the immortals, as his wife. Thus, like Job, the last end of Hercules was even better than the first, if somewhat less varied.

In spite of his mighty achievements, both sane and otherwise, Hercules is represented in the heavens in a kneeling posture, an attitude not usually associated with the heroic. In explanation of this, it is related that as he was returning with the herd of red cattle of Geryones, in labour ten, he got into trouble with the Ligyes at the mouth of the Rhone. While he readily found occasion to fight he soon exhausted his supply of poisoned arrows, and sank in weariness to his knee. Then Jupiter rained down a copious shower of stones, thus supplying the much needed ammunition, and victory soon followed. The kneeling posture of the victor is a reminder of his dire straits and that he had to kneel down to pick up the stones. Some one remarked long ago that it was somewhat stupid of Jupiter, though probably in keeping with certain modern orders from H. Q., that he did not hurl the stones upon the Ligyes in the first instance,

thus relieving Hercules of his passing victory and his permanent humiliation.

And now we turn to some other interesting members of the family of Jupiter, viz., Castor and Pollux, the twins. Hercules outshone these other sons of Jupiter in mythology, but now the constellation Gemini is perhaps more conspicuous than that of Hercules.

In Greek mythology, Pollux was a famous pugilist and Castor an equally famous equestrian. In fact it was Castor who acquainted Hercules with the use of weapons of warfare. Warriors so well equipped as the twins were for an encounter did not have long to wait for a conflict in those heroic days. The occasion for the fight was either some cattle which had been carried off or two charming maidens who were betrothed to Idas and Lynceus. In either case the cause was sufficient. Castor slew Lynceus but was killed by Idas. Pollux, being immortal, slew Idas and thus he was left alone with the fair maidens (or the cattle). Whether on account of his inability to placate the maiden whom he did not choose or out of brotherly love for Castor, he besought father Jupiter to restore Castor and render him likewise immortal. As it is very seldom, even in mythology, that one family can contain two immortals, it was necessary for Pollux to descend into the abysmal depths so long as Castor lived. Says Homer's translator,

"By turns they visit this ethereal sky
And live alternate and alternate die".

About 6000 B.C. the hour circle passing through the vernal equinox passed near the two stars Castor and Pollux. Hence they were chosen to represent the equal day and night which occurs when the sun is near this hour circle (or 180 degrees from it). At that time the new year started when the sun was at the vernal equinox, and the appearance of these two bright stars in the western sky served as an indicator of the first new moon of the year. This explains the meaning of the symbol often seen on Babylonian monuments and boundary stones—two stars and a crescent, representing Castor and Pollux and the new moon.

These ancient Twins were honoured at both Greece and Rome both in war and at sea. The Spartans carried with them to war two parallel beams joined by cross-pieces, the ancient symbol of the twin gods. The Romans welcomed their appearance as the harbinger of fair weather, and it was customary to use their symbol, the flame at the mast head, to hearten the storm-tossed mariner. In one such vessel Paul sailed from Malta to Syracuse.

The Twins were often used as familiar expletives among the Romans and as common objects for oaths. The name of Castor was invoked by women only, such as were in the habit of invoking, since man had caused his death. Someone with a stretch of the imagination declares that the slang phrase "By Jimminy" is a survival of this ancient custom of invoking Gemini.

Modern astronomy has somewhat over-emphasized the twin idea in this constellation. Castor is itself a double star and each component is likewise a double. Thus, instead of being one of a pair of twins, the modern Castor is the standard family of four. It is a pity that this quadruplicity was unknown to the myth makers, as Castor could then have shared his infernal visitations with his brethren, much to the relief of Pollux.

The Northern Crown, or Ariadne's Crown, is one of the few constellations to resemble the thing it is called. It owes its name to the fact that one of the "Labours of Hercules", labour eight, was unfinished. It happened to be a conflict with a bull. Minos, the father of Ariadne, declared that he was destined to be the ruler of Crete, and as a sign from the gods he prayed that a bull should come forth from the sea that he might offer it as a sacrifice to Poseidon. The bull

came forth, but he was such a fine specimen that Minos substituted an inferior animal, which, strange to say, made the bull furious. Then Hercules caught him but, like "the fish alive," unfortunately let him go again. The Minotaur, the bull's offspring, a monster with a human form and a bull's head, ravaged Crete until he had to be kept in the celebrated labyrinth at Cnossus. Now it seems that Theseus was also incarcerated in this labyrinth (a mythological case of misery and strange yoke-fellows). Ariadne gave Theseus a sword with which to slay the monster, but when this task was accomplished he could not fathom the intricacies of the labyrinth. At last he found a guiding thread, placed there by Ariadne. By means of this thread he freed himself from the labyrinth, but still following the thread, perhaps, he soon found himself entangled by the charms of his admiring rescuer. Seeing escape was impossible this time, he capitulated, and they lived happy ever after until perhaps the old problem of extrication led Theseus to forsake his slumbering wife. Ariadne should have hanged herself on waking, in fact some accounts state that she did, but such realism could not be permitted in a myth, and so she was espoused to Bacchus who gave her a beautiful sunburst of seven stars. After her death the stars were returned to the sky and they form the constellation known as the Northern Crown or Ariadne's Crown.

The Shawnee Indians called this group of stars the Celestial Sisters and associated with them the following legend: White Hawk, a mighty hunter, discovered on one of his hunting trips, a circular path at the outskirts of a great prairie. While endevouring to decipher its cause, he saw descending from the heavens, like Peter in his vision, a silver basket, filled, not with all manner of beasts, but with twelve beautiful maidens. As soon as they alighted they began to dance about the ring. This should have given White Hawk some idea as to what caused the ring, but he soon lost interest in the ring and became more interested in the maidens. He approached them, but they immediately climbed into the basket and vanished. Next day he visited the same spot, naturally, but this time he was disguised as a rabbit. He beheld the same vision and the same performance, but unfortunately experienced the same result. The following day he again appeared, disguised as a mouse. This time the maidens did not scamper away, which shows that the story is only a myth. He captured the most beautiful maiden and made her his wife. She soon afterwards became homesick, probably when she saw him in his natural guise, and singing her magic chant she returned to her celestial abode among her sisers and left poor White Hawk to start on another hunting tour.

The two constellations, Cygnus the Swan or Northern Cross and Lyra, the Harp, occupy adjoining positions in the sky and they are likewise associated in mythology.

Cygnus represents the magic musician Orpheus who was treacherously slain by the priestess of Bacchus and afterwards transported to the heavens in the form of a swan while his harp forms the adjoining constellation Lyra. The musical skill of Orpheus was well known in this world and the lower one. He descended into the lower regions and by the charms of his lyre so suspended the torments of the damned that he recovered his lost bride Eurydice from the most inexorable of all deities. But she was released upon the condition that he should not look back upon her until they had emerged into the realms of day. Just as they were about to pass the fatal bounds, the anxiety of love so overcame the musician that he cast a backward glance to see if his wife were following. Unlike Lot's wife upon whom destruction came because she cast a backward glance, Eurydice was engulfed once more into the regions of night because the backward

glance had been cast upon her. Another case of innocence and suffering! There seems to be astronomical confirmation for this pathetic tragedy as only Orpheus and his Harp appear in the heavens while there seems to be no trace there of Eurydice. In vain the question may be asked, Why did *he* cast the backward glance? But the more rational question is, Why did *she* get into such a place anyway?

There is another derivation suggested for Lyra. As the word comes from the Greek word designating a tortoise or shell, it is claimed that the north pole of the sky was near the constellation Lyra when the group received its name. The diurnal motion of the constellation would then be very slow, as is the case with the Minor Bear where the north pole now is, and would resemble the movement of the tortoise.

About Christmastide the Northern Cross stands upright above the western horizon at evening and is then an appropriate symbol of the Christmas season. In the constellation, however, is the wonderful "Northern Coal Sack", a small region which appears to be absolutely devoid of stars even when photographed with the most powerful telescopes. The region may be filled with dark, lifeless suns or with luminous suns, whose light is absorbed by intervening substance, or it may be what it appears to be, a sort of "bottomless pit" enabling the observer to peer into the abyssmal depths of space. If it is a bottomless pit it is appropriately dim in comparison with Cygnus and by no means occupies the important place which its theological analogue once occupied in the presentation of the Christian faith.

There is a curious legend, still current in China and Korea, associating another bird-constellation, Aquila the eagle, with Lyra. A cowherd fell in love with a spinning damsel, but as his suit was not favoured by the damsel's father, he was told, according to the custom of the times, to go to—the skies. He did so, but the damsel accompanied him. He became Altair, the bright star of Aquila, and she Vega, the lucida of Lyra. They were separated, however, by a mighty river —the Milky Way. The father decreed that the lovers should meet only once a year and not even then unless they could contrive to cross the river. This is effected, however, by their friends, the magpies, who congregate once a year, the seventh night of the seventh moon, and form a bridge for the lonely ones to meet.

It is only natural now to leave the happy lovers alone with their protestations while we direct our attention to the river along whose banks they meet. The Milky Way, or Galaxy, has been variously regarded, but among all peoples and all ages it has been looked upon as a pathway of some sort, usually the road to heaven traversed by the departed. Various attempts have been made to account for it from a scientific standpoint. Pythagoras conceived the modern idea that it is a vast assemblage of stars, while Theophrastus declared that it was the seam where the two hemispheres had been welded together and that the craftsmen made such a poor weld that the light shone through the cracks from the solid sky beyond. Some philosophers believed it was where the sun had been at the beginning of the world, while others advanced the idea that it is but an optical phenomenon, something like the rainbow, caused by the reflection of the sun's rays from the mirror of the sky. The Danes, always noted for their dairy produce, gave a literal interpretation to the Milky Way and regarded the moon as the cheese which usually accompanies such a flow of the lacteal fluid.

Near Orion and partly protecting him from the angry bull, runs another peaceful river in its sinuous course, Eridanus or the river Po. This river is associated in mythology with the intrepid youth Phaethon who endeavoured to drive for one day the

chariot of his father Zeus bearing the sun across the sky. Either because he wished to speed up a somewhat lethargic age or because his youthful arms could not control the spirited horses, he almost produced a universal catastrophe by allowing the chariot to come too near the earth and almost setting it on fire. The tragedy was averted only by a timely thunderbolt from Zeus, hurling his son into the River Eridanus. Although the constellation is not very conspicuous, and was placed in the sky long before the advent of the automobile, it might very appropriately serve as the crest of Motor Leagues as a warning to too youthful and intrepid drivers.

No group of stars has attracted so much universal attention as that somewhat faint group near Taurus, known as the Pleiades. Seven stars can readily be seen with the naked eye, some claim they can see eight, while the telescope reveals a cluster of about 2,000. The "sweet influence of the Pleiades" mentioned by Job, or the more or less romantic story of a lost Pleiad awaken a universal interest even among moderns who see in the cluster only a little dipper with two stars at the mouth of the bowl.

In Greek mythology, the Pleiades are seven daughters of the nymph Pleione and Atlas who bore the world upon his shoulders. Out of grief either for the fate of Atlas or for the death of their sisters, the Hyades, they killed themselves and were placed among the stars. Another myth says they were unceasingly pursued by Orion until Zeus to relieve them of the unwelcome attentions of the Giant Hunter changed them into doves and they flew to the skies for refuge. Even yet, Orion, likewise in the skies, may cast a furive glance towards the beautiful sisters who hover about the bull's mane,

> "Like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid."

There is much speculation as to the lost Pleiad. Now it is Electra, the mother of Dardanus the founder of Troy, who hid her face that she might not see the city's destruction; again it is Merope, the mortal, who married a mere mortal man, the King of Corinth, while all her sisters married gods, and she fled in humiliation.

According to a legend current among the blacks of Australia, this constellation represents a queen and her six attendants. Corcus, the the Crow, a constellation having the shape of a raven's beak, fell in love with the queen, but she spurned his attentions. He knew that the queen and her attendants were very fond of certain white edible grubs, so he concealed himself as a choice grub under the bark of a tree. He wasn't completely concealed, as we might expect, and the attendants endeavoured to extricate him with their wooden hooks. Their efforts proved futile, so the queen tried her bone hook and it proved too successful. The grub was removed from his hiding-place, but he immediately assumed the shape of a giant and disappeared with the queen.

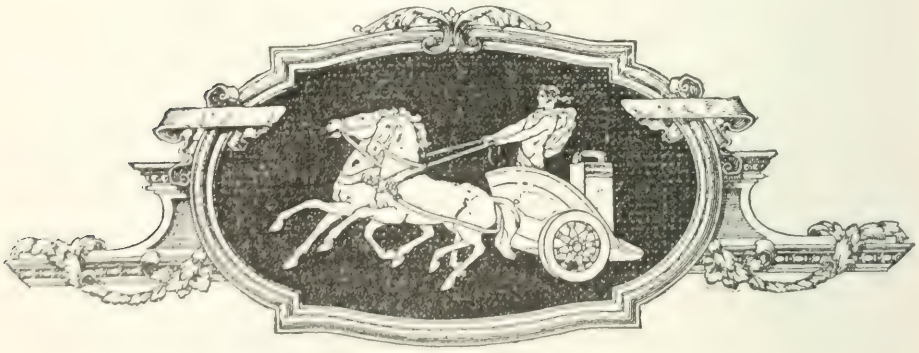
An old Onondaga legend says that a party of Indians were in search of a good hunting-ground. On finding one they began to erect their wigwams, while their little children gaily danced about. An old man, bedecked in white feathers, appeared among them and cautioned them to cease dancing lest some evil might befall them. But, being children, they danced on until at last they began to gradually rise from the earth. "Don't look back," one cried, "for something strange is taking place." There was a prospective Lot's wife among them, to be sure, and when she looked back, she became a falling star. The other children moved on, apparently, and reached the record altitude of 250 light years, being the estimated distance of this cluster.

For some reason or other, a great cataclysm, probably the deluge, was associated with this cluster of stars. It is interesting to note that the date for the beginning of the Flood in the Mosaic account is November 17, about

the time when the Pleiades culminate at midnight. Memorial services for the dead are found to have taken place in nearly every nation about that time, especially so among the ancient Druids, whose New Year began then. For them it was the occasion for a three-day festival for the dead. Hallowe'en, All Saints' Day and All Souls' Day are survivals of this ancient festival. There was a terrible rite in connection with this festival. The Druidess nuns were obliged to tear down and rebuild the roof of their temple as a symbol of the destruction and renovation of the world. If one of them let fall her sacred burden in bringing the material to rebuild the roof, her companions would rush upon her and tear her to pieces. It is said that scarcely a year passed without some victims of this righteous wrath. On that occasion, too, the sacred fires were put out all over the kingdom, and a night of primitive darkness prevailed. Then the phantom souls of those who had died during the preceding year were carried "west" by boats to the judgment seat of the gods of the dead.

These are some of the stories which tradition associates with various groups of stars. Weird and fantastic as they seem, we must consider them as efforts to account for reality. To us to whom modern science has revealed the greater light, these attempts to explain natural phenomena seem but childish and crude. But let us not be too patronizing towards them: for if *a* denotes the appeal of these myths to the ancients; *b* denotes the appeal of the Newtonian law of gravitation to our forefathers and the vast majority of their descendants who are (or were) more or less familiar only with the multiplication table, fractions, indices, variation, and the "more impassioned" passages of Euclid's Book Two; and *c* denotes the appeal of Einstern's gravitational fields, crooked space, deflected rays, precession of Mercury's point of perihelion passage, to those very few and likewise very select men and (perchance) women, to whom the integral from minus infinity to plus infinity of exponential *e* to the minus *x* squared "dee-x" appears *by intuition* to be the positive square root of pi, (being Sir Oliver Lodge's technical definition of the species known as mathematician), then

a is to *b* as *b* is to *c*.



WHITE HOUSE ETIQUETTE

BY HENRY PEARCE

F the Canadian Government should appoint an ambassador of its own to Washington, it might be well for him to get in advance some insight into the peculiar forms and practices that obtain at the White House. Toward that end I recommend a cookery book that was described to me as the "best seller", and I have no doubt that the instructions given in it for making appetising dishes warrant this description, because I know that it has an enormous sale on the American continent. It was, however, in a chapter headed

"Management and Direction of Dinners and Receptions on State Occasions at the White House"

that I learned the secret. In it we are bluntly told that etiquette as observed at European Courts is not known at the White House.

There is the whole mystery solved. The different ministers who have been accredited to Washington attending dinners and receptions, owing to the difficulty of learning what *not* to do, have been suffering from mental straian.

The matter of learning what to *do* is comparatively easy; the ordinary uneducated person who has never seen or participated in an important dinner, would be to a certain extent on his guard.

I remember as a boy, when I first tackled an ice pudding, not knowing what it was, but only aware that it was food and looked good to me, I took a healthy boy's mouthful, and for a second I thought I had taken boiling pudding from a cold plate. I retained the food and my self-possession (I was on my guard), but I suffered agonies in that moment.

When I was in Bulgaria a man who had been one of the political secretaries to Prince Ferdinand told me that on a visit to Paris with the Prince, at his first political dinner, he was much perturbed as to whether he would be able to overcome the many pitfalls of table manners. He had been a farmer before he took up political office. At the early stages of the dinner, when cauliflower was handed to him, he copied the other guests, and took just the flower part of the vegetable. Later asparagus was served to him first, so, as he had had no opportunity of learning how to handle this strange vegetable, he followed the cauliflower example. His plate contained points *d'asperges;* the other guests were left with the stalks!

I will just take a few actual quotations from this interesting book on the subject of White House etiquette:

"The napkin is folded so that the monogram is shown."

and

"Corsage bouquets (*sic*) for ladies are not more than eight large roses tied together, with the name of the lady stamped on in gold letters."

I should imagine this would be *some* "boquet" and might well phase the

timid wife of an ambassador, especially if he were of a small size. She would not know whether she should look for her gold-stamped name on the silk ribbon or on the petals of one of the eight large roses she was buried under.

"The knife should never be used to carry food to the mouth, but only to cut it up into small mouthfuls; then place it on the plate at one side, and take the fork in the right hand and eat all the food with it. When both have been used finally they should be laid diagonally across the plate, with bot handles towards the right hand; this is understood by well-trained waiters to be the signal for removing them, together with the plate".

Think what all this means. Lady Clara Vere de Vere might convey a small piece of filet mignon de boeuf a la Trianon to her dainty little mouth on a fork held in her *left* hand, and be forever damned in the eyes of the White House. Again, His Excellency Count Nonotski might not get his knife and fork at the proper angle, and the well-trained waiter would have something to say about the "together with the plate" business—might leave it there for the rest of the dinner, or break it over his head!

"Soup is eaten without any sound of the lips, and not sucked in audibly from the ends of the spoon".

This is certainly vague. I suppose there are two ends to a spoon, but undoubtedly one end would not convey soup very easily "without any sound".

The old English idea of "no heel taps" exidently does not apply at White House, because we are told:

"One should never quite drain a glass",

and, further, we should,

"Bring the glass perpendicularly to the lips, and then lift to a sligiht angle".

This advice worries me. The only other way I know is one I saw at a circus, when a contortionist stood on his hands, put his head through his legs, and drank a glass of water. It cannot be that we are warned against doing that. I couldn't if I tried, and I don't believe the President could!

"A spoon should never be turned over in the mouth".

This rather savours of instructions to sword swallowers; perhaps after all they *do* entertain circus people at the President's table.

One's teeth are not to be picked at table, we are told, but

"If it is impossible to hinder it, it should be done behind the napkin".

Whose napkin?

You may pick a bone at table, but

"Only one hand is allowed to touch it",

and further instructions are

"On no account to suck one's fingers after it".

What waste!

The napkin instructions are specific and seemingly allow of no deviation.

"A gentleman should place it on his right knee."

If the napkin is found on your left knee—well, you are no gentleman.

You must not blow upon your food, and a very sound reason is given for this rule;

"It implies haste, which whether from greediness or a desire to get away is equally objectionable".

This is in keeping with the instructions given that

"An invited guest should arrive at least a quarter of an hour before the time appointed for dinner".

I don't quite understand these last instructions. It might be a compliment, the guest intimating to the host that he is so assured of a good dinner that he has come early. At any rate, it is an improvement on the manners of a man I knew in South Africa.

This man, Barney Barnato, the South African multi-millionaire, was of very common descent, and his riches had created a brusque manner. After he had made his money he lived in London. A great fuss was made over him, and a certain countess who wanted his influence to get a position for her younger son in the Chartered Company invited Barnato to dinner. The time arrived for the dinner and with it the impecunious younger son—but no Barnato! Later the countess met Barnato at a reception, and, deeply incensed, asked why he had not come. Barnato had no excuse to make at first, in fact did not seem to remember the invitation, but at last he located it.

"Oh, yes, Countess, I remember; last Thursday."

"Well?" replied the countess, "why didn't you come?"

"I wasn't 'ungry."

A perfectly sound excuse and truthful, no doubt, but it wasn't etiquette.

But to return to my cookery book and to a chapter headed "Small Points on Table Etiquette"::

"The knife should be grasped by the handle only".

This is rather difficult to understand, but if the blades are sharp, the next paragraph might have some bearing on it:

"Peas and beans, as we all know, require the fork only. However, food that cannot be held with a fork should be eaten with a spoon".

Note carefully that there is an alternative for those who "all know" about the functions of the fork in relation to peas, but are not adepts.

Oh, this table etiquette! In our boyhood days there were so many things to remember, and at White House there are so many things to forget. The mythical jolly-faced uncle who viewed with delight the appetite that enabled you to clean up your plate and ask for more, is combatted with the mythical vinegary-visaged aunt who instructed you to leave something on your plate for "manners".

The callow parson was following the dictates of table etiquette when he told the bishop that his egg was "good in parts", just the same as the little child who had tried to intimate to her nursery governess that she did not wish to eat her egg, that must have been ancient, yet fertile. The governess who was deeply interested in a novel and not conversant with the edible qualities of the egg, severely admonished the child for complaining, and told her that she was to "eat it a little while, a plaintive voice, after all up and not be a naughty girl". In a lot of choking and spluttering, was heard to say, "Nursie, must I eat its beak?"

I used to stay with some friends in Scotland who were most strict with the table etiquette of their two little boys. It used to get on my nerves to hear both the father and mother with their "donts". These kiddies were as well-mannered at table as wax dolls, and I used to long to see them spill their tea or smear their noses with jam; their behaviour, however, was perfect. Yet if fish were served at breakfast, the head of that house would invariably perpetrate the following joke: "Who will have some dead fish?" I never saw the humour and could never enjoy fish at his breakfast-table.

An American of the nouveau riche type whom I once met at the "Cheshire Cheese" told me that he had studied the problem of glasses, knives, forks, napkin, etc., but he was never quite sure about the doily under the finger bowl; he always got worried when that stage of dinner came. I confessed that this always worried me, and we became great pals.

He was most interested in this world-renowned hostelry and having his steak, kidney and lark pudding served on a pewter platter, "the same

platter that Dr. Johnson had eaten from", as he reverently told us. He said he would like to buy or steal that metal plate, and take it home as a souvenir. I told him he would find thousands in America, and called the waiter up to corroborate my statement. The elderly waiter with a beery breath wheezed, "Yus, we sell 'em every day to them Americans". Later when I asked the secret of the wonderful pudding he said, "Why, there ain't nuffink wonderful about it; any old bit of meat and a "spadge" will make a pudding if you serve it on 'istorical plates".

By "spadge" he meant a sparrow, and the giving away of trade secrets seemed to infer that he was under notice to leave his employment.

I could quote a lot more from this book, more especially "don'ts", but after all the "don'ts" in this book under review, only refer to the etiquette as observed in European courts that is "not known in White House".

Many years ago I had the experience of enjoying a meal with Solomon, the paramount chief of Basutoland. By paramount chief it must be understood that he was a kind of King of Basutoland. I have no doubt that the etiquette observed at his court was not the same as that obtaining in England. At any rate something went wrong. We were all sitting round on our haunches dipping into the cook pot and hooking out lumps of meat with our fingers, when some junior member of the family was severely reprimanded by the King of Basutoland for not observing proper table manners. I never knew what it was, but it might have been that the hand was inserted into the pot at the wrong angle or without the fingers being crossed! Who knows what the breach of etiquette was?

We are told by the editor of this book who was, or is, Steward of the White House, that,

"Delicacy of table manners stamps both man and woman",

and it is only a matter of laying down the law as to what the "delicacy of manners" is.

If the plenipotentiaries have only studied table manners at the Courts of Europe and they have realized that

"Etiquette as observed at European Courts is not known at White House",

they would have just as much to unlearn as the scion of the noble House of Basutoland, who in her full dress of a few beads might dip in the cook pot and make as big a fau pas as Lady Clara Vere de Vere.

However, is it not easy to imagine that European diplomatists attending an official dinner at the White House, and not having had sufficient opportunity of studying the mysteries of the etiquette obtaining there, as stated in this official book from which I have quoted, might have quailed under the eagle eye of the President's steward and lost their mental equilibrium.

THE PRIME MINISTER OF QUEBEC

BY JOHN BOYD

THE Province of Quebec desires to cordially co-operate with its sister Provinces, for the welfare, prosperity and greatness of the Canadian Confederation. Its people have the friendliest feelings for their fellow Canadians in every portion of the Dominion. Respecting as they do the rights and sentiments of others, all that they ask is that their rights and sentiments shall be respected. Now more than ever are national concord and unity imperative in order that we may successfully solve the pressing problems of the times and that the Dominion may achieve the great destiny foretold for it by the fathers of Confederation."

This declaration made by Hon. L. A. Taschereau, Prime Minister of Quebec, at the close of a conversation which the writer recently had with him, bespeaks the whole character of the man—broad, tolerant and patriotic, with a keen grasp of the vital demands of the hour. At this critical juncture in the Dominion's history it is well that English-speaking Canada, by which is meant all portions of the Dominion outside the Province of Quebec, should know something of the career and personality of the man who is at present directing the destinies of the pivotal Province of the Canadian Confederation.

Mr. Taschereau is no novice in politics. A career of more than twenty years in the Quebec political field has given him a wide experience in public affairs and rendered him a master of the art of politics, using that much-abused word in the higher meaning ascribed to it by Montesquieu of the right governing of a state. Even before his well-deserved promotion to the Premiership of his native Province, Mr. Taschereau had had a long and distinguished career in public life. First elected to the Legislature in 1900 as member for the County of Montmorency, his outstanding ability soon gained him a commanding position and only a few years after his entrance into the Legislature he was offered and accepted the portfolio of Minister of Public Works and Labour. As head of this Department, the most important in the Government next to the position of Prime Minister, he occupied for many years a leading position in the Cabinet of Sir Lomer Gouin; in fact he was the chief Lieutenant of that astute statesman, who, with consumate ability filled the Premiership of Quebec for a longer period than any of his predecessors. When it became a question of Sir Lomer Gouin's retirement from public life, Mr. Taschereau was regarded on all sides as the logical successor to the Premiership. Since he became Premier he has amply fulfilled the expectations that were entertained of him by his friends and admirers.

Heredity has no doubt played an important part in the personality of

the Prime Minister of Quebec, for he belongs to one of the oldest and most distinguished families of the Province, a family that can trace its ancestry far beyond the days of the old French Regime in Canada, when members of it were pillars of Church and State. During the course of its history the Taschereau family has given many distinguished men to the public and official life of the country. The great Cardinal Taschereau, in his life time the most powerful figure of the Church in Quebec, was a close relative of the Quebec Premier and many of the Taschereau family have occupied important governmental and public positions.

Born in the City of Quebec on March 8th, 1867, the son of Hon. Jean Thomas Taschereau, Judge of the Superior Court and of Josephine Caron, daughter of Hon. R. C. Caron, Lieut.-Governor of the Province, the future Premier of Quebec was educated at the Quebec Seminary and Laval University, from which he was graduated in 1889, after a full course at the ancient and famous institution. Laval University has always been noted for the thoroughness of its educational training and the most conspicuous leaders of Quebec are enrolled among its graduates. The thorough training that he received within the walls of Laval has undoubtedly been a great factor in Mr. Taschereau's success. Laval itself recognized the credit that he has done it by conferring upon him in 1908 the degree of LL.D.

Admitted to the Bar shortly after his graduation, Mr. Taschereau began his professional career as a partner of Hon. Chas. Fitzpatrick, who became Minister of Justice in the Laurier Cabinet and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada, and who at present is Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, Litutenant-Governor of the Province, a position which he fills with marked distinction. From early manhood Mr. Taschereau, as was natural with one of his family, took the keenest interest in politics and was soon a prominent figure in civic, provincial and federal contests. Elected an Alderman of the City of Quebec, he rendered good service in that capacity during one term, 1906-8. Chosen as representative of the County of Montmorency in 1900, he took from the very outset a leading part in Legislative work and in 1907 his ability was recognized by his appointment as Minister of Public Works and Labour, a position which he continued to fill until his promotion to the Premiership in succession to Sir Lomer Gouin last year.

In addition to his official duties, Mr. Taschereau has rendered signal service in various important fields. In 1908 he was appointed a member of the National Battlefields Commission and in 1910 was a delegate to the International Conference representing his native Province. As head of one of the most important legal firms in the Province, he occupies a distinguished position at the Bar and his legal attainments were recognized by his appointment as Batonnier of the Quebec District and subsequently of the Bar of the whole Province.

The chief personal characteristics of the Prime Minister of Quebec may be set down as his alertness, frankness, sincerity and broad patriotism. Without making any pretensions to the eloquence of a Laurier, Mr. Taschereau is a fine public speaker and his speeches always contain food for thought. It is perhaps as a debater on the floor of the Legislature that his ability finds freest play. It is difficult indeed for an opponent to pierce the masterly *sang froid* of the man, always alert, keen and penetrating, with a wide grasp of facts and a ready and witty retort whenever necessary. More than all, it is undoubtedly his staunch Canadianism, his faith in the future of Canada, his promptness to meet the necessities of the hour as they present themselves with statesmanlike solution which make Mr. Taschereau's services es-

L. A. TASCHEREAU, LL.D., D. C. L.
The Prime Minister of Quebec

pecially important and invaluable at the present critical juncture. There is nothing narrow or parochial in his vision. He is naturally proud of his native Province, as he has a right to be, of its historic past, of its great achievements, of its sound position and of its political importance as the keystone of the Canadian Confederation. But his vision looks beyond the Province of Quebec, he recognizes that his native Province, great and important as it undoubtedly is, is only a part of a greater whole, the Dominion of Canada. His efforts are therefore directed towards having Quebec play a worthy part in the future destinies of the Dominion. His views in this respect were expounded in a masterly manner in an address delivered not long ago before the Canadian Club of Montreal, in which he dwelt upon the historical importance of the work of the Fathers of Confederation. Preaching a broad Canadianism, Mr. Taschereau earnestly advocated the fraternal co-operation of all Canadians for the welfare of the Dominion and his utterance on this occasion furnished a striking contrast to some of the narrow views enunciated by those who, instead of uniting would disunite Canadians, and instead of constructing, would pull down. On this occasion Mr. Taschereau said:

"We have in the general expressions of the Fathers of Confederation the patriotic aspirations of the leading statesmen who sought the means of building up a mighty nation. Of more significance to us, however, are the principles which were laid down as the foundation for this great structure and it is a subject upon which we should dwell more often in order to understand better and practice the rules which must guide our national life.

"Confederation continues to appear as the only possible solution to the difficulties which have so long existed and as the sole means of building up a great country whilst answering the variety and multiplicity of local needs.

"May I add that the part which Quebec is called upon to play seems to be better understood. At one time Quebec was considered as a solid, antagonistic, refractory block cutting off New Brunswick and Nova Scotia from Ontario, having no political affinity with the western territories and drawn by its commercial interests towards the United States. Better than such affinity Quebec has to-day ties of blood with the West. We have 20,000 French Canadians in Alberta, 25,000 in Saskatchewan, 30,000 in Manitoba, not to mention 10,000 in British Columbia and 200,000 in Ontario. Could there be a more convincing reply to Goldwin Smith who compared French Canada to "a relic of the historical past preserved by isolation as Siberian mammoths are preserved in ice". I think that in spite of the climate we are breaking the ice pretty well around us and our Province does not object to resembling the mammoth in size. As for interposing ourselves between the Maritime Provinces and Ontario I believe that they will rather find in us a link in the chain of provinces. I am not better disposed to stand the reproach of taking little interest in the welfare of our brothers of the West. Let those give an account of themselves who encourage the all-American route through Buffalo instead of the all-Canadian route via Montreal and Quebec.

"This simply goes to show how we can let ourselves be prejudiced and engender hatred where a brotherly love and a healthy spirit of emulation should exist. *The keystone of the arch of Confederation is in the contact of Ontario and Quebec.*

"Let us raise our eyes to the height of vision of those who made Confederation. To quote one of the Fathers of Confederation, George Etienne Cartier, "We are of different races not to quarrel but to work together for the common welfare. Each race by its efforts and success will add to the prosperity of the Dominion and the glory of Confederation."

In these striking words spoke the true statesman of broad views and enlightened vision. Mr. Taschereau has struck a similar note at Toronto and other places and all his public addresses have been marked by great breadth of view. In fact since his accession to the Premiership of the Province, Mr. Taschereau both by his actions and his utterances, has proved himself a worthy successor to the long line of distinguished men who have filled the Premiership of Quebec from Chauveau to Gouin; and still young in years and physically sound and alert with the commanding ability that he possesses, it may confidently be expected that the Premier of Quebec

will render even more important services to his native Province and the Dominion.

The Premier of Quebec possesses the happy faculty of holding the loyal and devoted following of his supporters, who not only esteem him for his great ability, but also for his many fine personal qualities. He is fortunate in having as members of his administration men of great capacity, such for instance as Walter Mitchell, whose administration of the Provincial finances has placed the Province of Quebec in a financial position second to none; in Caron, who has worked miracles in the field of agriculture; in Athanase David, who as Provincial Secretary, is doing great things for the promotion of education, art and literature; in J. E. Perrault, whose work for colonization is of the utmost benefit and importance; in Honore Mercier, the worthy son of a great father, whose administration of the Crown Lands Department is marked by great capacity, and Perron, who brings to the service of the administration great legal experience and ability, and Galipeault, Minister of Public Works. It is in itself a tribute to the Quebec Premier that he has the loyal co-operation and devoted following of such men of outstanding strength, ability and character.

In his hours of leisure the Quebec Premier is a keen lover of the out-of-doors and one of his chief delights is the pursuit of fishing in some quiet retreat with a few chosen companions. His home life is ideal and his hospitable house in the Ancient Capital is a social centre of culture and elegance. In 1891 he married Miss Dionne, a member of a prominent Quebec family, and the union has been blessed by three sons and two daughters.

His most recent honour was bestowed on him a few months ago when the University of Toronto conferred on him the degree of D.C.L.

DANTE

BY R. De PIERRO

DANTE was born in Florence in May, 1265, and died in Ravenna on the 14th day of September, 1321. When we learn that Ruskin said "Dante is the central man of all the world", we soon realize that Dante, though an Italian, is a man the whole of humanity must be proud of. Together with Ruskin other supreme British minds made this clear long ago.

Gladstone, the admirable man the Italians always remember with deep gratitude, wrote, in a letter to Signor Giuliani:

"The reading of Dante is not merely a pleasure or a lesson, it is a vigorous discipline for the heart, the intellect, the whole man. In the school of Dante I have learned a great part of that mental provision which has served me to make the journey of human life up to the term of nearly seventy-three years and I should like to say that he who labours for Dante labours to serve Italy, Christianity and the world."

Carlyle did not hesitate to go as far as to declare that "one need not wonder if it were predicted that Dante's poem might be the most enduring thing Europe has yet made. . . There are passages which come upon you like splendour out of Heaven, bursts of radiance illuminating the very heart of things; you say that is true, spoken once and forever; wheresoever and whosoever there is an open human soul, that will be recognized as true".

Turning to this side of the Atlantic we will confine ourselves to a quotation from Longfellow:

"O star of morning and of liberty!
O bringer of the light, whose splendour shines
Forerunner of the day that is to be!
Above the darkness of the Appennines,
The voices of the city and the sea,
Repeat thy song till the familiar lines
Are footpaths for the thought of Italy!
Thy frame is blown abroad from all the heights,
Through all the nations; and a sound is heard
As of a mighty wind, and men devout,
Strangers of Rome and the new proselytes
In their own language hear thy wondrous word
And many are amazed and many doubt."

All this explains fully the trueness of what one reads once in a while here and there, namely that Dante's influence was confined neither to literature nor to his birthland. Writers of the calibre of Petrarca, Tasso, Foscolo, Monti, Leopardi and Carducci; or Milton, Shelley, Tennyson, Browning; artists such as Watts, Burne-Jones, Rossetti, Botticelli and Michelangelo, all of them have felt in small or big degree Dante's powerful leadership. An Italian would refrain from telling it, but surely it does not sound as an act of excessive pride, that of a certain American Dantist who only a few months ago wrote and published a book on the subject, taking for its title Ruskin's sentence: "Dante the central man of the world".

We are now able to understand why Dante has had twenty-six English translations (American's not included), why Inferno had twenty-one, Purgatorio eight, Paradise five, and fifty English artists materialized the episode of Paolo and Francesca, while

DANTE

From the painting by Michelino in the Church of Sante Maria del Fiore, Florence

at least forty ventured on Beatrice, etc.

Very little is known about Dante's childhood and youth. His real life, in fact, begins when his love for Beatrice leads him to think about things much higher than those that could be inspired by everyday life. The poet met her for the first time in Florence when they were both around their ninth year of age, Dante being a few months older. Only nine years later they met again, but did not marry because Beatrice was given to Simone De'Bardi, and not long after she died (June 9th, 1290), when but twenty-four; and Dante married Gemma Donati, from whom he had not less than four children. He had to abandon them all because of the bitter political conflicts of the people of Florence in which he was implicated, the same causing his being expelled from his native city.

It was in the land of exile that Dante wrote mostly all his literary works.

Dante wrote several minor compositions as "Vita Nova", "Convivio", "Canzoniere", etc. But above all these the "Divina Commedia" stands as a shining gem. This is his masterpiece! The "Divina Commedia" made him famous in all lands and for all centuries to come. There is not a single civilized people to-day without some translation of this Dante's wonderful work.

Dante's aim in writing his "Commedia" (as he himself stated in his epistle to Cangrande) was "to remove those who are living from their state of misery, and to raise them to a state of happiness". The "Commedia" has three parts: Inferno, Purgatorio and Paradise. Dante imagines Inferno as an enormous hole in the shape of a funnel, piercing through the earth. Then a little narrow tube, starting from the bottom of Inferno, allows communication from this to the opposite end of the earth, and here the Mount of Purgatorio stands. Paradise is detached from earth, nine different skies dividing the former from the latter, and is the dwelling of Saints.

In spite of the sadness and anguish caused by his exile Dante is able to adapt his spirit and his mind to the necessary variations of his arguments. Inferno's style is deep, imposing, dark, in many instances frightening, so as to give all through the vivid impression of the everlasting misery in which fall those who have lost God. This terrible kingdom of sinners of all sorts is divided into nine rounds, or *cerchi,* each of them bearing its particular kind of misery, and the trip across it is made by Dante and his master and guide Virgilio in the darkness, this being the usual state of that place of condemnation. There are rocks, ruins, rivers, bloody and icy lakes, blakish deserts and beast-filled woods, and plenty of other horrors. Demons and monsters are the companions of the mournful place's inhabitants. In reading Inferno one soon realizes that both topic and style have been wonderfully combined by the truly divine Poet.

Purgatorio intends to show the way how souls may avoid Inferno's miseries and thus acquire happiness. It is symbolized by a mountain, the ascent of which can be accomplished only in day time, when the Sun (Divine Grace) shines. Without this light of Divine Grace the traveler may, if he so likes, return or go around, but he cannot ascend a single step. There are no demons here, but angels. No angry lamentations, but songs. No hatred against God, but sound gladness. No hatred against one's neighbour, but love. No filthy words, but courtesy, honesty, dignity even in the most humiliating punishments. No desire for renown, but that for relief and liberation. The spot is charming, but full of holy melancholy. Here, too, Virgilio, the Poet, leads Dante.

Paradiso symbolises eternal happiness, and is the most sublime and spiritual part of Dante's Poem. Dante, who supposes that Beatrice accom-

panies and guides him here, meets many of the saints while crossing the nine skies leading to it, the same having the privilege to make their appearance there from their usual residence. The last three subsections, or canti, of Paradise, where Empireo is symbolized, with the court of Angels and Saints and their happiness while enjoying the vision of God's love, is one of the highest specimens of human ability in rendering evident to man's sensitiveness things and thoughts that are proper to God only.

The oldest manuscript of Dante's "Commedia" is the Palatino of Florence (1333). Then the Landiano of Piacenza (1336), the Trivulziano (1337), and the Santa Croce, said of Filippo Villani (1347), and others follow.

The oldest and most important portraits of Dante are the fresco by Giotto in the chpael of Palazzo of Florence; the bronze bust, now in the Museum of Naples, taken from the death mask, a bas-relief medalion giving the profile of Dante in the mask made by the archbishop of Ravenna, and the fresco by Michelino in Santa Maria del Fiore of Florence.

Very few men or works ever gave such great impulse to arts of all kinds as Dante and his "Commedia" did. Frescoes by Giotto in the Giudizio Universale, and plastics by Giovanni Pisano present the influence of Dante's power. Orcagna's Inferno in the Strozzi Chapel of Santa Maria Novella in Florence is a vivid representation of Dante's conception of it, and Sandro Botticelli's illustrations of the Poem made him famous in the quattrocento. Botticelli had been giving all his pictorial genius to sensual topics, when, being impressed by the preaching of Savonarola, he turned to be a religious painter, and as such he excelled beyond all expectations. Luca Signorelli, in his frescoes in the cathedral of Orvieto, Michaelangelo—according to Varchi, the historian—in his Giudizio Universale in the Sistina, Raffaello in his two portraits of Dante (one, the "Parnaso", in the room of the Segnatura, where Dante is beside Virgilio and Omero—and the other in the "Disputa del Sacramenta", where Dante is beside Savonarola), and then, in the cinquecento, Federico Zuccari, and further on the Flemish Hans Van der Straet, Haxmann, Pinelli, Delacroix, Scaramuzza, Doré, William Blake, Peter Cornelius, Rodin, Ciseri, Dante Gabriel Rossetti and hundreds of others—this is a sequence of glorious names of men whose brains were either put at the service of Dante's intellectual leadership or associated with him. No other man ever had or, if we are allowed to believe Carlyle, can ever again have such a following.

Dante spent the latter part of his earthly life at Ravenna, being the guest of Guido Novello da Polenta, the Seigneur of that city. There he concluded his "Commedia", and there he died on the 14th of September, 1321, exactly six hundred years ago.

After his death Pope Giovanni sent Cardinal Poggetto to Ravenna, with an order to exhume his remains, to execrate them, and to scatter them. Evidently, during his life, Dante's doings and writings had not been considered altogether as orthodox. In order to avoid such a pitiful fate, somebody seized Dante's bones and hid them, and after many adventures and many unsuccessful attempts from the city of Florence to secure them, they were finally discovered and recognized in 1865, and laid definitely in his tomb at Ravenna.

But is Dante really dead?

Let another great Poet answer the question! In spite of six whole centuries that have elapsed since his departure, Dante still stands as a "King, that hath reigned six hundred years, and grown in power, and ever growest".

Tennyson said it, and we all can believe it!

THE LOYALTY OF SERGEANT WILKES

BY WILLIAM ADAMS SIMONDS

INSPECTOR SHERIDAN looked up from his mass of photographs and Bertillons and greeted his visitor.

"Ah, Sergeant," he said, "I suppose you are ready to report on the Grummer case. Good! Sit down; I have been expecting you all day."

Sergeant Wilkes seated himself carefully and deliberately. In his wide babylike eyes there was a wearied look, which was accentuated by the glare of the green-shaded lights. Lack of sleep showed in the lines of his face, in his manner, as he took out his notebook slowly and thumbed the pages.

As the inspector guessed—he had come to detail the results of his three-days' investigation into the strange murder of Paul Grummer. He filled his pipe and lighted it before proceeding, for in the sanctum of "Happy Jack" Sheridan, big, broad, good-natured police official, many things were permitted which other inspectors denied.

"I can't say," he began finally, "that I've cleared up the whole thing yet, but I think I've located the man. You remember the primary facts surrounding the case, I suppose; and the peculiar manner in which the body was found."

The inspector nodded.

"The body lay, you recall, in a vacant lot on Clemmer street," Wilkes went on. "A milkman stumbled over it at early dawn while crossing the lot to reach the rear of the house next door. It was a few feet off the sidewalk—five feet, to be exact, for I measured it."

"That was about four o'clock in the morning, if I recollect," the inspector interposed.

"Yes; just at daybreak. No one in the neighborhood knew Glummer; we identified him by means of some worn letters in his pocket. That was about all we found, except a ring bearing a few keys and some small coins. Apparently, he was almost broke.

"There was no sign of a struggle: not a bruise or wound or even trace of blood on the corpse. It seemed to me like a case of heart failure when I first took up the threads. The body lay there stiff and cold; the doctors said death must have come at least four hours previous."

"I am familiar with the case so far. Heart failure it seemed to me, too, from what I heard of it. What led you to think differently?"

"There were several things. Chief among them was the manner in which the body lay, five feet from the sidewalk. If it had been a natural death, I argued, the man would have fallen where he stood, or close at hand.

Certainly he would not have been wandering across a dark, vacant lot at midnight, some distance from the path!"

"I believe you're right in that. But how do you think he was killed?"

"I haven't determined that yet, Inspector. We searched the vicinity, but couldn't find a weapon of any description. It occurred to me that perhaps he had been murdered elsewhere and the body carted there. If so, I felt that someone beside the actual slayer must know of the deed. Inquiry showed that no vehicle had stopped near the spot on the preceding night."

He consulted his notes.

"As I said, there were a couple of worn letters in his pocket. From them we got his name and also his address—the Paris—a cheap lodging-house. As you know, it's not a hang-out for dips—respectable enough, but low-class. The landlord identified him right away and took us to his room.

"There was nothing unusual about the place: four walls, a bed and a washstand. In the top drawer—the only drawer—of the stand we found a few articles: tablet, pencil, shirt and some handkerchiefs. His mode of living, we learned, was simple; he spent much of his time in his room, and occasionally went out for long absences. He was a close-mouthed fellow, saying little."

Sheridan wheeled to his desk abruptly and jotted down a memorandum.

"When did they first see Grummer?" he asked over his shoulder.

"They said he came there about two months ago. We couldn't find out anything as to where he hailed from or who his relatives were. You see, he never mentioned anything about them—quite a character, this Grummer.

"It was hard to determine his exact age, as he looked worn out. They placed him at thirty-six, but he might have been as young as thirty. From the little he did let drop, they gathered that he had been used to considerable money once.

"Nobody ever came to see him, so far as the landlord knew. That is, no one except a messenger-boy who came on the night Grummer met his death. Grummer must have called him; at any rate, he came early in the evening, around eight o'clock I think, and left very soon afterward. Some two hours later Grummer also went out, and that was the last they saw of him."

"Of course you found the messenger-boy?"

"Yes; we looked for him next. He had been in uniform, so it wasn't very hard to locate him."

Again he looked at his notes.

"Frankie Windmueller is his name; he works at an office not far from the Paris. He checked the call up on his book and remembered it besides. A party named Grummer had called for a boy to deliver a message and he responded.

"There was one peculiar thing about that note. The address given the boy was on Clemmer street, two blocks from where the milkman stumbled over Grummer. In short, it was the address of your home, Inspector!"

Inspector Sheridan stared. The dark gray eyes lost their twinkle for a moment, while a look of deep surprise filled them.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed. "You are mistaken, Wilkes."

"No, Inspector; the number was 4406. That's your number, isn't it?"

"Yes," Sheridan admitted, but——"

"The note," Wilkes hastened to add, "was addressed to Frederick A. Gibbs. Gibbs at that time, you know, was engaged to marry your sister, Miss Geraldine. Excuse me for mentioning that, as I know it must be distasteful to you, since Gibbs broke it off. But it's in the case and I've got to report it."

"That's all right," the inspector declared, "go on. Tell me everything."

"As I say, Grummer's note was for Gibbs. Why he sent it to your house I don't make out, unless he happened to know that Gibbs was calling there that night. That's correct, isn't it?"

"Um-m-m—let me see. Yes, he was; that was the night they broke the engagement. Singular coincidence, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is rather—if you'll excuse the remark. Do you know the reason it was broken?"

"It was just an ordinary lover's quarrel, as I understand it; those things will happen sometimes, you know. Of course we didn't hear about it until the next day, when we read it in the papers."

"Are you sure that was the real reason?"

"Yes; at least, that's what she said. Why? What makes you ask?"

"There's something strange about it, Inspector, as I'll explain later. The messenger-boy must have got there about eight-thirty, I figure. Gibbs must have answered him. You'll understand my reason for thinking so when you read the note."

Wilkes extracted a crumpled, dirty bit of paper from his book and passed it to Sheridan. The inspector, startled, took it, and looked first at one side and then the other.

"Good work, Sergeant!" he exclaimed. "Where did you find this?"

"It was picked up on the sidewalk halfway between your home and the scene of the murder. Either it had fallen there or been thrown away—probably fallen."

The inspector read the note. It was penned in a hand that was plainly disguised, yet, nevertheless, neat and painstaking.

Mr. Frederick A. Gibbs,

Dear Sir: I have something of grave importance to say to you in view of your approaching marriage to Miss Geraldine Sheridan. I feel that you ought to know it, because I have certain facts to present which will cause you at once to break off your engagement. I come from the town where she lived before she moved here, and know what I'm talking about. If you are interested in your own welfare. I will wait for you at Clemmer and Forty-second street.

A Friend.

After he had finished reading it, the inspector again examined it carefully, holding it close to the light.

"How do you know this is the note Grummer sent?" he queried.

"I compared it with the tablet we found in his room," Wilkes said. "It's the identical paper. Also, the location is too near the right spot to just happen so. Forty-second and Clemmer—that's where we found the dead body!"

"What does Gibbs say?"

"He denies ever having seen the note; says he never got it. He told me just what you did, that the engagement had been broken because of a quarrel. He claims he didn't leave your house until eleven o'clock, and that then he went straight to his club. But I'm getting ahead of my report. I must go back."

Sheridan nodded, signifying to Wilkes to tell his story in his own way.

"Naturally, my suspicions turned toward Gibbs. I hate to say these things to you, because of the personal connection, but you understand, I'm only trying to do my duty. I must say, that the further I have gone into this case, the blacker things look for him.

"In the first place, you know his temperament—easily excitable, inclined to be impetuous. Not that he isn't a fine enough young man, and all that; but I think you'll admit that he's just the sort to fly into a passion if anyone tried to slander the name of the girl he loved; especially, when it was a fellow like this Grummer.

"Then there's his actions. He arrived at the club all right, after leaving your home; I can't check up the time exactly, but it was somewhere between eleven and eleven-fifteen o'clock. And what did he dothere? He proceeded to get fearfully and

shamefully drunk—so bad that they had to call a taxi and send him home.

"The next thing we hear is that the engagement between your sister and him is busted, when the wedding is only a few weeks away. What's the reason for that? He says it was a quarrel, and so does Miss Geraldine. I'm not disputing your sister's word at all; but here's this note. How are you going to explain that?

"Gibbs says he never got it. Well, then, who did? He must have got it, for it was addressed to him and delivered at your house while he was there. The man who wrote it is found dead at the spot where he arranged to meet Gibbs. From every standpoint, it looks like a beautiful case. Gibbs, undoubtedly, is the man we want."

"I can't believe it," Sheridan protested. "Fred may be quick-tempered and a bit thoughtless, but he's not the man to murder another in cold blood."

"Not even for the girl he loved?" incredulously.

"No," the inspector said slowly, "not even for that."

"Of course there are a few things in Gibb's favour," Wilkes admitted. "He's hardly the man I'd pick out to do a trick like this for one reason—I don't think he's strong enough."

"How was Grummer killed?" Sheridan asked quickly.

"I haven't quite settled that yet, as I said before. I have my theory, but it would take a surgical operation to prove it. You remember the Gerdson case, where old Frank Gerdson was murdered for the diamond stud and the ring that he wore. He was found like Grummer—not a sign of a weapon, not a bloodstain, not a wound. Red Miller owned up to that, you know. He caught the old man in a dark place on the street, threw one arm around his neck, with the fist tight against the back and the muscles of the biceps under the chin. At the same time, he backed up the old man's head and cut off his wind so that he couldn't holler.

"Then Miller lifted him off his feet by thrusting his hip, as a lever, against Gerdson's side. With his fist still pressed against the back of the neck, he swelled his biceps. Two seconds it took, Inspector, and the old man's neck was broke. It was just the same as if he had been hung by a noose. They garroted Gerdson; and that's the way Grummer met his death!"

A gleam of approval at the sergeant's enthusiasm flashed into the broad-shouldered inspector's eyes.

"But that's pretty hard to prove, isn't it?" he suggested kindly.

"That's the trouble," Wilkes confessed. "The doctors could find it, but they'd have to look for a tiny clot of blood right where the vertebra touches the base of the skull. I understand that's the only sign."

"You certainly don't think Gibbs did it?"

"He's not the man I'd expect to do a job like that. It takes a strong man and an expert, for it's got to be quick or the victim will break loose if he can and make an outcry."

"And Gibbs is not an expert."

"No, I wouldn't think so. Neither are his arms big enough. Of course, if he didn't do it, the case falls flat. He must be the man!"

"You said there were some points in his favour," Sheridan reminded him.

"Yes, there are—a few. For one thing, the messenger-boy can't identify him positively as the man who got the note. If he could, the case would be cinched. Frankie says the porch was dark, and he didn't make out the fellow's features. He swears that he found the right number, as directed, and made inquiry before handing over the note. The party who answered, he claims, replied that he was the man.

"At the same time he don't recognize Gibbs now, for we tried him. Of course that doesn't necessarily mean anything, one way or the other.

"Then there's the testimony of Miss Geraldine. I took the liberty of

talking with her this morning, so as to round up every loose corner before turning in my report. She says Gibbs left about eleven o'clock that night; and corroborates him in regard to the quarrel. It was a mighty delicate subject, so I didn't press it very far.

"She doesn't recall his going to the door during the evening. It seems they were in the music room about eight-thirty o'clock, and she was playing the piano, according to her recollection. He might have gone out and returned without her knowing it, as from the piano she couudn't see the place where he sat. He was over by the window—you know how the room is arranged.

"Miss Geraldine seemed a bit nervous when I called, but I laid it to the trouble she's been in over the engagement."

"Sis is badly broken up," Sheridan admitted.

"I suppose she must be. It might have been my fancy, but I thought as I sat there, that she was relieved over something, too; maybe she was glad to be rid of Gibbs."

"No, I don't agree with you;" the inspector interrupted. "She thought the world and all of him!"

"Well, I know I'm not much when it comes to figuring about a woman," Wilkes deplored. "They're too deep for me! But Miss Geraldine's testimony don't hurt Gibbs one bit. I can't reconcile it with his subsequent acts; the circumstances are certainly against him.

"He's my one best bet," he concluded, although of course different theories might be suggested. But if the dope against him won't stand the test, I don't see any other practical solution."

"Let's hear some of your other suggestions," Sheridan directed.

"They're hardly worth bothering you about," the sergeant demurred, apologetically, "and certainly not in any official report. I wouldn't mention them at all if you would listen to my theory on Gibbs. Sometimes I find when I'm working on a case, that it's a good idea to decide on as many various possibilities as I can, and then eliminate all except the probability. Once in a while I hit upon some mighty interesting things.

"Look at this Grummer case. What if the messenger-boy went to Number 4604 instead of 4406? Or to 4046? Such would not be beyond the bounds of possibility. When one has studied Frankie Windmueller, a stunt like that becomes almost a probability. He's a trifle worse than the average boy in the business; I tested him by having a friend of mine send him on an errand and check him up. He not only got the names entirely mixed up, but also lost his message.

"If I wasn't going to handle the prosecution of the murderer of Grummer, I would work on the belief that the secret to the whole affair lies in this here little messenger-boy. But what can you do? He stoutly maintains that he went to the right place, found the right party, and delivered Grummer's note. You can't shake him either; for he's just wise enough to understand the importance to himself of the matter.

"So I investigated both 4604 and 4046 Clemmer street, Inspector; and especially 4046. You see that's just two blocks on the other side from Forty-second crossing where Grummer was found dead. The fact that the note was found between Forty-second and your house, however, would almost cut out any other locality unless one was dealing with an unusually clever and desperate criminal.

"I don't believe we have such in this case. Everything seems to point to the theory that Grummer was killed in a heated passion, by someone who was angry at an attempted slander or blackmail. I have framed this explanation and this motive from the note itself. And without going into details, I might say that I discovered that both those other addresses could be eliminated safely.

"There were other interesting conjectures. One, if you will excuse the reference, was that someone in your house, perhaps in your family, might have got the note instead of Gibbs. Of course, Inspector," he interjected hurriedly, "I'm merely outlining to you my different avenues of thought in trailing the affair to Gibbs—I'm not presuming for a minute to say that any of them are true."

"I understand," said Sheridan. He smiled reassuringly at his inferior. "I won't be offended. Go on; you interest me."

Pleased at the inspector's approval, Wilkes elaborated his idea.

"Some things would have to be assumed under such a possibility—things which might seem unpardonable. For instance, we would have to work on the belief that Miss Geraldine had been preyed upon by this Grummer, who knew, or claimed to know, something of her former life which she dreaded. Shall I proceed?"

From the distant corridor a gong sounded, followed instantly by the shuffling of many feet. Shifts were changing; and in the medley of noises Sheridan's voice sounded faint and far away.

"Certainly, Sergeant; do so by all means."

"This Grummer may have followed her here, when he learned of her approaching marriage to Gibbs, and threatened her with exposure—tried to blackmail her. Such a thing would have worried her terribly. It might have been known to the other members of her family, or again, it might not. It probably would not be, although it's not really material.

"When Grummer found that she was determined not to listen to him, he may have decided, out of revenge, to break up the marriage. With that in view, he sends the note to Gibbs, and addresses it to Miss Geraldine's own home.

"Such a move would be devilish, for he might hope that Gibbs would read it in the girl's presence, and then, when she was confronted with the fulfillment of Grummer's threats, she might be compelled to treat with him.

"Here's where the messenger-boy would enter into the story. Suppose that he had been told to ask, before delivering his note: 'Does Mr. Sheridan live here?'

"That would be to make sure that he was at the right place. If he got an affirmative answer, he might have been instructed next to inquire: 'Is Mr. Frederick A. Gibbs here?'

"If he was told 'yes' to this also, then his orders might have been to turn over the note forthwith.

"Now imagine what would happen if he got the names mixed up and some member of the family came to the door. First he would ask: 'Does Mr. Frederick A. Gibbs live here?'

"The question would probably seem a joke to the person, whoever it was, and he might laugh a bit. Half-humorously he might say something like this: 'Mr. Gibbs? Well, he does—most of the time!'

"Then Frankie would speak up: 'Is Mr. Sheridan here?'

"If the person who was answering the bell happened to be your father, or—pardon me—even yourself, the reply might be: 'That's me'.

"Then the note might be handed in, and whoever received it might read it innocently before realizing its import, or that it was meant for someone else. Shall I proceed?"

Inspector Sheridan by this time betrayed his deep interest in the novel theory that his sergeant expounded. He leaned forward in his big chair and followed closely every word. He frowned at the interruption.

"Why should you stop, Wilkes? Let's have the rest of it!"

"Well, under the circumstances I have just set out, there wouldn't be much left to tell. After reading the note, the person who got it would, of course, make up his mind to go out and see what this fellow had on his mind.

"He would hear Grummer, hear things which would seem the grossest lies, and then perhaps reveal his identity. He would tell Grummer that if he ever repeated those things again, he would kill him. The fellow might bluster; might refuse to obey; might even attempt to procure some more money.

"There would probably be a scuffle and a blow would be struck. Then, before he realized it, our man's passions might be getting the better of him; he undoubtedly thought everything of Miss Geraldine and her happiness. In a flash, his hip would be against Grummer's side, his arm around the man's throat. Before he could break loose from the fury that mastered him, there would be a choking, guttural sound, and Grummer would relax in his arms."

Sheridan, his face immobile, sat like one in a trance. His heavy jaw rested on the palm of his hand; his eyes met those of Wilkes without flickering an eyelash.

"Why did you eliminate that possibility also, Sergeant?"

The question was crisp, sharp.

"Well, Inspector," Wilkes laughed, "I never seriously considered it. There were only your father and—yourself, in the family; and your father, while a big man, has not now the necessary strength. You would qualify as to build,"—he looked his chief over critically—"but of course you would have to be dropped at the outset. Your nature is such—you know what I mean—that you would be the last one in the world to lose your temper, to do such a thing. Then, too, are you not inspector of the police?"

"Of course," replied Sheridan.

Wilkes closed his notebook and rose to his feet wearily.

"Under the circumstances," he said, "I suppose there is nothing to do but to call it heart failure."

"I suppose so," the inspector agreed, still leaning forward on the edge of the desk.

"Just the same, I would like to find out who did it," Wilkes admitted. "I forgot to mention another thing in Gibb's favour which would undoubtedly help to clear him. When we examined Grummer's body, we found some small pieces of cuticle under his finger nails."

"During the struggle, his arms were pinned above his head, but apparently he managed to scratch his assailant, while he was clawing around helplessly, before the muscles crushed against his neck. And Gibbs wore no marks of any sort. I inspected him myself."

"I guess that settles it, then," Sheridan said.

He relaxed from his tense position, lifting his jaw from the hand on which it had been propped, and withdrawing his arm.

As he did so, his coat-sleeve caught on the desk and pulled back. It revealed four strips of black court-plaster extending lengthwise along the forearm almost to the wrist.

The big blue eyes of the sergeant seemed to widen a trifle, but the expression, whatever it was, flitted instantly.

Inspector Sheridan replaced the sleeve carelessly and glanced at Wilkes. He found the officer staring abstractedly out of the window at the cluster-lights along the avenue.

When he spoke, the sergeant roused himself with a visible effort.

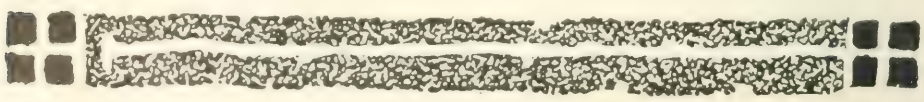
"Heart failure, you said?"

"Yes, Chief."

"That's all just now, Sergeant. I'll call you if I want you."

"All right, Chief."

Sergeant Wilkes touched his hat and smiled cheerfully. A second later, the door closed noiselessly behind him.



FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

I

The country faces a general election under unusual conditions. More than once we have had Third Parties in Canada, but never a new national political organization as formidable as the United Farmers. Twenty-five years ago the Patrons of Industry held one-third of the seats in the Ontario Legislature, and in the federal election of 1896, which brought Sir Wilfrid Laurier into office, there were Patron candidates in many constituencies. There was also a Third Party, under Mr. D'Alton McCarthy, in alliance with the Patrons, opposed to high tariff and in favour of a fiscal preference for imports from Great Britain. But before polling a general alliance was effected between the Liberal party and the Patrons while Mr. McCarthy and the Third Party co-operated closely with the managers of the Liberal party to avoid three-cornered contests by which the Conservative Government might profit.

After the election the Patrons and McCarthyites merged with the Liberal party and the familiar two-party system was restored. The United Farmers, however, are far stronger than were the Patrons of Industry twenty-five years ago. They have a group of members in the House of Commons under a National leader and they control the Legislatures of Ontario and Alberta. They have probably a better organization than either of the old parties and the treasury is not empty. It is likely that they will have candidates in most of the Provinces. In the Prairie country they are more powerful than either of the old parties. It is not believed that they will make any serious impression in Quebec or British Columbia but they should take a few seats in the Atlantic Provinces and a percentage of the rural constituencies in Ontario. If an alliance can be effected between the Farmers and the Independent Labour Party which will stand the strain of a contest on the fiscal issue a very powerful group under Mr. Crerar may appear in the new Parliament. It is not generally believed that either the National Liberal-Conservative party, the old Liberal party, or the United Farmers will come back from the country with an absolute majority of the seats in the House of Commons. Probably the group which carries ninety out of the 235 constituencies into which the Dominion is divided will hold the position of immediate advantage.

The course to be followed by the Governor-General is clearly prescribed by the constitution and clearly indicated by constitutional practice in Canada. He will doubtless act as Sir John Hendrie acted in Ontario after the last Provincial general election. The Farmers had carried more constituencies than either Liberals or Conservatives and therefore the Lieutenant-Governor called upon the leader of the agrarian group to form an Administration. The situation is even clearer at Ottawa for all three federal groups have recognized leaders, while in Ontario the combination of Farmers and Labour

had to find a leader before the Lieutenant-Governor could issue his mandate. If the Conservatives under Mr. Meighen carry more constituencies than the group under Mr. King or that under Mr. Crerar, then Mr. Meighen will be asked by Lord Byng of Vimy to undertake the task of forming a government and he may accept, or decline and suggest who, in his judgment, is in a better position to constitute an Administration that will command the confidence of Parliament. If Mr. King or Mr. Crerar comes back from the constituencies with a stronger following than Mr. Meighen the defeated Prime Minister may not offer advice to the Governor-General unless his advice is sought, and Lord Byng in the exercise of his constitutional authority will ask the leader with a plurality in Parliament to form an Administration. It is clear that a very interesting situation may follow upon an indecisive election since the leader who secures a plurality of constituencies in the contest will have to draw support from the minorities if he is to control Parliament and govern with confidence and authority. Fortunately, however, no obscurity surrounds the position of the Governor-General and he cannot, therefore, be prejudicially involved in a situation which may develop greater complications and difficulties than have followed any general election in Canada since Confederation.

II

At least the attitude of Mr. De Valera supports the contention of many of the old opponents of Home Rule for Ireland that the real object of the Irish leaders was to secure separation from Great Britain and establish an Independent Republic. It would not be fair, however, to suggest that Butt and Parnell and McCarthy and Redmond desired to go the length of Sinn Fein or would have sanctioned the methods of warfare which Sinn Fein has adopted. A cartoon in Punch shows Mr. De Valera with the British Government's offer of "Dominion Home Rule" in his hands and behind the shade of Parnell which is saying, "I suppose I loved my country at least as well as you do, but I should have been satisfied with the half of that offer."

In the light of what is now offered to Mr. De Valera the first Home Rule Bill of Gladstone does not seem to have gone a great distance. But there is a vital difference between the old and the new proposals. In all the earlier measures there was the element of compulsion for Ulster. In the new offer to the South of Ireland there is no attempt to put Ulster under a Parliament at Dublin. Few perhaps saw all the strategy that was concealed in the grant of a Parliament to Ulster, a like concession to the South, and provision for a common Irish Parliament when the people of North and South can agree to live together in peace, confidence and security. In short the attempt to coerce Ulster has been abandoned at Westminster and there is no prospect that the Imperial Parliament will ever vest any power in a Dublin Parliament to apply coercion to the Ulster people.

On the other hand Ulster freely concedes the right of the Imperial Government to negotiate with Mr. De Valera and his associates and to make such concessions to the South as may seem just and expedient. The right of secession Great Britain will not concede and could not without utter loss of prestige among other nations, but short of separation Mr. Lloyd George apparently will hesitate at nothing to bring peace to Ireland and establish final and complete unity in the British Commonwealth. Moreover so long as the unity of the Empire can be preserved and the use of coercion avoided multitudes of those who have opposed Home Rule for Ireland will rejoice in Mr. Lloyd George's advances and concessions and even hope that the ultimate reunion of the Irish people under a common Parliament may be achieved.

III

It was perhaps inevitable that "The Mirrors of Downing Street" should be followed by "The Mirrors of Washington". Most of us like gossip and if there is a flavour of malice in the gossip so much the better. The trouble with such books is that they are often the medium for feeding old grudges and the expression of personal spites and animosities. The American book is more generous and less pharisaical than its English counterpart. There is a touch of acid in many of its pages but the writer is not so fully persuaded that he is the voice of God passing find judgment upon erring creatures who seem so certain to be damned in the other world that it is not quite fair that they should also be damned in this. Indeed the American writer has more of good than of evil to say of his subjects and in his pages we get a far better knowledge than we have had of many of the chief figures in contemporary American politics.

It is curious that we should have so much fuller knowledge of the public men of Great Britain than we have of those of the United States although we are so much nearer to Washington than we are to London. We would all be benefitted by greater knowledge than we possess of American conditions and problems and by closer study of the leaders in politics, business, agriculture and labor in the neighboring country. But it is never safe to rely upon anonymous writing. One does not know the motives by which the writer is controlled nor can one properly estimate the bias which affects his judgments. It may be said that the daily press is anonymous but it is not so. The editor cannot escape responsibility and the public know what allowances to make for his prefereneces and prejudices. Of the anonymous writer we know nothing and there may be neither character nor courage behind his estimates. Any editor knows that many men will write what they will not sign and even great men may be very petty and malicious when they are under cover. Goldwin Smith could write a venomous personal letter to a newspaper and could be grievously annoyed when the thing that he would not sign was not published. Not a few public men, too, have been willing to shelter themselves behind editors in order to make attacks which they would not make in the open and for which in many cases editors would not take responsibility. But the writer of "The Mirrors of Washington" does not offend greatly and probably has said little that he would hesitate to say over his signature.

There are some good stories in the book but no "revelations". The estimate of Mr. Wilson is not friendly. That of President Harding is friendly but critical. It is said of Mr. Knox of Pennsylvania that he has an incisive tongue which he wields "frequently and contemptuously". Here is a sample: "When, after his election, Mr. Harding went South with Senator Frelinghuysen, Senator Davis Elkins and Senator Hale, the older Senators, not perhaps without a tinge of disappointment at having been left out, marvelled at the entourage the President had selected for himself, but Knox was cynically undisturbed. 'It is quite simple,' he said. 'I see nothing mysterious about it at all. The President wants relation—complete mental relaxation'."

Mr. Boise Penrose is presented as a Boss with attractive qualities. It is said that "he does not hate Democrats, he does not consider them important enough for that; he merely despises them". He is a politician of the old school by the party, of the party and for the party. "I have heard him called a cave man by some, by others a boor, but he is neither. He observes the amenities of life in so far as they are necessary, but only so far. He is impatient of mediocrity; he will not tolerate stupidity and he loathes hypocrisy. I would not say that he has bad manners; he has none at all." When Mr. Balfour and

the British Mission visited Washington Senator Borah of Idaho was appointed by Vice-President Marshall as one of the Committee to escort the British visitors into the Chamber of Congress. This Borah resented as a personal affront. He said, "Marshall has a distorted sense of humour. He knows I dislike the British and that I despise the hypocrite Balfour". It is explained that "this feeling was probably due in large measure to the Irish lineage that Borah can trace in his ancestry as well as a temperamental dislike of the British methods of maintaining control over subject people."

Of Mr. Wilson it is said, "He forgot in his greatness and aloofness the national passion for equality, which a more brilliant politician, Mr. Roosevelt, appears by acting as the people's Court Jester and which a shrewder politician, Mr. Harding, guards against by reminding the country that he is 'just folks'; and in the end the masses turned upon him, like a Roman mob on a defeated gladiator". Mr. George Harvey, American Minister to Great Britain, is described as "the amazing ambassador" who makes his own rules, and it is suggested that the elder statesmen of both parties tremble "at the potential ruin they consider him capable of accomplishing". Among his characteristics is "an almost hilarious political irregularity" and it is declared that "his mental habits bewilder the President, shock the proper and somewhat conventional Secretary of State, and throw such repositories of national divinity as Senators Lodge and Knox into utter confusion." The writer thinks Mr. Hughes is the most democratic Secretary of State the country has ever had and that originally he belonged to the Bryan school. Also did Mr. Roosevelt in profession if not in practice. There is a shrewd reference to Roosevelt in the study of Mr. Root. "Lances," it is said, "were tilted at malefactors of great wealth in jousts where few were unhorsed and no blood spilled."

In this book Col. House is an amiable but not an impressive figure. He worshipped Wilson, but when Wilson came to doubt his complete loyalty he merely faded away. "I hope to see him some day playing Santa Claus in a children's Christmas celebration at a village church." Senator Johnson of California is described as "the tongue of public passion". It is declared that what he says leaves the impression of tremendous sincerity but "his sincerity does not arise from reasoned conviction, but from hatred, deep and abiding hatred". The book deals with no one else so severely as with Johnson although the strain of depreciation in the estimates of Lodge, Root and Hoover is greater than would have been expected. There is a pleasant portrait of Lansing but it is insisted that "nature never intended Mr. Lansing to be a leader of men, to fight for a great cause or to engage in physical or intellectual combat".

One has tried to cull the sentences that are most picturesque and incisive. Many of these no doubt are depreciatory and unfriendly. But as a whole the flavour of the book is not malicious. In many cases where there is censure there is praise to balance. There is generous recognition of virtues as well as exposure of weakness and vanities. In such a volume there can be nothing authoritative or final but such books will be written and, as has been said, by comparison with "The Mirrors of Downing Street" it is mellow and humane and raises no such suspicion of malevolent motives as the English book produces in anyone who has elementary knowledge of British public life and British political leaders.

IV

In August, 1853, Robert Stephenson, the father of railways, visited Canada. While in Montreal he was banquetted by the citizens and, it is said, made the best speech he had ever delivered. What he said has peculiar in-

terest in the light of Canadian railway history for the last two generations, the disappearance of the Grand Trunk as a separate railway corporation and the tremendous obligations which unwise and excessive railway build-building have laid upon the country. Mr. Stephenson said:

"He had come to Canada upon a professional visit, and from what he had seen of the country, he was convinced that the present was but the commencement of a great railway system; and he ventured to express his sincere desire, that Canada should avoid those errors in producing the system which other countries had committed with theirs. Canada was yet only on the threshold, and the proper laying out of the plan he thought of as much importance as the introduction of railways themselves. He hoped that the legislature of this country would not do as those of some countries had done, for although there were difficulties in the way, yet here it appeared to him they were principally those of legislation. Canada, at present, had an unoccupied field before her, and much would depend upon the first step. If it were taken with judgment, other difficulties would be of comparatively little importance. If it were taken injudiciously, what seemed but a speck in the west, might become a thunder-cloud. The dangers might not be apparent to Canadians at present, but before he sat down he would endeavour to make them sensible to them. He had seen the rise and progress of railways in England, and those who had not could hardly appreciate the enormous losses occasioned by false legislation. Few, indeed, knew the rise and progress of legislation with respect to them. After obstacles raised in the first instance had been removed, the people became sensible of the immense advantages of the railway horse, and the question assumed a new phase. Then all places rushed into railway speculations. The country was tolerably well filled up with railway lines. Competition arose within the walls of parliament, not for interest, so much as for vanity. Parliamentary committees took into their consideration, not who was right and who was wrong, but entered upon questions entirely subsidiary, not at all connected with the profit of the lines, or the necessity for making them. The consequence was, that committees sometimes decided upon different lines, upon reasons entirely apart from their real merits, or the scientific questions involved in the details. There was one district through which it was proposed to run two lines, and there was no other difficulty between them than the simple rivalry, that, if one got a charter, the other might also. But here, where the committee might have given both, they gave neither. In another instance, two lines were projected through a barren country, and the committee gave the one which afforded the least accommodation to the public. In another, where a line was to be run, merely to shorten the time by a few minutes, leading through a mountainous country, the committee gave both; so that where the committee might have given neither, they gave both. Such a species of legislation was faulty, and he hoped it would not be imitated in Canada.

"There was, indeed, a committee, then sitting in England, the attention of which he had called to these facts. After lines were granted, the competition which began within the walls of parliament continued when the lines came to be put in operation. People said it was necessary to have competition for the benefit of the public, that the whole country would be under the dominion of a railway corporation, and competition was the only means of checking it, and preserving moderate prices. Well, he could say, upon the authority of the Board of Trade, and from his own knowledge, that since competing lines commenced, out of 300 millions of pounds expended, 60 millions had been wasted; that is, in duplicate lines. But, in order to mark the inconsistency of the proceedings in railway legislation, when the London and Birmingham was asked for the feasibility of the route was doubted; great difficulties were suggested as being in the way; engineers were called in to decide everything in opposition to it; the estimates were disputed and doubted; it was maintained that the company ought to prove the traffic that was to go over it, and that 6 or 8 per cent. sould be obtained on te money invested; in fact, a most paternal part was taken in the project. Before parliament granted the charter, before the people were allowed to expend their own money, they were asked to prove the traffic, and the profit, and show a regular contract that the work was to be done within the estimate. The people clamoured for competition, and parliament granted the expenditure of two capitals. At that time it was believed that competition would compel them to carry passengers almost for nothing. But, what was the result? The opulent were struck down, and the poor were reduced to penury. Nothing but the resources of British commerce could have sustained such a shock. These serious difficulties of legislation it might be difficult to escape from in England, but they should be weighed well before they were brought into Canada, either by the present or any future government. It was said, that all was right, that the public gained what the proprietors lost. But the public had not gained. Capital was absorbed and diverted from other profitable employment.

Lines had been located, which never would have been built, had a directing genius presided over the chartering of them; and he did not envy the man who could glory in one part of the community prospering by the ruin of another. This error had been most disastrous in England, and he hoped it would not be committed in Canada.

"Competition had answered no useful purpose. Like poverty, a mother of invention, competition had invented the remedy—amalgamation. There is an instance, where, including water communications, there are five competing lines. The result from competition was, that directors laid their heads together and raised tolls to the highest; but in Canada, where there was no competition nothing was to be done but to develop resources, and make the highest possible profits. In Belgium, which had employed one or two men to lay out the country, so as to obtain the greatest amount of accommodation with the least expenditure of money, the speed obtained was not perhaps so great as that in England; but it would bear comparison with that in any other country. The minor points of the country were filled up according to the original design, and all conducted with economy. In France no lines were allowed to be made unless they were called for, and made part of a great system. France was slow, but in other respects bore favourable comparison with Great Britain, where competition had marred the whole scheme. Switzerland was a collection of cantons, each preferring its own interests as to gauge and building without reference to the whole. They decided to send to England for an engineer to design for them a net-work of railways, and he (Mr. Stephenson) had the honour to be called in, and assisted in designing their railways from end to end, and capital was now coming in, the country being satisfied because there was no rival lines; and there was no doubt of their completion. As Canadians wanted English capital, he advised them to be very guarded in the system they should adopt, especially in regard to reckless competition. He would for himself hesitate to recommend his friends in England to invest their money in Canadian railways, if reckless competition were allowed, for nothing but loss and confusion could result from such a course. Belgium, France, and Switzerland, all possessed a great advantage over England in having no rival lines, and in having laid out their main lines for the benefit of the whole country, rather than allowing to any town, or any portion of the country, a preponderating voice in their location. They had established from end to end of their countries a system in harmony with itself. They could not prevent portions of country having their railways, but such railways were too small to interfere with the great design. It was the interest of the whole country that was involved, not that of individuals, nor of particular localities. Canadians ought to have a system which would work in all harmony. What was to be gained by ruinous competition? If passions and animosities were brought into play, nothing could result but destruction of property and loss of life too.. He could not offer a better comparison between a system judiciously designed and a wild competition, than the steamboat he was on board on the previous night. He found that the vessel was propelled by two engines, each separate from the other, and he would suppose that they were under the command of two rival companies. , These would have their opponents and friends on board; and he would suppose that the engineers quarrelled; what progress would they have made? Would they have reached Three Rivers?"

There is no advantage now in mourning over the mistakes and follies in railway building of governments and communities in Canada. The people had many warnings as clear and emphatic as that which was spoken by Mr. Stephenson at Montreal nearly seventy years ago. But they would not learn and generally turned in anger upon those who spoke the words of sound counsel. The experience of the United States does not differ from that of this country. In the United States, however, bankrupt railways were permitted to pass into the hands of receivers. Here the public credit became so heavily and inextricably involved in the railways that the government had no alternative but to take over roads on the verge of bankruptcy. We would believe in the benefits of "competition" and ignore the consequences of dividing the traffic and forcing amalgamation of competing systems. We would not understand that every unnecessary dollar put into railway building must increase freight and passenger charges. We have the final result in three transcontinental railways when two would be at least enough, in annual deficits upon the public system of $60,000,000 or $60.000,000, and a long prospect of losses before the railways cease to be a direct charge upon the public treasury.

As has been said, however, it is useless to dwell upon these facts except as a warning against like folly in future. There is danger that in radial railways we will repeat our experience in steam railways. No doubt there are still many communities in Canada where radial railways would be of great local advantage and it is true that radials create certain new traffic in all communities in which they operate. On the other hand if we build radials where they are not required it is certain the final result will be to reduce the revenues of existing transportation services, to increase freight and passenger charges, or to make the load of taxation heavier upon all the people. It cannot be doubted that the system of government subsidies and guarantees is greatly responsible for the existing national railway situation and there is surely danger that any system of Provincial or national guarantees for radials will have the same effect. The municipalities, like private capitalists, will be careful what obligations they assume if they know they must take the ultimate consequences. But municipalities, like individuals, do not seem able to rid themselves of the notion that government guarantees protect against all undesirable results and that somehow or other, the burden of losses and deficits wall upon "the government" and not upon "the people" who provide all the revenues of governments.

V

Mr. Crerar contends that Parliament should not be dissolved until the constituencies have been readjusted and the representation of the Western Provinces increased. It is believed that the new census will show a growth of population in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta which would entitle those Provinces to ten or twelve additional members in the House of Commons. Mr. Meighen himself and other ministers declared in Parliament that it was desirable to have redistribution before a general election but the Government has been losing in bye-elections and it is not certain that a fair measure of readjustment could have been carried. Moreover at the last session of Parliament Mr. King offered an amendment to the address declaring for an immediate general election and this motion was supported by Mr. Crerar and his group in the House of Commons. The leader of the United Farmers admitted there was a good deal of weight in the argument that redistribution should precede an election but he confessed that he had no very great confidence in any redistribution that the Government would propose and he added: "Believing as I do that we should have a new Administration, that the people of Canada should have an opportunity to pronounce upon these questions, that the country needs vigour, efficiency and courage in its administration, and that that cannot be secured until an election is held—for these reasons and these alone I am going to support the amendment of the leader of the Opposition."

Mr. Crerar, therefore, cannot have any serious grievance against the Government if there is an election before redistribution although his argument that the West should have all the representation to which it is entitled cannot be challenged. It is just as true that there should be a fairer adjustment of representation in the older Provinces. There are now three political parties, each of which will have strong representation in the next Parliament. Parliamentary, however the fact may be disclaimed, the agrarian party is the product of a class movement. The whole appeal of its leaders is to farmers. No other class has had any voice in the preparation of its platform. Its literature recognizes and emphasizes the agricultural interest. The right of farmers to organize for political action need not be denied but no class or group should have excessive representation in the House of Commons.

WINTERS OF CONTENT

BY AUBREY FULLERTON

IT is more than likely that in the days of the old regime, when France was mother of Canada, there were people in Paris who thought of the people in winterbound Quebec with pity. For does not Ontario, even now, commiserate Alberta on its coldness, and do not we all shiver for the unfortunate Eskimo of the Top Country?

But Alberta laughs back at Ontario and says its bright, clearcut winter is the best in Canada; the Eskimos are unhappy away from their Arctic snowfields; and the people of old Quebec, as winter-loving in their day as any since, wrote home to the people of Paris that they were having perfectly jolly times and wouldn't change if they could.

"This is a terrestrial paradise," said an Ursuline nun, writing from Quebec in 1640. So good was the air and so nearly ideal the life that even one's troubles, she declared, came lovingly. Let the cribbed and cabined Parisians, she seemed to challenge, think over that!

Winter came early in those days. It began when the supply ships went away, sometimes in mid-fall, for then the colonists knew they would have no further touch with the world till the following spring; till spring they would be left to their own resources, to make of their long white winter what they could, and either to entertain themselves or not to be entertained at all.

Never was a situation more completely and adequately met, never were winters of potential discontent turned more effectively into winters of actual and abundant content. Long afterwards an English visitor to Quebec found "a perpetual flow of dinners, balls, concerts, governor's receptions, and picnic parties"; but he found only what the pioneer French had made their accustomed rule and practice. They had thus early mastered the art of making merry in cold weather. Winter had no terrors for the people of Quebec.

"There is a select little society here which wants nothing to make it agreeable," wrote Charlevoix in 1744. "Everybody does his part to make the time pass pleasantly," and, though news is scarce, "conversation does not fail."

One must look even farther back than this, however, for the first fun-making in Canada. It was at Port Royal, in the winter of 1606-07, when fifteen companionable adventurers from old France maintained a social club in the Acadian woods.

Marc Lescarbot, Parisian lawyer and man of letters, tells about it in his three-volume history. He was one of the fifteen, and among his fellow club-men were Poutrincourt, Champlain, and Louis Hébèrt. These and the others with them faced a dreary prospect toward the end of 1606, when they found the winter closing in on them with nothing but their own wits to relieve it. With dear old France so far away, and with only

wilderness and Indians for unknown miles about them, it was not a pleasant prospect, and how to put in the months of enforced inactivity became a real problem.

On Champlain's suggestion was organized, there and then, under the very good name of L'Ordre de Bon Temps, and for purposes of mutual entertainment, the first social club in America. There followed a season of merry-making which happily sped the long lone winter. A jolly winter of epicurean fellowship it was, and there has never been the like of it since.

Every day the Good Cheer Club sat in state. There was a Chief Steward for each day, who was chosen in turn from the fifteen members and who never failed to go a-hunting in the woods two days before, that the feast for which he was responsible might be well provided. They did their duty so faithfully that the daily meals at Port Royal all that winter were veritable spreads of luxury.

"Never at breakfast," says Lescarbot, "did we lack some savoury meat of flesh or fish, and still less at our midday or evening meals; for that was our chief banquet, at which the ruler of the feast, having had everything prepared by the cook, marched in, napkin on shoulder, wand of office in hand, and around his neck the collar of the Order, which was worth more than four crowns; after him all the members of the Order, carrying each a dish. The same was repeated at dessert, though not always with so much pomp. And at night, before giving thanks to God, he handed over to his successor in the charge the collar of the Order, with a cup of wine, and they drank to each other."

The picture is surely an interesting, and even a fascinating, one. Here in the rude quadrangle of an early seventeenth-century fort, set like an oasis in a continental wilderness, with savages for neighbours, and not another white man in all the region north of Spanish Florida, a handful of pioneer Frenchmen lived content and even made merry in a little world of their own.

Lescarbot says they fared the winter through as bountifully and richly as if they had been in Paris, "and at less cost". He verifies this boast with a catalogue of their various meat courses. There were dishes, worthy of the best French cooks, of tender moose meat and delicate beaver-tail; of caribou, otter, rabbits, and wildcats; of sturgeon brought to the fort by Indian fishermen; of ducks, bustards, geese, partridges, and larks; and of all these, in season, the supply from the surrounding woods never failed. To what was thus got by their daily hunting they added Parisian dainties from their own stores.

The Order of Good Cheer did not, however, limit its interest to the table. To feast three times a day, as much better than the day before as might be possible, was its standing rule, but its feasting was always accompanied by a fitting ceremonial and frequently was followed by a social evening. One may be sure that with men like Champlain and Lescarbot there was at least some occasional speech-making, and we know that the latter at times read his verses, to as appreciative an audience, it is safe to say, as ever heard a poet quote himself.

Another cold-weather club, equally successful and longer-lived, was that with which the fur traders of Montreal beguiled the winters from 1785 to 1824. At almost no other time or place, and certainly by no other body of men, could such a programme of forty years' fun, boisterous and rollicking, have been carried out. It made a substantial contribution to the mirth of Canadian life.

Nineteen of the head partners of the old Northwest Fur Company, who were then resident in Montreal, formed themselves in 1785 into a social organization to which they gave the name of the Beaver Club. They were all wilderness-trained, and the first and unalterable requirement of all its

future members, as a test of candidature, was an actual experience of at least one winter in the wilds. Yet high social standing and strict respectability were also insisted upon.

From December to April, for forty years, the Beaver Club held fortnightly meetings, attendance at which was obligatory, except for very good reasons, upon all members. They were due at the clubhouse at about four in the afternoon, and their revels continued usually for ten or twelve hours. For each meeting there was a regular and very formal procedure, beginning with pass the pipe of peace, which they borrowed for ceremonial purposes from the Indians. A speech by one of the members previously appointed and a list of five invariable toasts then followed.

The Beaver Club's feasts, to which the speech-making was but introductory, were gay affairs, and a gay old band of revelers they were that sat down to them every two weeks. Since to relieve everyday existence with wassailing, and to outdo one display by another, the merry winterers fed themselves with every luxury they could get from their own gameful woods and from eversea. Heavy eating and hard drinking were matters of course.

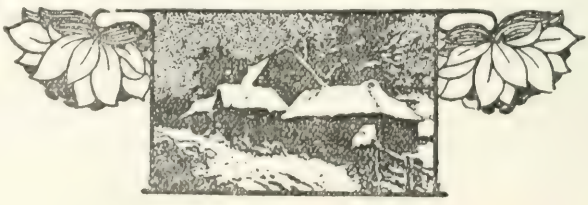
But the real fun of the evening came after supper, when the tables had been cleared and the story-telling began. It was everyone's obligation to acquit himself as creditably in this as in the feasting, and we may take it that with the material at hand the average clubman made out tolerably well. For there were brave adventures to talk of in those days, and the traders, sitting around their big log fire, swapped stories of real-blood excitement and pointed them with loud applause. There has been no such story-telling since.

Toward midnight the carousal took an even more hilarious form. The flowing cups had done their work, and the Nor'-westers now fell to strange doings. They seated themselves upon the floor, one behind another, and, each with a poker or stick, went through the motions of paddling as vigorously as if in real canoes. While they laboured thus playfully, they sang their favourite boating songs, and shouted, cheered, and gibed till the whole house rang with the noise.

The climax of this merry nonsense was the shooting of the rapids. Wine kegs, now well emptied, were placed on the table, and astride each of them mounted one of the muddled clubmen. At a signal from the master of ceremonies he was pushed off, and, still shouting at the top of his voice, he bumped to the floor, with as hard a jolt as ever he got in real rapids.

From this time on, there was no pretense at formality. If social distinctions had been more or less clearly drawn at first, they gave way now before the wild whirl of fun-making in which the nabobs fraternized with their own servants. So the night went noisily, and sometimes the gray dawn found the revel still unfinished.

That these winter joy-feasts served their purpose well and acceptably is evident from the fact that they were continued unbrokenly for forty years. That they were unique in the way of social gatherings even this bare outline has shown.



OCTOBER

By MURIEL MERRICK

THE fair enchantress blush-month sits enthroned
Upon a pedestal of golden haze,
The dazzling sun-god smiles through opal mist,
And casts a dream-spell over Autumn days.

Once more October holds her festive sway,
And waves her splendour-wand from sea to sea,
Dame Nature decks in gaudiest array,
And breathes a magic kiss o'er shrub and tree.

The emerald earth has mellowed into gold,
The air intoxicates like rare old wine,
The birds chant requiems 'mid burnished boughs,
And offer up to God their thanks divine.

A wondrous charm lies deep in russet woods,
And lurks 'neath gauge-like clouds in sapphire skies,
It hides in golden sunbeams all day long,
And lingers still when daylight fades and dies.

Above the purple crest of yonder hill
The white moon sheds her pale, pellucid light,
A weird enchantment loiters in her trail,
A magic thrills the spirit of the night.

THROWN IN

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

THE BRASS BAND

Adolph Swartz, Carriage Striper

ONE radiant day in April, with the beaver-meadow still wet from the spring freshets, and crows cawing over newly-turned furrows, with, as David Lafortune would express it, all nature asserting herself, Adolph Swartz, a carriage striper, flashed into our midst upon the suspirations of a B-flat cornet.

The cornet with us was still a novelty. We had heard it played as an attraction to an itinerant Punch and Judy show, and once it was a feature at a concert held in the Methodist church. But we were more familiar with the church choir and the fiddle, the Jew's harp and the kazoo, the mouth organ and the comb. Other instruments we knew less intimately. For Tufford's hired man used to sit on the front fence, playing the concertina, and a strolling entertainer once rattled the bones—to our great wonderment and delight.

Nothwithstanding all this, we hadn't any preponderance of musical talent, a condition that Adolph failed to appreciate. Adolph should have known that of bands, perhaps naturally enough, we knew almost nothing, and that as to the psychological effect of massed music we were as innocent as Desdemona.

Innocence, one must confess, is alien to ignorance; and, I fear, of both these deficiencies we were inordinately possessed. Nevertheless we had a natural fondness for music, so that when Adolph proposed to old Charlie that they organize a brass band, Charlie quit work for three days. With him it was a question of expense. But Adolph felt sure that what they could collect at picnics, tea-meetings and even dances would soon pay for all the instruments they would require. He had brought his own cornet with him, and therefore they would have to buy only a trombone, a clarionet, a flute, a piccolo, an 'alto horn, a baritone and a bass. That, he said, would be a modest beginning; and yet if every player would

A Modest Beginning

take a real interest in his instrument they could soon earn a reputation, if not a fortune. As to himself, he wasn't looking for anything. He loved music. Without music, he would just as soon have been dead; with music, life was worth living and even carriage striping had its pleasant aspects.

Not Looking For Anything

With this view Charlie was in complete agreement. Work was not everything. You could grub along day in and day out, and in the end you had but six feet of earth. Music, on the other hand, soothed the nerves or stirred the blood or made one see visions. That also is what appealed to Joe Ham. Teaming, Joe had to confess, especially teaming slabs from the quarry, did not provide much opportunity for romance or chivalry—did not even lift one above the dead level. But music—he always had loved music and believed in it. If he could choose, he would play the 'alto horn, because he had heard an 'alto singer once, over in Cheboygan, Michigan, and he couldn't forget it. It reminded Joe, also, of his mother and sister, who used to sing "Robin Adair", taking the soprano and contralto parts, turn about, and bringing tears to everybody. They had, of course, natural voices, and sang entirely by ear.

Singing, and even playing, by ear was the common practice. Many persons, one might boast, could run the scale, but for real feeling most of us preferred the ear. As to that, Adolph laid down a disquieting rule: Everyone must play by note, with the music in front of him. Adolph explained that the music he would choose would be simple. To begin with he would order the scores of only "The Beautiful Blue Danube", "Poet and Peasant", "A Life on the Ocean Wave", "Light Cavalry", and if something a little more ambitious should be desired they might venture upon a modification of "William Tell".

William Tell himself was more familiar to us than Rossini's masterpiece, nevertheless we received Adolph's suggestion with approval. There were, however, a few matters to be considered before ordering the instruments and the music. Players had to be found for the bass horn, the clarionet, the trombone, the piccolo, the flute and the baritone horn. After much discussion, Henry Perkins engaged to play the clarionet, little Jimmy Jackson the piccolo, Jack Mitchell the trombone, big Bob Burden the baritone horn, old Charlie the bass horn, and the blacksmith the flute.

One of Nature's Instruments

The flute, the smith explained, was, like the violin, one of

Cousin to the Champion

nature's instruments. Its tones were pure, natural, and unaffected by twists or turns or unnatural stops. And while he could not profess to be a flute player, the smith nevertheless could claim some familiarity with the instrument, having had a cousin who had been the champion flute-player of all England. This cousin had played the flute continuously, without stopping, for eighteen hours, and when the news went abroad that at last he had stopped, the nation as a whole breathed freely once more, and the Queen telegraphed her congratulations.

Adolph ordered the instruments and the music. Each man was to pay for his own instrument, and the amount was to be returned to him from money collected later on. That was satisfactory for everybody except old Charlie. Charlie explained that he hadn't the change handy and hinted that they all chip in. Whether they did or not, the bass horn arrived with the other instruments, and Charlie received it with many evidences of pride and affection.

Being an expert whistler, Charlie attacked the horn with much confidence. At first he used to sit under his poplars day by day endeavouring to overcome the rapid passage in "Poet and Peasant". Indeed from time to time every instrument in the village could be heard trying this passage, and sometimes, from the inner recesses of Henry Perkins's apple orchard, one could hear issuing the far-reaching notes of the clarionet. They were all practising the rapid passage, and, as Joe Ham observed, blowing themselves into form for the first combined practice.

This practice was, naturally enough, an event of first-rate importance. Everybody knew of it, and everybody was in the village. In a hall situated over the horseshed attached to the hotel the band met. Adolph wore what no doubt once had been a regulation peak cap, with golden braid and buttons, and Henry Perkins had on a fancy skull-cracker. At first, while the members were assembling and while a few of us bolder villagers were quietly finding seats at the back of the hall, there was much tooting and squawking and strumming on the snare drum. If it hadn't been for that recollection I believe I should have overlooked completely little Jimmy Price and his drum. Jimmy took great delight in his skill with the sticks, and during the whole eight weeks of the summer holidays it was a barren hour indeed that did not hear him beating some measure while old Charlie tooted away on

Old Charlie Tooted Away

his bass horn, sitting there under the poplars, propped up on a chair, with his heels caught on the bottom rung. *The First Practice*

But we must return to the first practice. It was some time before Adolph could get them to start in unison. It should be understood that as he himself played the most important instrument, it was not easy for him to lead and play at the same time. They played fairly well together throughout the first passages, but when they came to that rapid passage, which has been the *bête noir* of many non-professional bands, there was, as our critical church organist, who stood over on the store verandah, said, a ludicrous muddle. Adolph, as might be suspected, finished first. Then in order, one a few notes behind another, came the piccolo, the clarionet and the several horns, right down until old Charlie sounded the last note with a terrific blast which gradually died away into a sort of wheeze.

"I say, boys," said the farrier, who was sitting back with us, listening, "if you can't play, why in blazes don't you sing something?"

With that Adolph became furious. He said it was a fine state of affairs when a band couldn't practice without impertinent interruption. Then he raised his cornet again to his lips, but he was so angry he couldn't take in enough air to produce the sounds. Little Jimmy strummed on the drum, and the clarionet sounded a quick run with some trills. Adolph, doubtless reminded by the sound of the trills, immediately began to distribute fresh sheets of music, and the players saw in front of them the score of "Light Cavalry". Adolph explained that this piece is noteworthy because of the introduction of a tumpet-call, because of some trills by the clarionet, but mostly because it opens in D-sharp and makes a sudden change of four tones to B-flat.

This sudden change had more effect on the whole community than any sudden change of weather. For Adolph seemed to find it harder to get all the players to make the change than it was for him to get anything like unison during the rapid passage in "Poet and Peasant". He tried repeatedly to force it into their heads that first night, but, as it sounded to us, the only instruments that realized the change at all were the B-flat cornet and the snare drum. Happily for us, our ears were not appreciatively sensitive, and in time we began to enjoy discord almost as much as we enjoyed harmony. *Proud of Our Band*

Old Charlie Lagged Audibly

Time then, as now, had a tendency to heal all wounds, and I really believe that by the time we held the fall fair we were as proud of our band as we were of our Berkshires, our shorthorns and our mangold wurtzels. At any rate, we listened with unfeigned satisfaction to the rendition of "Poet and Peasant", even if old Charlie did lag audibly in the rapid passage, and to "Light Cavalry", especially to Jack Mitchell's splendid production of the trumpet-call. Everybody knew, of course, that it wasn't produced by a real trumpet, that all Jack had in his hands was a slide trombone. But as there is a dark side to everything, so there was a dark side to the band's appearance at the fair. For the news went about that Jack Mitchell, all because he could play the trombone, had got a fine job in the furniture factory at Seaforth. We all hated to think of Jack leaving, but naturally we envied him his job and wished him success. Some of us feared that it would mean the last of the band, because there was not anyone in sight who could take his place. But it wasn't just Jack who broke up the band, for before long it became known that Jimmy Jackson was a good piccolo player, and he got a job in the packing-house at Mitchell. When Jimmy went, following Jack, our band was pretty badly winged. Adolph tried to hold it together, and would have held it if big Bob Burden hadn't gone to Michigan. With that Adolph himself, perhaps a little weary in well-doing, announced that he had accepted an offer as head striper in the big carriage works at Oshawa. He left within a fortnight.

But bands die hard, and ours was the exception that proves the rule. We never heard it again. But on fine days, above the anvil ringing at the forge, above the reapers humming in the fields, when everybody seemed to be busy with the common affairs of our little life, we could hear old Charlie, under the poplars, tooting his big bass horn. And then, in the evening, when dew was falling and blackbirds whistling in the meadow, we could hear, half a mile away, Henry Perkins piping soft airs to the falling night.

Piping Soft Airs

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